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The Great Potato Scandal

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MAKE THEM COOL – MAKE THEM GOLDEN

WITH

Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY

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SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN RICKEY

Squeeze ½ lime into highball glass. Drop in lime shell. Add ice cubes and 1½ oz. of SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Fill with carbonated water.

COOL...

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Juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar, 1½ oz. SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water; stir and serve with slice of lemon and cherry.

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The first basic improvement in Gin in over 300 years

Costs more – *and worth it!*

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You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective*, *doubly-protective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

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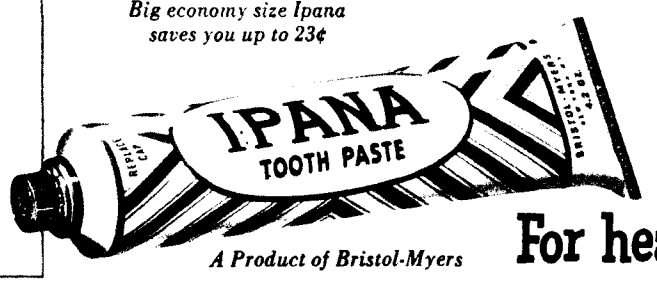

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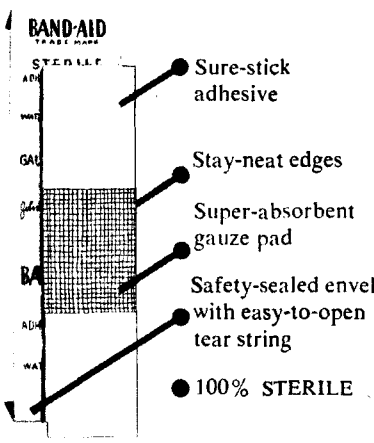

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September 2, 1950

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The Cover

To Photographer Paul Hesse (and to us) the scene typifies one of America's most satisfying traditions—a church picnic. Hesse, prowling in Canoga Park, 25 miles northwest of Los Angeles, for possible pictures one Sunday, happened upon this First Lutheran Church group. Since he was without his camera and its equipment, Hesse asked the gathering if they could reassemble the next day to restage the event. They happily complied.

Week's Mail

Parents' Responsibility

EDITOR: As an instructor of philosophy and psychology I read with interest Lawrence Lader's article, Childhood's Crippled Minds (July 15th). The situation in our country is certainly a deplorable one and Collier's is to be congratulated for putting the facts before the eyes of the public.

If parents of today would take more interest in family life and less in the various social functions, if they would treat their children with the loving kindness expected of parents, in other words, if they would conscientiously try to fulfill their God-given duties as mothers and fathers, we would not have so many emotionally upset children nor would we need so many mental institutions for our youth, nor for that matter, for our adults.

JOHN F. FITZGIBBON, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . We need to appreciate more the effect on young minds of adult behavior. Even loving parents who should know better keep constant pressure on their children always to behave like "miniature adults" instead of children.

Diagnostic and treatment clinics need to be made available in every state. But wouldn't it be fine if we adults could "grow up" enough to permit our children to *be* children?

L. MERRITT BROWN, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . As a parent of a mentally ill child, I know the terrible responsibility that such parenthood entails. And I know the feeling of hopelessness, the feeling that no one can help, that no one cares or will even listen.

There is so little being done for these children—and so much that needs to be done: giving them the right to an education in suitable schools, providing them with recreational facilities and, above all, a place where their illness can be treated. And for their parents, there is a crying need for guidance and counseling, and for a voice that will make their needs known to the community.

In recent months, a group of parents have formed an organization that will speak and act for our afflicted children. We have been encouraged by social workers, psychiatrists and educators. But in order to be effective we must reach many more parents, as well as public officials, and, above all, achieve the support of the community at large.

MRS. DORA VENIT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No Biscuits

EDITOR: All that fine food for Big Eaters Take Route 22 (July 15th) and then the Yankee cooks couldn't take time out to prepare and serve hot bread of some kind. *Cold sliced light bread*— Phooey!

NORRIS HALL, Atlanta, Ga.

Favorite Hellions

EDITOR: The staff at the Girl Scout Camp on Mount Lemmon near Tucson, Arizona, found your July 15th cover most hilarious and appropriate for us. Each of us has picked out his favorite hellion.

We all feel deeply for the poor counselor doing his duty with the little ones and the

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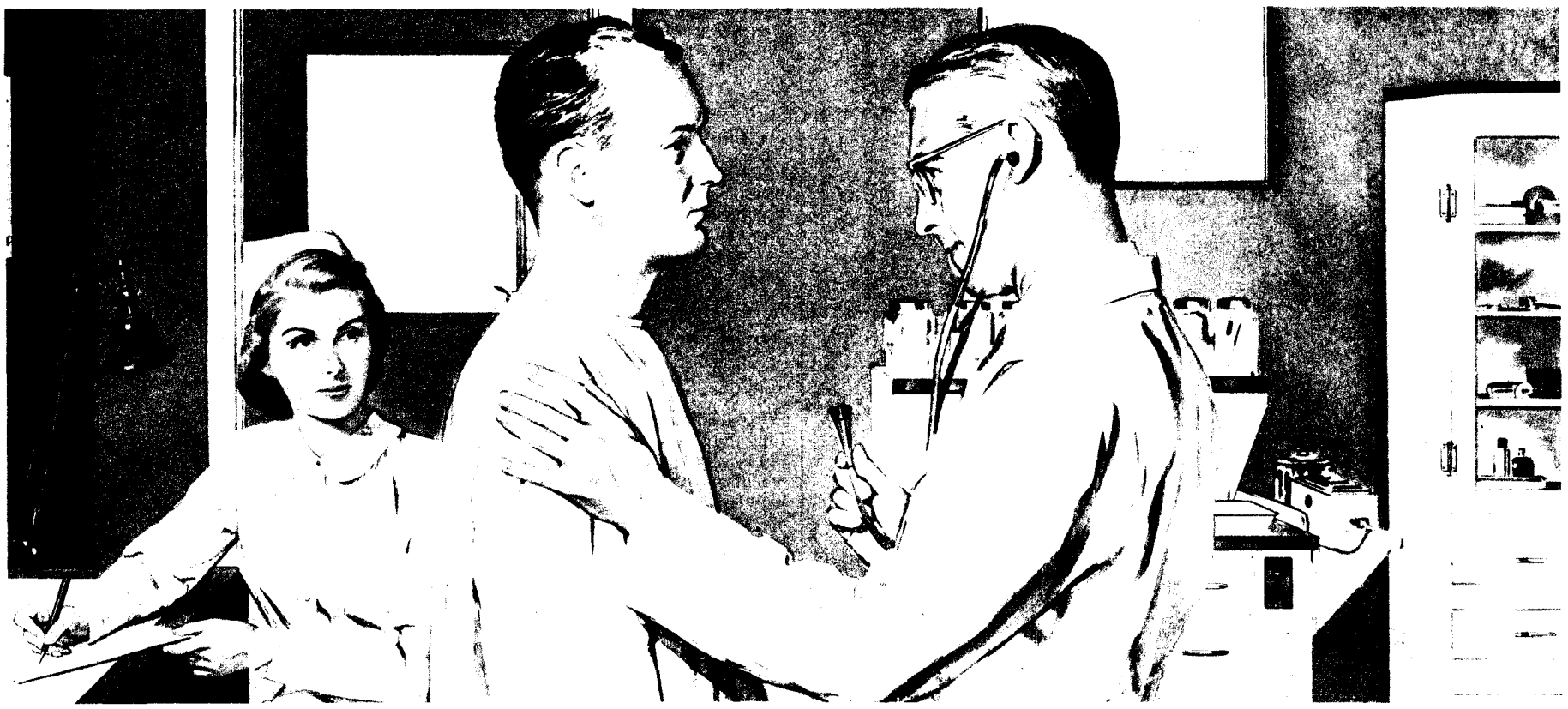


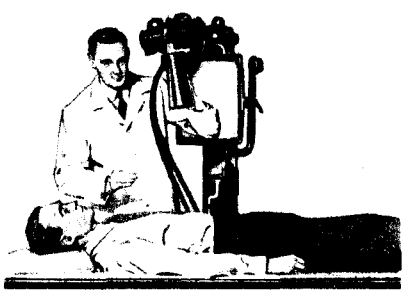
To Guard Your Health and Happiness

Since 1900, the life expectancy in our country has increased to nearly 67 years—a rise of about 18 years in less than half a century. This progress has been occasioned by many advances in medical science.

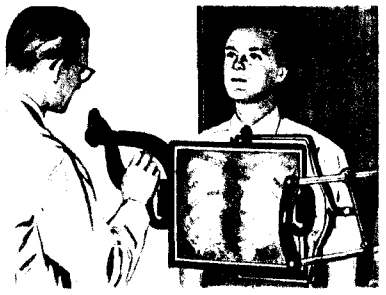
Today, the doctor has at his command new diagnostic techniques, improved equipment and greater knowledge of the factors affecting good health. There will undoubtedly be many other advances in the future. To get full benefit from these medical developments people have only to take one simple, easy step . . . see their doctors at periodic intervals.

Regular physical examinations do more than provide a check of your physical condition. They give the doctor an opportunity to advise you about your general health habits and daily routine. He may advise on the kinds and amount of food you should eat, on what to do to keep your weight normal, or the types of activities that are best suited to your physical condition and particularly to your heart.

In addition, the physician may be able to discover and correct conditions which might grow more serious if allowed to go untreated. To help him give you a complete and thorough check-up, your doctor may use such modern aids to diagnosis as these:



The X-ray. This provides a pictorial record of certain conditions within the body. It is especially valuable in helping to diagnose diseases that often start without any outward warning signs. Use of the X-ray usually enables the physician to detect such conditions *early*, when chances for control or cure are best.



The fluoroscope. It permits the doctor actually to watch the functioning of some of the internal organs of the body. When the digestive system, the heart, lungs or other organs do not function properly, direct observation may be made through a fluoroscope. Aided when necessary by other tests, this is an important help in diagnosis.

The electrocardiograph. This records the rate and rhythm of heart action. By revealing variations from a normal pattern, it gives the physician information about the functioning of the heart which is often not otherwise obtainable. In addition, a series of such records over the years provides a continuous check on the heart.

Blood tests. These offer many valuable clues to the general physical condition. They may include serologic and chemical analysis of the blood, counts of red and white cells, and determination of the hemoglobin content. Furthermore, blood tests often aid the physician in detecting illnesses which are difficult to diagnose.

It's easy to help safeguard your health

Having a physical examination usually requires less time, trouble, and effort than a luncheon engagement. Yet the few minutes you invest this way may pay a big dividend in better health. Most people should be examined once a year. In certain cases, and particularly for people over 65, more frequent check-ups may be desirable.

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one whose letters are being read. The cover now hangs on our office wall, and we find something new each time we look at it.

THE STAFF,
Camp Lawton, Summerhaven, Ariz.

The Amphibious Pachyderm

EDITOR: In your article, Diary of a Hollywood Safari (July 15th), it is stated that elephants don't or won't swim, although they can.

There are recorded reports of them swimming 50 to 100 miles at sea and enjoying it.

J. B. FITZGERALD, New York, N. Y.

How do you know they were enjoying it?

Smog-Bound

EDITOR: Your editorial Clear the Smoke; Find the Fire (July 15th) seems to increase the density of the smog. One does not know whether to plow it or forget the whole stinking mess, as Democrats would like, and join up with the Communists. They seem to have moved in everywhere and taken over —except the Republican party.

LOUIS BENEDICT, Dubuque, Iowa

. . . May I say that I think you are unjustly critical of Senator McCarthy. I've followed his work carefully. It seems to me that he is a very fine, courageous man. If those he accuses are so innocent why don't they demand a full investigation to prove it?

MRS. JANE CARTER, Seattle, Wash.

. . . You seem to think that Senator McCarthy is all wrong. I think he has aplenty against Communism in the Fair Deal.

Please stop putting this trash in your magazine. Hooray for Senator McCarthy.

CLARENCE W. CORBY, Rye, N. Y.

. . . Your editorial about Senator Joseph McCarthy was very much to the left, in fact your magazine has been ever since the New Deal birth—very leftish.

MRS. A. L. HOUT, Coachella, Cal.

. . . As one who would love to see us return to the American way of life as we knew it prior to 1930, modified a little perhaps, I want you to know that I read and appreciate very much your weekly editorials.

TED YOUNG, Paducah, Ky.

Wanted: New Men

EDITOR: RECENTLY YOU SUGGESTED THAT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE JOHNSON RESIGN BECAUSE HE WAS LULLING THE AMERICAN PEOPLE INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY. ADVOCATE VERY STRONGLY THAT YOU RENEW THIS DEMAND ALONG WITH RESIGNATION OF DEAN ACHESON WHO HAS NOT YET TURNED HIS BACK ON ALGER HISS.

ANTHONY J. GORMAN, Alameda, Cal.

Up Beat

EDITOR: An article in Keep Up with the World (July 15th) purported to show the decline in popularity of hand-played musical instruments, using as a basis the number of pages in mail-order catalogues devoted to such merchandise. I am sure you will be interested to know that the importance of the mail-order house in the distribution of musical instruments has declined, rather than the sale of such instruments.

It is worth citing the United States census figures which show that the number of music stores has grown from 2,930 in 1939 to 6,117 by 1948. The reported sales of these stores for 1939 was $65,127, compared to the 1948 sales figure of $337,987.

WILLIAM R. GARD, National Association of Music Merchants, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

PG 'n' E

EDITOR: The article PG 'n' E Is the People (July 15) is remarkably one-sided in its picture of the public versus private power struggle which has been going on in California for some time.

There is plenty of room for both public and private power in California. The primary consideration is whether or not publicly generated power shall be sold directly to the people, or whether middleman profits shall be derived from power developed at public expense.

BILL TRUE, Sacramento, Cal.

. . . Compliments on your article on the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, our big California home utility company.

HERMAN WERTSCH, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . PG 'n' E Is the People made me rub my eyes and look at the calendar to see if time had turned backward. It was so much like those 10-grand corporation puffs at the beginning of the century that were cooked up to offset the writings of the terrible Sinclair, Steffens, *et al.*

Why not a nice article in Collier's about the growth of municipal plants in southern California?

E. F. JACKSON, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nice neighbor

. . . PG 'n' E was magnificent. But lo and behold, you have done my little village an injustice.

Olivia de Havilland and Kathleen Norris live in Saratoga not Los Gatos. Mistake, just four miles.

NEIL RADONI, Saratoga, Cal.

Buck-Passing, He Says

EDITOR: I was quite disappointed to learn of Mr. Lilienthal's attitude as reflected in his article, Toward the Industrial Atomic Future (July 15th).

His thesis seems to be that we as individuals should attempt to force a reform in the government's control of atomic energy. Odd that he is passing the buck to us when he alone of the 150,000,000 people in these here United States has had the best opportunity to secure such a reform.

JOSEPH A. CRUTCHER, El Segundo, Cal.

Get Hep, Johnnie

EDITOR: I've been reading up to date what your Terror in Our Cities articles have done to improve the police force in some cities. I only wish we Canadians had a magazine like Collier's to make some of our "Johnnie Blue-Boys" (policemen) sit up and take notice about what's happening around them.

C. W. ROBINSON,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

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Keep Up with the World

Douglas Steuart and the three London zoo wolves he managed to tame

About 1930 in London, Douglas S. S. Steuart, a retired businessman, was reluctantly granted permission by zoo officials to enter a cage and endeavor to cultivate the friendship of three wolves which were so ferocious that they would even attack their keeper at times. Yet the stranger quickly won the confidence of the animals and they soon were trying to outdo one another in displaying their affection for him. Subsequently, for years, he came to romp and play with them every afternoon; and eventually they became so tame and obedient that he was allowed to take them out daily on a leash for a walk around the grounds.

One of the greatest hoaxes ever played by a newspaper was the publication of a series of articles by the New York Sun in August, 1835. These stories allegedly described life on the moon, particularly the manners and customs of its inhabitants who were small, furry, manlike creatures with large wings. The Sun also claimed that the stories had been reprinted from the (nonexistent) Edinburgh Scientific Journal and that the activity on the moon had been discovered and reported by Sir John Herschel, the British astronomer, who was then making observations in South Africa. Owing to the sensation caused by the articles, they were reprinted from the Sun by many rival editors who pretended that they too had copies of the Scottish magazine. These men were humiliated afterward when the Sun admitted the hoax.

A number of years ago in Rochester, New York, a man was reading in the living room of his house one night after dinner and his three-year-old son was playing on the floor nearby. Suddenly, there was a loud report and a .45-caliber bullet crashed through two walls and disappeared, narrowly missing the wife in the kitchen. Terror-stricken, the man summoned the police and told them that someone had shot at him through the open window. The next day, a detective located the cartridge case, discovered that it had not been fired from a regular revolver and solved the mystery. Little Junior had lost the cork attached to his popgun, found the cartridge, rammed it down the barrel and pulled the trigger. The explosion had thrown the toy gun under the lounge and so frightened the child that he had forgotten about it.

Persons who are blind from infancy to adulthood develop idealistic impressions of the world about them. Consequently, many of these individuals who regain their sight are deeply disillusioned because everything is so different from the way they pictured it. In some cases, they can no longer eat a once-favorite food or be in the presence of a beloved relative without becoming ill.

During 1941-'43 in New York City, two organizations interested in psychic research jointly offered $15,000 to any medium who produced an effect by supernatural power that could not be duplicated or explained by Joseph Dunninger, chairman of the committee. Thirty persons tried to win the money but failed; and only one of them performed a puzzling feat—which was to stop a pendulum clock, by waving his finger, at the time selected beforehand by those present. Although the man promised to return and repeat the act, he never came back, probably because second demonstrations had to be given under conditions that precluded trickery. Dunninger later explained how the stunt might have been worked. The man's assistant had hung the clock on the wall and replaced its pendulum weight after both objects had been examined by the spectators. While handling the pendulum, he could have affixed to it, with a speck of gum, one end of a thin thread. Holding the other end and seated nearby, he could easily have stopped the clock when signaled.

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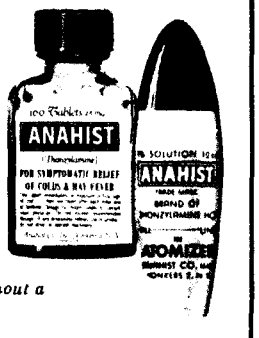

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Collier's, September 2, 1950

The Great POTATO SCANDAL

While our government buys up and dumps millions of bushels, Canada floods U.S. markets with her crop, adding $18,000,000 to our tax bill this year

BY GORDON SCHENDEL

AT MENTION of our huge imports of Canadian potatoes, U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, author of the highly controversial Brannan Plan, abruptly looked wary.

Since last fall, Canada has shipped into the U.S. approximately 14,000,000 bushels of 1949-crop potatoes. This record high is 28 times her annual average before the era of our government's farm price supports! We didn't need Canada's potatoes. We had a staggering surplus of our own without them, and they increased by 14,000,000 bushels the amount our government was forced to buy. I pointed out to Secretary Brannan that in this sense U.S. taxpayers have just made Canadian potato growers an outright gift of $18,000,000. Last year, due to higher price supports, we were equally generous. But Secretary Brannan merely shrugged. "Fourteen million bushels . . . $18,000,000, more or less," he said. "That's negligible." And he smoothed over this eyebrow-raiser by adding that the total 1949 potato surplus the government bought and dumped was approximately 78,000,000 bushels and cost U.S. taxpayers about $100,000,000. Canadian imports caused "hardly one fifth" of the surplus. They are unimportant, he explained, "because we'd have had a huge surplus without them."

I found the same Olympian indifference to "petty" economics in the State Department.

Francis Linville, chief of the State Department's Food and Agriculture Branch of the Economic Resources Staff, looked pained when I brought up the subject of Canadian potato imports. I quoted charges made by potato-industry leaders that the administration's failure to halt Canadian exploitation of our government-supported markets is destroying an important segment of the domestic industry in Maine. He reminded me of the administration's objective, to increase foreign imports vastly as an over-all part of the Marshall Plan.

"Today our national economy must adjust itself to over-all world economy," he said. "No region in the U.S. has the moral right to place local interests before the collective welfare of the world."

Another person thoroughly satisfied with the status quo is Harold DeMerchant, a potato dealer from Perth, New Brunswick, who buys up Canadian potatoes to sell in the U.S. I met him at the Maine-Canada boundary, where he was conducting through customs a giant trailer-truckload of New Brunswick potatoes destined for Philadelphia. Before "potato prosperity" hit Canada he was a $4-a-day farm laborer. But since last fall, he said, he had shipped 800 carloads of potatoes into the

CARTOON BY HARRY DEVLIN

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No Small Potatoes

What has the government's food price-support program meant to the U.S. housewife?

She has been paying at least 40 per cent more than she otherwise would for her family's food. According to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, the average retail price of all foods on last June 15th was 100 per cent higher than—more than double—that during 1935-'39, the period used by the bureau as its "normal" price base. A 15-pound bag of potatoes, for example, had climbed from an average 37.5 cents to 79.6 cents. Yet other cost-of-living items whose prices are not government supported had increased only as follows: rents, an average 23.9 per cent; fuel, electricity and refrigeration together, 38.9 per cent (of this latter category, gas and electricity actually dropped 3 per cent); miscellaneous items (including medical care, drugs, household operation, recreation, toiletries and transportation), 55.3 per cent.

On top of this, every American family has been taxed approximately $150 to finance price supports. The government already has spent $4,750,000,000 of taxpayers' money and was recently given authority to spend $2,000,000,000 more on its commodity price-support program. A half billion dollars has been spent on the potato purchasing and dumping program alone. There have been side effects, too. To illustrate: For several years the American housewife often could buy only second- or third-grade potatoes. The government bought and dumped only grade-A potatoes. Consumers got what was left. THE EDITOR

U.S. and cleared over $30,000. I asked what he thought of our government's price support on potatoes and low potato tariff.

"They are wonderful!" He grinned widely. "They make me rich!"

However, in Maine's potato-famous Aroostook County—an area larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined—there are more than 90,000 people who have cause to feel differently about the enormous volume of Canadian potato imports. They have borne the full brunt of Canadian competition. Today in Aroostook County there is genuine economic distress. Maine leaders attribute it directly to "unfair competition" from the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Harold Bryant, manager of the big cooperative, Maine Potato Growers, Incorporated, of Presque Isle, explained.

"Canadian growers' labor costs are only half of ours, their taxes about one tenth; furthermore, their shipping costs by water are sufficiently lower to cancel out completely the 75-cents-a-hundredweight tariff they pay. On foreign ships, they can send 100 pounds of potatoes to Hastings, Florida, for 66 cents; but Maine growers, compelled by law to use U.S. bottoms, must pay $1.43. As a result, Canadians sell their potatoes a few cents cheaper per bushel, and so naturally they have 'stolen' our growers' Atlantic Seaboard and Gulf Coast markets—from Boston to New Orleans."

Canada's "invasion" has been accelerated by the Department of Agriculture's policy, in effect since 1947, of reducing each year the acreages of U.S. potato growers in an attempt to eliminate the annual surplus. Each time Maine growers have been forced to decrease their acreages, industry leaders charge, Canadian growers have *increased* theirs by a like amount.

The layman will ask: But since the government buys its unmarketable surplus, why should the Maine potato industry be in distress?

The answer lies not only in the enforced lower production, but in the fact that the government buys only to dump. (And though Maine produces less than one sixth of the nation's potatoes, nearly half of the entire 1949 surplus dumped by the government was grown in Maine. Included in the "dumped" total, of course, are potatoes disposed of at six tenths of a cent a bushel, or free, for cattle feed—after being colored with a harmless blue dye, to forestall resale—and, in much smaller amounts, to starch and alcohol factories, schools and institutions.) The "field" price paid for dumped potatoes, currently about $1 a bushel, benefits merely the growers, of whom there are only 4,500 in Aroostook County.

Since most dumped potatoes never leave the farm, it is not necessary to hire men to grade, package and load them on freight cars or trucks, as it would be if they were destined for commercial markets. This handling normally provides fall and winter jobs for the large portion of Aroostook's population who earn their living in summer by working in the fields. Dumping half of Maine's total crop thus completely destroys the fall and winter livelihoods of thousands of workers.

More thousands of laborers' jobs, summer jobs as well, have been wiped out by the Department of Agriculture's crippling cuts in acreage allotments. The latest pronouncement reduced potato acreages for 1950 to only 55 per cent of the potato land in production in 1946. Specifically, it meant a 15 per cent additional cut for Maine, though the average was only 7 per cent for the United States. But even when the cuts were relatively equal all over, results were by far most catastrophic in Aroostook County. For, ever since its potato fields first were hewed out of Maine's north woods, Aroostook's entire economy has been geared solely to potatoes.

Its cool, sunshiny summers are ideal for this crop, but far too short to produce any other efficiently. And 90 per cent of the thousands of laborers who have planted, cultivated, harvested and shipped its potatoes long have maintained permanent homes in the county. Aroostook has no substitute industry to which these people can turn for jobs, so they are stranded high and dry.

The reason Maine is taking it on the chin in the administration's current policy, according to Maine's Representative Robert Hale, is that the state is a rock-ribbed stronghold of the Republican party and the administration feels it has nothing to lose politically.

"Maine," he told me bitterly, "is expendable!"

S. A. Wathen of Fort Fairfield, President of the National Potato Council, said, "Today we have more people unemployed in Aroostook County than at any time since the depression!"

ACME

Dumping ground located near Caribou, Maine, in recent years has been loaded like this with surplus potatoes. The same scene may happen again this winter, since the Agriculture Department has some 78 million bushels left from the price-supported 1949 crop

Unemployment Causes Dire Hardship

Earlier this year, nearly 20 per cent of the county's population—a total of 18,000 men, women and children—were in dire need, dependent on state unemployment compensation or charity. (Elliott Barker, Manager of the Maine Employment Security Commission at Caribou, said that more than 1,500 heads of families in the county were receiving unemployment compensation. Since less than one third of Maine's laborers qualify for such benefits—to date, agricultural workers are ineligible—he estimated that 5,000 heads of families were unemployed. And Aroostook families are large, averaging 4.1 individuals compared to the U.S. average of 3.6.)

In the town of Van Buren, nearly half the 5,000 population lived on some form of relief through last winter. Over 400 families were receiving unemployment compensation, Archie Scribner, town manager reported, and 147 heads of families were on relief, drawing aid for 749 individuals. He said the town had set up "a local WPA" and had spent $30,000 on various made-work projects, including a large wood-cutting program.

"We've managed to keep everyone from starving," Scribner said glumly. "But things look even tougher for the future. Most farmers are losing money and won't be able to hire help."

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In Houlton, population 7,000, the number of persons living on relief spurted from five last year to 345.

In Presque Isle, population 9,000, the number of families on relief has more than doubled in a year. Will E. Pratt, City Welfare Administrator, reported 108 families receiving relief, and 158 families, including 739 individuals, receiving other assistance.

Mrs. Alice Murphy, a Red Cross worker in Presque Isle, cited a number of cases, including that of a warehouse man who'd been unable to find any work all winter. His wife had died, leaving him with six small children. His mother had moved in to take care of the youngsters. They were found to be badly undernourished; the only income the eight had been living on was the grandmother's tiny old-age assistance checks.

"They'd been doing without *everything,*" Mrs. Murphy said. "Their home conditions were heart-breaking."

In Presque Isle alone, according to Eugene Rowe, editor of the Star Herald, over a dozen community and church groups were working full time collecting, reconditioning and distributing used clothing for families of the unemployed.

And not only the workers, but the potato growers themselves, are in distress.

Growers' Heavy Loss of Income

Aroostook County's agricultural income, meaning its income from potatoes, dropped from $90,000,000 for the 1948 crop to $60,000,000 for the 1949 crop, A. W. Manchester, Agricultural Economist for the Maine Extension Service, disclosed.

"Assuming the same yield per acre as in 1949, and the present support price," Mr. Manchester said, "the latest acreage reduction will make the total income from the 1950 crop no more than $45,000,000—only half what it was two years ago!"

He pointed out that 98 per cent of Aroostook's potato growers are "small farmers," and that with the latest cuts more than half have had a mere 20 acres or less to plant in potatoes, "just half the minimum needed for economically efficient operation."

Another alarming disclosure was made by J. Franklin Anderson of Caribou, president of the Aroostook County Bankers' Association.

"Deposits in the county's 17 banks," he revealed, "have dropped almost to half their total of two years ago—from $70,000,000 to $42,000,000."

Maine farmers are justifiably bitter. Typical is Lewis Chase, who has raised potatoes for 14 years. Chase has a wife and three children. His father, mother-in-law and brother also live with him. His farm, near Mapleton, comprises 189 acres, of which 87 are A-1 potato land. Yet, in 1948 the government allowed him to grow potatoes on only 35 acres. Last year he was cut down to only 26 acres. And this year, he was informed he could grow no more than 22 acres!

Chase has thrown in the sponge.

"Last year I lost $1,200," he said, grimly. "I can't possibly make a living for eight people on an even smaller acreage. I'm quitting farming."

Chase said, dejectedly, he was going to look for "some kind of warehouse job, or something." With 5,000 unemployed in the county and 20,000 on some form of relief, his chances of finding one are slim.

That the double pincers of Canadian competition and ruthless acreage cuts would force hundreds of growers off their farms and onto the rolls of the unemployed was freely predicted by Aroostook's leaders. Fearing Maine's chief agricultural industry will be completely ruined unless the flood of Canadian potato imports is curbed, they have appealed again and again to Washington for help.

Maine's Senator Owen Brewster and Representative Frank Fellows (whose district embraces Aroostook County) each showed me in Washington considerable correspondence in which they had repeatedly appealed to both the State Department and the Department of Agriculture, pointing out that legislation to correct the situation has long existed and citing the critical need for its use—but without avail.

The legal machinery in question is double-barreled and could not be more specific:

(1) The State Department possesses the power, under an "escape" clause *(Continued on page 68)*

LLOYD WILLIAMS

Canadian grower and shipper H. W. (Bill) Mulherin of New Brunswick packs potatoes destined for U.S. markets, with an assist from helper Olaf Johnson (left). Mulherin shipped 1,100 carloads into the U.S. in 1949, has already made more than $100,000 this year

LLOYD WILLIAMS

Philadelphia bound, **Harold DeMerchant, potato dealer from New Brunswick, stops at the Maine-Canada border with a giant trailer-truckload he was conducting through customs. He told writer Gordon Schendel (right) U.S. government policy is making him rich**

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A Thousand Summers

By HARRY SYLVESTER

This should have been one more casual affair, like the many others in Angela's gaily checkered past. And yet—incredible as it seemed—Angela was afraid she was falling in love

THE hotel stood on a little rise that dominated the harbor at the southern end of the island. Cream-colored, with high brown-latticed windows, the long straight building was broken twice to form an angular open C, as if the architect had hoped to catch more of the trade winds. Although the hotel had but three stories it seemed higher because of the eminence on which it stood and the narrow blowing evergreens that grew here and there before it. The best suites were at the corners of the C and the management had given Angela Rayne one of the two on the top floor.

Now in September—her third on the island—she had the floor almost to herself. In the off season it was less a place to be alone than one in which to rest for a time between the tour of the summer theaters and an opening in New York late in the fall. She had come in the previous day on the semi-weekly plane and had spent most of the time since in sleeping. Now, a white chenille robe belted around her, she stood looking out one of the tall windows and stretched. A dirty-white turtle schooner from the Grand Cayman lay at anchor in the harbor and two small fishing boats were pushing around the green blinker at the point of the jetty. A pale light, lavender, mauve, gray, poured diagonally across the water, the ships, the thin concrete strip of jetty. As it faded, the green of the blinker became more bright.

Joy—there was no other name for it, she realized in astonishment—filled her, as unaccounted for as it was unexpected. The feeling grew steadily while she looked at the boats and the brightening green point in the wash of dying light. Was it merely that she was glad to get away from the theater, from the summer alliances? That might give her relief, but hardly joy.

The phone's muffled bell rang; the assistant manager, Porterfield, wanted to know if she would like dinner in her room. She would like to come down, Angela said, if they were serving downstairs. They were serving in the small dining room, the one in a corner of the terrace overlooking the harbor. Also, he said, there was a cable for her; they had held it, not wishing to disturb her rest.

Mr. Herrmann, the manager, complete with cummerbund despite the heat, met her at the foot of the stairs and delicately presented her with the cable. She slipped it into the pocket of her smart linen suit and walked with him toward the terrace.

A table had been set for her in a corner of the little dining place formed by an angle of the railing and its coral posts. She ordered clear turtle soup, broiled filet of red snapper and a double lamb chop. When the waiter left, she opened the cable. It was date-lined New York and read: EVEN SO WOULD LIKE YOU VERY MUCH FOR HARRUM PLAY OPENING IN NOVEMBER. KELAWAY.

Angela smiled. Ten years ago the fact that she had told Kelaway she no longer loved him would have cost her the part. He had followed her devotedly around the recent summer circuit.

Just before her chop arrived a mail clerk came to her table and handed her four air-mail letters. She thanked him and glanced at the outside of the envelopes. One was from her agent, one apparently a fan letter forwarded by the agent; a third was from a youngster, Stanley Corliss, who had played a minor role when she had been at the Bucks County theater. A glance at the fourth caused her to color slightly. It was from an APO in Japan, and the name in the corner was that of Lieutenant Colonel George Faulconier. She opened it and saw that it was a wedding announcement. The colonel was being married to a Mrs. Eleanor Hathaway Gittensby.

DURING the war, Angela had taken a week off from entertaining troops in the Pacific and spent it on a quiet spot in Oahu with the colonel, then a major of infantry. But she had declined to marry him and sometimes she regretted her decision. She wondered why it was that even now, when she was no longer a girl, she still wanted things most intensely after it was no longer possible for her to have them. She would send a radiogram to the colonel and his wife—something witty if she could think of such in the ocean-drugged air of this West Indian island.

And then she thought of the Corliss boy. Her reluctance to open his letter amounted almost to fear. She knew that she had reached an age where she was becoming attractive *(Continued on page 63)*

The night-blooming jasmine had unfolded once more and the odor hung in the air. Diffidently, she asked about his work

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

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They Get Away with MURDER

The record shows that the city's police department, hamstrung by politics,

ON THE night of last November 25th, Pittsburgh had a murder which made its citizens' hair stand on end. It was a shocker. In fact, the only thing about it which was more shocking than the crime itself was the incredible way the police handled it.

An attractive young woman, Jean Brusco, who worked as a salesgirl in a dress shop, was on her way home between 11:15 and 11:30 P.M. She was almost home. Another 200 feet and she'd have been safely in her house at 5532 Howe Street, in the Shadyside section of Pittsburgh. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a rape-killer came up behind her and cracked her over the head—probably with a hatchet or cleaver—splitting her skull.

On the third floor of a house at 5530 Howe Street, next door to the Brusco residence, Mrs. Ellen Flanagan gasped in horror and incredulity. Looking out through a Venetian blind, watching for friends to return from the movies, she had witnessed the appalling scene. It was lighted, like some melodrama on a Broadway stage, by the shimmering rays of a street lamp. Mrs. Flanagan saw Jean Brusco go down, saw the attacker start to drag her away. She told her husband.

He telephoned No. 6 Police Station and told the desk sergeant what had happened. But, Mr. Flanagan was informed, No. 6 was the wrong station; the scene of the crime was in No. 11's territory. So (as often happens in Pittsburgh's antiquated communications system, where there is no central headquarters for receiving calls and dispatching police) Flanagan's call had to be relayed to No. 11 Station.

This time the station was right. But the desk sergeant got the address wrong! He told three plain-clothes men, who happened to be walking into the station house at the time, to go to *5503* Howe Street instead of 5530.

The plain-clothes men drove off—to the wrong address—in a private car belonging to one of them and not radio-equipped. Naturally they found nothing wrong at 5503, but they hung around, without contacting the station, while precious time slipped by.

Flanagan and two neighbors went outside and found a puddle of blood and a purse on the spot where the woman had been hit. From papers in the purse they learned with consternation that she was Jean Brusco, their next-door neighbor. Still without aid or intervention of police, they informed the Brusco family.

Nearly 45 minutes passed, and the police still had not shown up. Jean Brusco's brother frantically phoned again. This time, since No. 11 Station's radio cars were busy on a holdup, a *patrol wagon* was sent to the scene from No. 6. Eyewitnesses who had been in the Flanagan house told me the patrol wagon hove up between 12:30 and 12:35 A.M.—a full hour after the police first had been summoned.

Scene of the Brusco Murder—**Albert Kessler points to where he found pool of blood. With him are Congressman H. J. Davenport (center)**

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in PITTSBURGH

is incredible, but

By HOWARD WHITMAN

The plain-clothes men, meanwhile, were still down the street on their wrong-address mission. They saw the two wagon cops pull up at 5530 Howe Street and, at last, joined them at the right address.

Acting on the neighbors' theory that Miss Brusco had been taken away in an automobile, the police then proceeded to commit two more boggles hardly imaginable outside of a Keystone comedy. In kindergarten logic, the neighbors' theory must have been (A) right, or (B) wrong. If it were right—that is, if Miss Brusco had been dragged into a car and driven away—an immediate radio alarm should have gone out alerting every police car and foot patrolman (as well as police in adjacent municipalities and counties) to spread a net for a car involved in kidnaping and possible murder. If the neighbors' theory happened to be wrong—which it was—then Miss Brusco or her dead body, and possibly her assailant too, were somewhere in the neighborhood.

and Inspector J. M. Flavin, in front of victim's house

It should have been searched from gutters to rooftops.

Neither step was taken.

Another desk sergeant, who came on duty at the shift of turns in No. 11 Station, failed to inform headquarters or the police radio for a full hour after he got his report from the scene. It was a total of *two-and-a-half hours* after the crime was reported to the police that the first teletype or radio message went out.

The neighborhood was not searched at all.

It was left for a milkman, making his deliveries the next morning, to find Jean Brusco's body. She lay in the horrible grotesquerie of rape and murder, bloody, partly nude, in a back yard right across the street from where she was struck.

It was evident that the killer spent some time with his dying or dead victim after he had dragged her into the back yard. It may have been anywhere from a few minutes to half an hour or more. Indeed it is possible that he was right there in the back yard at the time when police should have been scouring the neighborhood.

If the police can't swing into action in a case like that, *when they have an eyewitness*—then when on earth can they?

What kind of police force is it that cannot even *find the body* of a woman when she lies murdered a few hundred feet from her own front door?

Citizens Are Indignant—and Afraid

A good many honest folks in Pittsburgh want to know. They are fed up with having murderers and sex criminals roam at large in their town because of the police department's classic ineptitude. They are tired of hearing the taunt, "Murder is safer in Pittsburgh"—*safer for the murderer*. They are sick unto death of a Bureau of Police so hamstrung with politics that an inexperienced hack can be picked off the street today and sworn in as a detective tomorrow—if a ward chairman so decrees. They are *afraid*—for themselves, for their wives and kids—in a city where the police chief is reduced to a puppet, where the war against crime is under the generalship of bungling politicians, where the police force is the grab bag of a political machine.

"We hate to see our city smeared over this. But I'm afraid *truth* is our only weapon. It is the only way good will come . . ."

The speaker was Dean N. R. H. Moor, of the Trinity (Protestant Episcopal) Cathedral. He is chairman of Pittsburgh's new Citizens Crime Committee, 30 leading citizens who realize their town's predicament and have the courage to do something about it. Like many another Pittsburgher, Dean Moor is proud of his town—its remarkable industries, its smoke-control program, its new Point Park development.

But he raises the question, "What good are grand civic improvements if you can't walk out among them without fear of getting knocked over the head?"

Besides the Brusco case, two other unsolved murders have left a virulent blight on Pittsburgh's peace of mind:

Carole Lee Kensinger, a pretty little girl of twelve, was sadistically set upon—stabbed 39 times—in the kitchen of her *(Continued on page 66)*

Weather Forecast for Our Cities Next Week

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Ray Sprigle of the Post-Gazette reported: "Appointments (of detectives are made) at the behest of ward chairmen"

David L. Lawrence told the Citizens Crime Committee he believes it's "democratic" to mix politics with police work

of Sts. Peter and Paul Church (shown here Sunday morning) have been curtailed because of attacks on its parishioners

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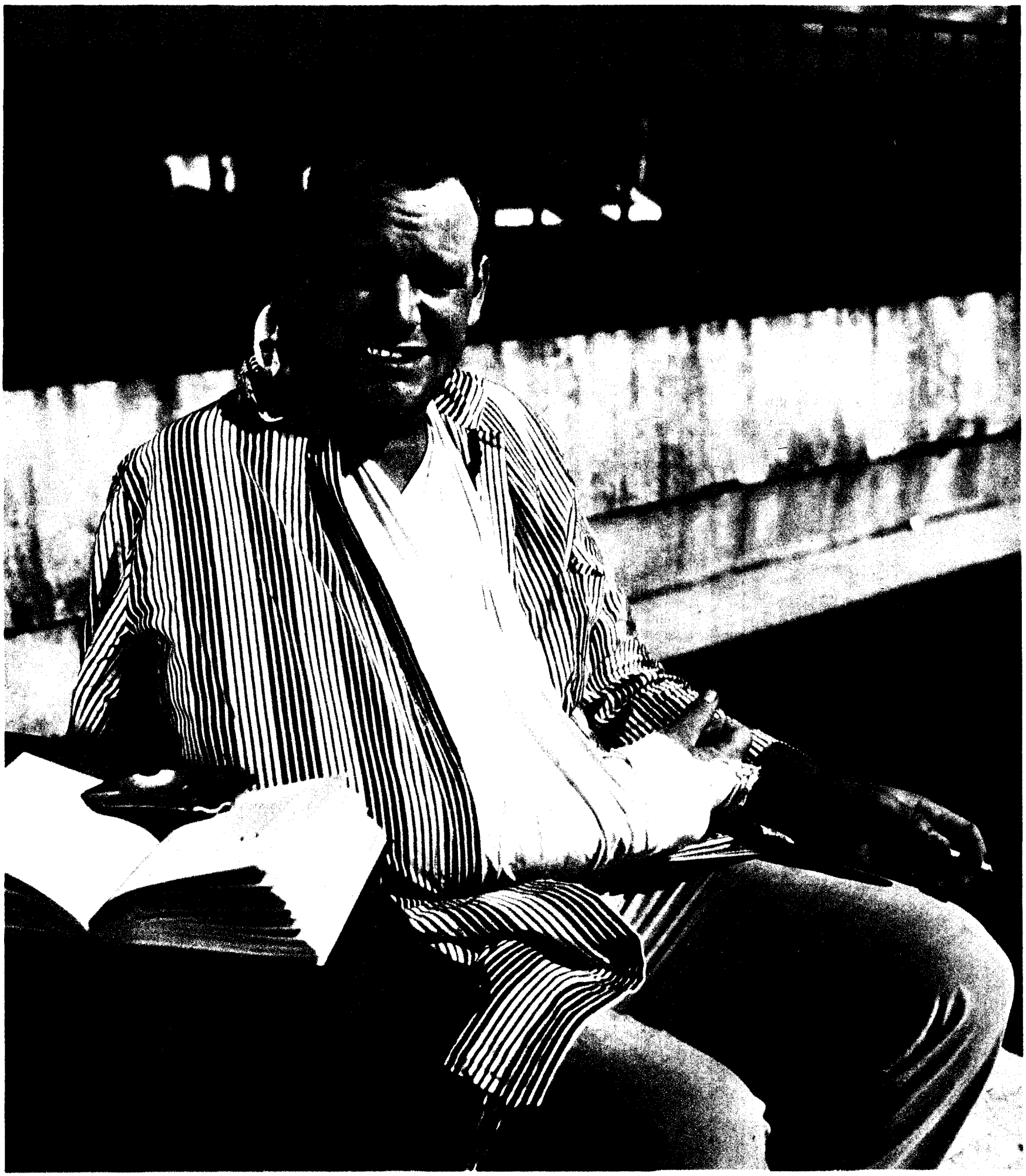
'What Hurt Was to See



PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR COLLIER'S BY ACME FAR EAST STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

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Us Retreat'

Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT

The "Old Marine Sergeant" crawled out of a Korean trap with 12 shrapnel holes. He knew he was lucky, but he was also angry. He had never seen Americans thrown back

THE COMMUNIQUÉS were plain enough, and they were dismal. We Americans were taking a beating in Korea. There was a reason why we were, and it wasn't because we didn't have the guts. We had to back up our commitment to stop the Communists—and we had to do it with what little we could send into South Korea within a matter of days. The South Koreans had been hit hard by seasoned, Russian-equipped North Koreans. They couldn't fight tanks with rifles. The Americans, a scattered few of them and outnumbered 20 or more to one, had to move in quickly and they did, but only to do the best job they could to slow down the Communists, if possible. It was a good and heroic job, if often futile. Dispatches from the front sounded even worse than the communiqués. Correspondents couldn't see our platoons chopped up in the wild, uneven guerrilla fighting without tearing desperate words out of their typewriters. Suwon, Taejon and the rest—these were the first terrible days of retreat in Korea and it would take time to turn back the ever-oncoming hordes of North Koreans, more time than anybody liked to think about.

★ ★ ★

Tokyo

KOREA seemed a million miles away. We, the sergeant and I, sat in the bright, tranquil, chrome-and-leather lounge just outside the big ward on the third floor of the U.S. Army's Tokyo (49th) General Hospital. A couple of GIs, one with his heavily bandaged leg hooked over the arm of his chair, played checkers.

The sergeant, Leonard Smith, Smitty of Dog (for D) Company, from what he called a bump in the road 50 miles straight west from Chicago's Loop, propped the cast of his shattered right arm in the cup of his good hand. We weren't going to talk about the morals or the politics of the Korean thing, or the sudden decision at Washington and Lake Success to make a stand there against Communist expansion. Smitty said he didn't know much about all that, anyway. He was "sweating out his 20," his 20 years until retirement, when the North Koreans started hacking their way south.

Smitty's been around. A rifle company sergeant with the Second Marine Division, he had hit the beach at Tarawa and Saipan in the long struggle of sweat, sand and blood across the Pacific. "I wasn't even scratched," he said. Into the Marines in early '42 and out when the big show was over in December of '45, the sergeant went back to his old job making electric switches at the Furnas Electric Company in Batavia, Illinois, but the four walls closed in on him. He had to get out; get out somewhere.

He took a job pushing a cab around Geneva, Illinois, but that wouldn't do either. Smitty wanted elbow room. The Marines, their forces cut sharply in peacetime, couldn't give him any more than a corporal's stripes—and he would have to go back to boot camp. That wasn't to Smitty's liking. The Army made him a sergeant, finally put him with a weapons outfit, machine guns, 75-mm. recoilless guns, and mortars.

The "Old Marine Sergeant"—he's thirty and old only to the youngsters fighting in Korea—served with the Sixth Infantry occupation troops in Korea before we pulled out and left the way clear for the North Koreans except for what the tragically under-armed South Koreans could do. That proved not much. Smitty was sent Stateside but he found out in a hurry that he needed the big Pacific all around him. He asked for duty in Japan. He got it, all right, and that's why I happened to be talking to Smitty just outside the big ward where the wounded from Korea were being pulled out of a nightmare.

That's what it was, Smitty said, a nightmare filled with the creeping enemy, rustling bushes that sounded like firecrackers in the breathless quiet of the front lines at night, the green youngsters lying deep in the alternating dust and mud of their holes, wondering if the moon would show them to the snipers. And, with a far-off cock crowing, the beginning of day but not the end of the nightmare in the fighting near Suwon in those first hours after American troops moved into the fighting lines.

Smitty is a big fellow, almost six feet, four inches and a 250-pounder now (he says he weighed only 203 when he was with the Marines), and he had to dig a deep hole. But Smitty turned the conversation back. When the North Koreans struck on that confused Sunday, the boys in his company thought they might be moving. Still, the word didn't come through right away. Smitty and his buddies were at Kokura on Kyushu, the southernmost island of Japan, 140 miles from Pusan, the main supply base for U.S. forces. A day or two passed (Smitty says that time has been running together since those first days) and payday rolled around. The word came to the noncom club where a couple of very fast crap games and a poker game (with plenty in the pot) were going as they nearly always did on happy payday. The word came from the C.O.: "We're going and I think we're the first to move."

Smitty says it didn't quite turn out that way, but only a few Americans had got up ahead of Dog Company—and by the time Smitty's outfit was dug in near Suwon, the front lines were right there. What front lines there were, Smitty said. Within a couple of hours after the C.O.'s word at Kokura, the guns, men, entrenching equipment and rations of Smitty's outfit were loaded aboard an impatient C-47 troop carrier on a southern Japanese landing field. It was the beginning of the great air lift that saved South Korea from immediate defeat, perhaps from complete conquest within a matter of three of four days, according to the reckoning of men who saw the North Koreans moving before the Americans got in.

Tense Hours of Waiting in Pusan

The C-47 bounded onto a muddy airstrip at the Korean port of Pusan just 50 minutes after its take-off in Japan. It was late afternoon and the weather was clear. The skies were growing pink, and they seem to get pinker in the Orient than anywhere else in the world. Korean military vehicles and escorts were waiting for Smitty's outfit. Everybody and everything was taken directly to the railroad station, and the boys thought they might be going to the front that night. "But by midnight," Smitty said, "we were moved to the old engineer area used in the American occupation days in Korea. The C.O. told us we were waiting for the rest of our regiment.

"We were alerted once to move out as guards on an ammunition train north, but we didn't go. Another regiment moved through us to the Suwon area while the rest of our outfit made a fast crossing by LST from Japan. We waited for about 14 hours and then we moved. All the way from Pusan to Suwon by train. The train crept. It jerked, stopped and started so often that we got so we didn't pay the dragging hours any mind. It took us 20 hours—about 10 miles an hour—to make it to the front.

"We were there. I had a feeling, something that had never come over me before in all the rough days of the Pacific war, that I was going to get it this time. That's a funny thing because most of the time you never think of that. But I thought I was going to get it. I wasn't particularly worried. What can you do about it, anyway? Still, I got the feeling for the first time. I don't know how many of the other guys got it, too."

A Company Plastered with Mud

The first thing Smitty's outfit got was mud—mud up to the ankles and plastering itself over equipment and men. Smitty knew the rainy season in Korea from his other days. When it rains, every clod turns to mud. If there are a few hours of sunlight, the mud turns to dust, the kind that gives you a thirst worse than that in the desert. The dust gets into your eyes, your water, your food and finally seems to grind its way through your pack and into your skin. It was mud, though, when Smitty's unit got to the front.

"The C.O. intended to set up headquarters in an old schoolhouse south of Suwon, but within a few minutes," Smitty says, "we had stripped down to packs, raincoats and tools and were out digging in along two ridges commanding the main highway. This, I think, was about seven miles south of Suwon. What South Koreans and Americans were still in front of us then had begun to pull back behind us. This was the front and we didn't know what was out there in the way of North Koreans and tanks, not how many or how much, or whether they were going to keep coming after our withdrawing forces. We had one pleasant thing. We had some artillery back of us.

"That was the beginning of two nights, two nights that look pretty calm now when you think about what we got later on. The moon was shining. That was an advantage because we might be able to see what was going on out in front of us. But we had to keep low and still. The boys didn't do much talking that first night. We heard that reinforcements were coming up, artillery with plenty of infantry. The artillery got there but the infantry didn't.

"That first night was stony quiet. We had covered the ridges on both the left and the right side of the highway that night. The next day we moved over to the right ridge. There was a moon the second night, but we had some dark hours before it came up. We were alert all night. Our artillery—the 105s—were shelling most of the time. The boys got to talking more, shouting across from hole to hole, trying to figure out what in hell was going on.

"One of our regiments counterattacked when daylight came and made it back into Suwon. Not for long, though. The gooks (GI for North Korean) kept coming. Our outfit was fired on from the rear. We couldn't see anybody, and the civilians, some moving south, some north, kept getting in the way of our observers. We couldn't tell friend or foe. Every bush around us seemed to hide a dozen snipers. The third night came. It was dark as the inside of a boiler. We didn't have any communications. Our position was getting worse. With tanks and artillery helping us, we fell back 10 miles.

"That was tough on us. I'd never seen Americans in retreat and it hurt. Oh, I know why we had to go back. Things made sense, but it hurt. We had a couple *(Continued on page 58)*

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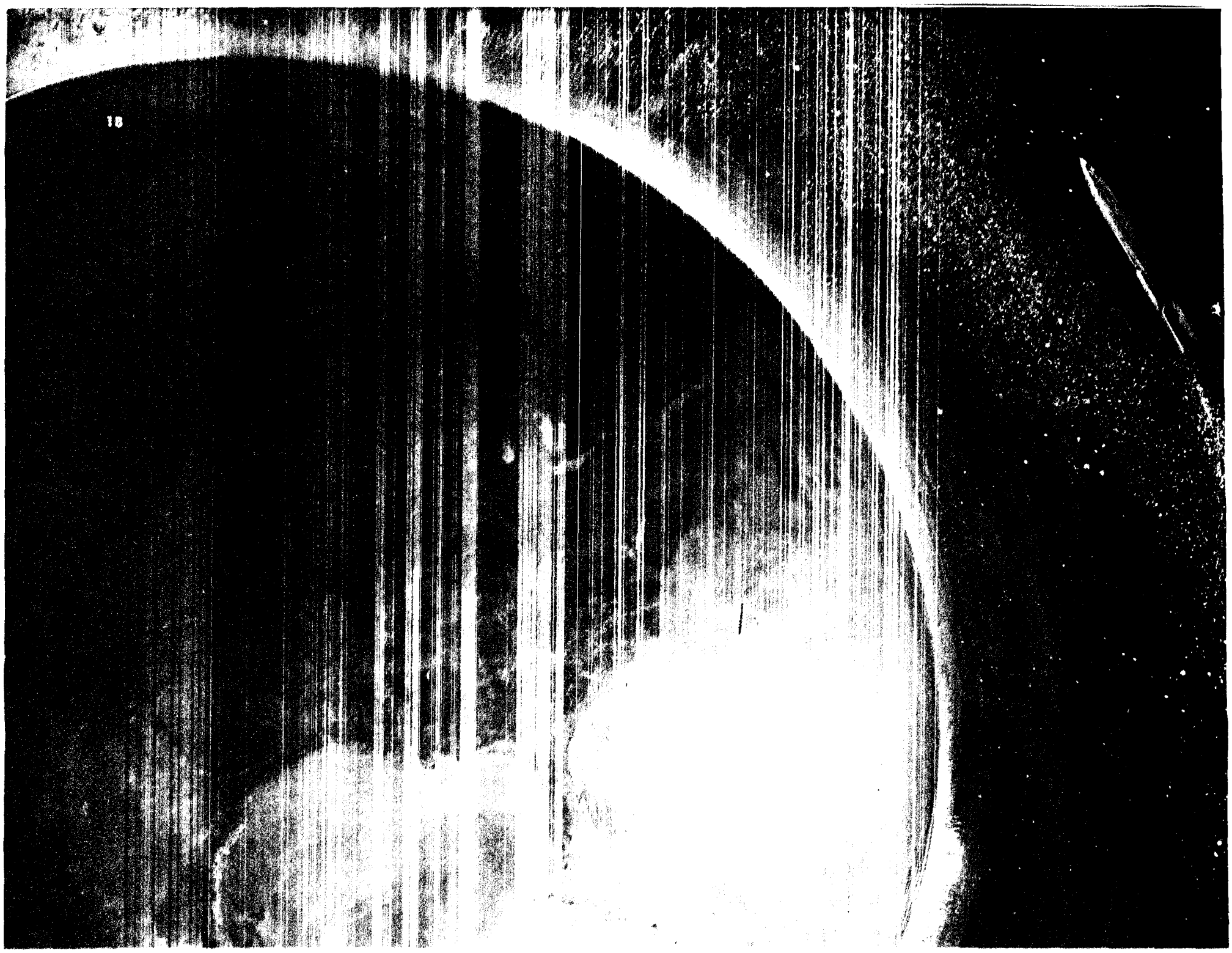

Thanasphere

[illegible]

Something was terribly wrong with this rocket flight 2,000 miles above the earth. The pilot flew into the heart of a mystery that upset all the calculations of the scientist listening below

AT NOON, Wednesday, July 26th, windowpanes in the small mountain towns of Sevier County, Tennessee, were rattled by the shock and faint thunder of a distant explosion rolling down the northwest slopes of the Great Smokies. The explosion came from the general direction of the closely guarded Air Forces experimental station in the forest ten miles northwest of Elkmont.

Said the Air Forces Office of Public Information. "No comment."

That evening, amateur astronomers in Omaha, Nebraska, and Glenwood, Iowa, reported independently that a speck had crossed the face of the full moon at 9:57 P.M. There was a flurry of excitement on the news wires. Astronomers at the major North American observatories denied that they had seen it.

They lied.

In Boston, on the morning of Thursday, July 27th, an enterprising newsman sought out Dr. Bernard Groszinger, youthful rocket consultant for the Air Forces. "Is it possible that what crossed the moon was a space ship?" the newsman asked.

Dr. Groszinger laughed at the question. "My own opinion is that we're beginning another cycle of flying saucer scares," he said. "This time everyone's seeing space ships between us and the moon. You can tell your readers this, my friend: No rocket ship will leave the earth for at least another twenty years."

He lied.

He knew a great deal more than he was saying, but somewhat less than he himself thought. He did not believe in ghosts, for instance—and had yet to learn of the Thanasphere.

Dr. Groszinger rested his long legs on his cluttered desktop, and watched his secretary conduct the disappointed newsman through the locked door, past the armed guards. He lighted a cigarette and tried to relax before going back into the stale air and tension of the radio room. "IS YOUR SAFE LOCKED?" asked a sign on the wall, tacked

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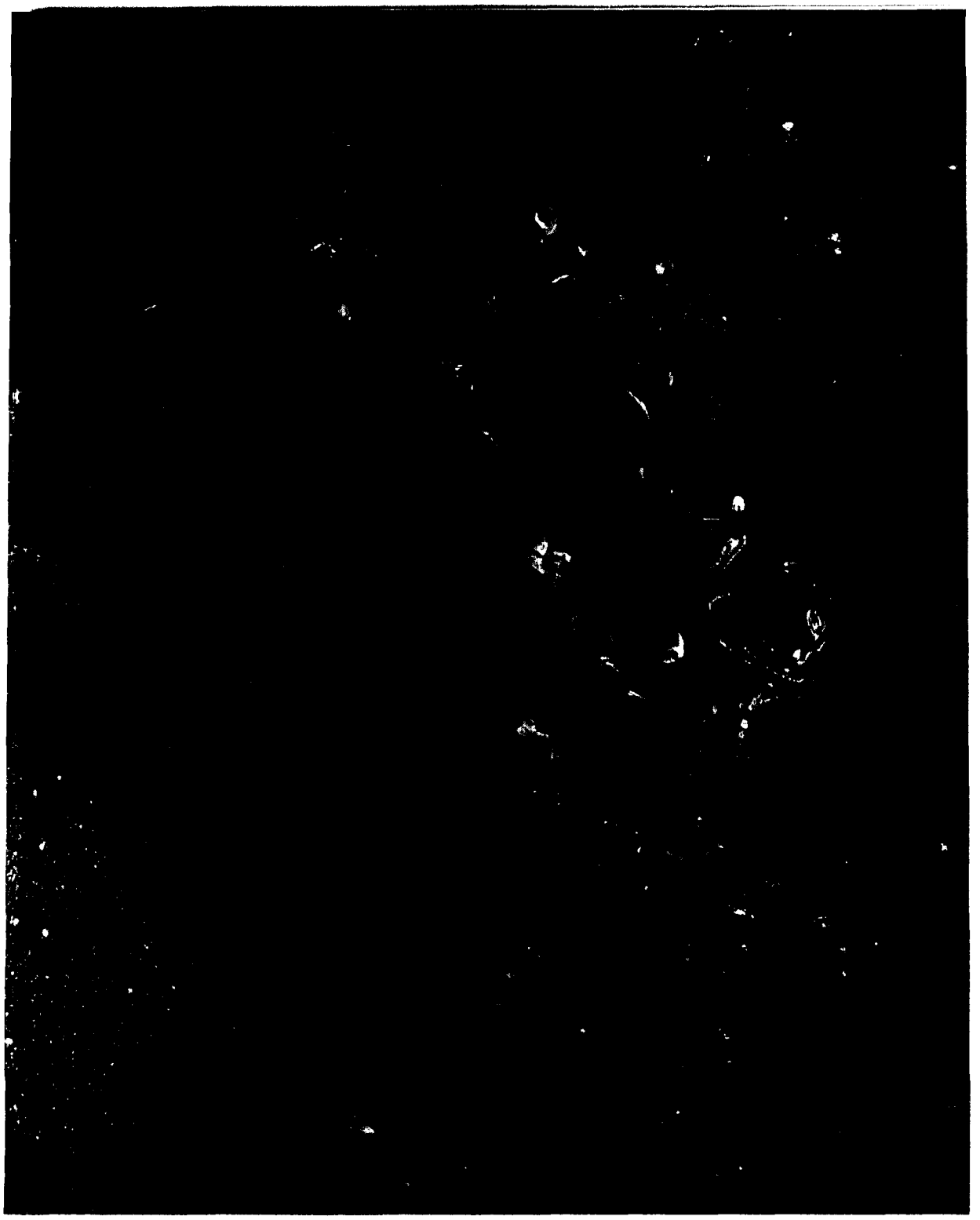


there by a diligent security officer. The sign annoyed him. Security officers, security regulations only served to slow his work, to make him think about things he had no time to think about.

The secret papers in the safe weren't secrets. They said what had been known for centuries: Given fundamental physics, it follows that a projectile fired into space in *X* direction, at *Y* miles per hour, will travel in the arc *Z*. He modified the equation: Given fundamental physics and one billion dollars . . .

Impending war had given him the opportunity to try the experiment. The threat of war was an incident, the military men about him an irritating condition of work—*the experiment* was the heart of the matter.

There were no unknowns, he reflected, finding contentment in the dependability of the physical world. Young Dr. Groszinger smiled, thinking of Christopher Columbus and his crew, who hadn't known what lay ahead of them, who had been scared stiff of sea monsters that didn't exist. Maybe the average person of today felt the same way about space. The Age of Superstition still had a few years to run.

But the man in the space ship two thousand miles from earth had no unknowns to fear. The sullen Major Allen Rice would have nothing surprising to report in his radio messages. He could only confirm what reason had already revealed about outer space.

The major American observatories, working closely with the project, reported that the ship was now moving around the earth in the predicted orbit at the predicted velocity. Soon, any time now, the first message from outer space in history would be received in the radio room. The broadcast could be on an ultra-high-frequency band where no one had ever sent or received messages before.

The first message was overdue, but nothing had gone wrong—nothing *could* go wrong, Dr. Groszinger assured himself again. Machines, not men, were guiding the flight. The man was a mere observer, piloted to his lonely vantage point by infallible electronic brains, swifter than his own. He had controls in his ship, but only for gliding down through the atmosphere, when and if they brought him back from space. He was equipped to stay for several years.

Even the man was as much like a machine as possible, Dr. Groszinger thought with satisfaction. He was quick, strong, unemotional. Psychiatrists had picked Major Rice from a hundred volunteers, and predicted that he would function as perfectly as the rocket motors, the metal hull and the electronic controls. His specifications: Husky, twenty-nine years of age; fifty-five missions over Europe during World War II without a sign of fatigue; a childless widower, melancholy and solitary; a career soldier, a demon for work.

The Major's mission? Simple: To report weather conditions over enemy territory, and to observe the accuracy of guided atomic missiles in the event of war.

Major Rice was fixed in the solar system, two thousand miles above the earth now—close by, really—the distance from New York to Salt Lake City, not far enough away to see much of the polar icecaps, even. With a telescope, Rice could pick out small towns and the wakes of ships without much trouble. It would be breath-taking to watch the enormous blue and green ball; to see night creeping around it, and clouds and storms growing and swirling over its face.

Dr. Groszinger tamped out his cigarette, absently lighted another almost at once, and strode down the corridor to the small laboratory where the radio equipment had been set up.

Lieutenant General Franklin Dane, head of Project Cyclops, sat next to the radio operator, his uniform rumpled, his collar open. He stared expectantly at the loud-speaker before him. The floor was littered with sandwich wrappings and cigarette butts. Coffee-filled paper cups stood before the General and the radio operator, and beside the canvas chair where Groszinger had spent the night, waiting.

General Dane nodded to Groszinger, and motioned with his hand for silence.

"Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley. Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley . . ." droned the radio operator wearily, using the code names. "Can you hear me, Able Baker Fox? Can you—"

The loud-speaker crackled; then, tuned to its peak volume, boomed: "This is Able Baker Fox. Come in, Dog Easy Charley. Over."

GENERAL DANE jumped to his feet and embraced Dr. Groszinger. Both laughed idiotically, and pounded each other on the back. The General snatched the microphone from the radio operator. "You made it, Able Baker Fox! Right on course! What's it like, boy? What's it feel like? Over." Dr. Groszinger, his arm draped around the General's shoulders, leaned forward eagerly, his ear a few inches from the speaker. The radio operator tuned the volume down, so that they could hear something of the quality of Major Rice's voice.

The voice came through again, soft, hesitant. The tone disturbed Dr. Groszinger—he had wanted it to be crisp, sharp, efficient.

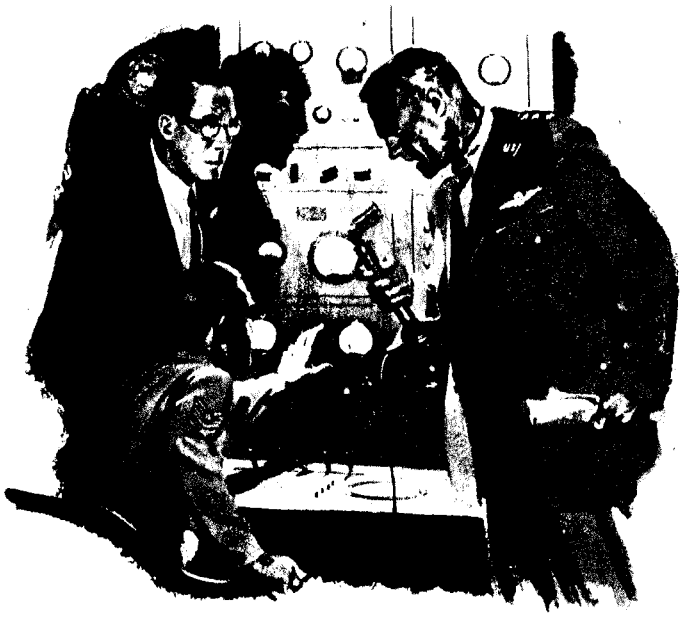
"This side of the earth's dark, very dark just now. And I feel like I'm falling—the way you said I would. Over."

"Is anything the matter?" asked the General anxiously. "You sound as though something—"

The Major cut in before he could finish: "There! Did you hear that?"

"Able Baker Fox, we can't hear anything," said the General, looking perplexedly at Dr. Groszinger. "What is it—some kind of noise in your receiver? Over."

"A child," said the Major. "I hear a child crying. Don't you hear it? And now—listen!—now an old man is trying to *(Continued on page 60)*



"We've had enough of your voices, Able Baker Fox," the General said sharply. "We're on to your little game. I'm going to bring you down"

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MIGHTY SPERM

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

Three million American couples want children but cannot have them. In four cases out of ten, the trouble lies with the male cells without which life cannot begin. Now a quiet research program offers a beginning of hope for many of the childless

FOR most of his waking hours, the last 10 years, Professor John MacLeod has been studying little tadpoles—so small 50,000 of them laid end to end would equal one inch. If you have any further doubt about how small this is, picture yourself losing a tall pile of them in a single valley of your fingerprint. This object of Dr. MacLeod's attention is no ordinary tadpole. It is a human cell, the father of all other cells.

Dr. MacLeod has pursued it for a decade, and plans to probe its inner workings for 20 or 30 years more, because it is the cell of life itself, the sperm cell of the male, without which new life cannot start.

Curiously enough—despite its literally vital importance—scientists know less about the sperm cell than about almost any of the many scores of cell types produced by the body. This fact is the cause of much concern to Professor MacLeod and the sparse dozen other experts in sperm-cell functioning who are scattered over the country.

For one thing, it involves a terrific discrimination against the male sex. At the annual meetings of the American Society for the Study of Sterility, the experts on the male, or sperm, cell regularly find themselves outnumbered 4-to-1 by the scientists who have pursued the relatively easy job of studying the production of the female egg, the ovum, a life-giving cell so big you can almost see it with the naked eye.

Even more depressing, to both the male and female sex-cell specialists, is the fact that their combined numbers are so few and their resources so puny when compared with many other branches of scientific research. In all America there are hardly more than 50 men who devote themselves primarily to the study of these life-giving cells.

By contrast, there are several thousand avidly probing the secrets of the death cells of cancer and over 10,000 scientists who spend their time exclusively on atomic research, a field up to now far more concerned with the production of death than with the development of a longer and happier life. If an atomic researcher hits on an idea that requires $50,000,000 to prove or disprove, his request for funds is likely to be treated as a bid for a *mere* $50,000,000. Cancer specialists, although starving in comparison to the atomic scientists, spend close to $30,000,000 every year.

But the men whose researches involve the very beginning of life itself have far less than $1,000,000 annually to support all of their laboratories. MacLeod, for instance, at Cornell University Medical College in New York, is considered particularly well off because he has grants-in-aid totaling all of $10,000 a year. MacLeod thinks of himself as fortunate, but in today's generally lush research picture, a $10,000-a-year program is just penny ante stuff.

But don't get the idea that the study of the sex cells, because of the relatively low sums spent on it, is unimportant. The mere implication that such might be the case, if even whispered in the presence of John MacLeod, is enough to restore his rich Scotch burr and make him talk as vigorously as a dignified professor can ever allow himself to talk.

When that happens, you find yourself ducking a barrage of statistics. Ten per cent of all marriages, MacLeod points out, are today proving infertile, not because the couples don't want children, but because they can't manage to have them. That adds up to roughly 6,000,000 would-be mothers and fathers who never achieve parenthood.

About 40 per cent of all this trouble is due to relative sterility in the female. Twenty per cent rises from faults that may be ascribed to both marriage partners. And four out of every 10 involuntarily childless couples can blame their situation on something that has gone wrong with the husband's sperm cells.

There are experts today in the *clinical* treatment of infertility. When the conditions are favorable, they manage to help as high as 20 per cent of all the couples who turn to them. Mostly they succeed when the trouble shows its root in the wife's child-bearing organs. When the husband is the weak link, the experts have almost nothing to offer by way of treatment except a general attempt to build the man up. Sometimes it works. More often it doesn't. And when it does work, usually no one knows how the trick was turned.

The clinical experts, the doctors who actually treat infertile patients, may, of course, hit by chance on some drug or hormone that will reverse this picture overnight. But this is an extremely long-shot hope. The odds are far greater that progress will be made only through the basic long-range research of men like MacLeod, who study the curious life cycle of the sperm cells in pursuit of the secret of what makes them operate and of the even more baffling secret of what makes so many of them stop operating.

MacLeod, for example, has discovered several dozen ways of making active sperm cells lose their vigor. He has discovered a smaller number of ways of restoring this vigor. One of these days MacLeod or somebody else may discover how to apply one of these techniques toward restoring the vigor of the sperm cells of men who produce infertile sperm.

Looking Forward to the Great Day

When that day arrives, the human birth rate will show a perceptible climb, the economics of cattle breeding will be turned topsy-turvy and the chance of producing a race horse that can run circles around Citation will become so good the bookies will be able to quote short odds on it.

Thus, while research on the sperm cell is today so small-scale that it rates only as a sub-sub-sub-classification of the general subject of biological research, its potential for human benefit is virtually immeasurable.

John MacLeod began his scientific career at the age of fourteen, when Sir Edward Sharpey-Schafer, the great Scottish physiologist, hired him as a lab boy to wash bottles and sterilize test tubes at Edinburgh University. A few years later Professor Eric Ponder left Edinburgh to take a post as professor of general physiology at New York University. MacLeod was brought over by Ponder as a lab assistant. In his spare time he managed to lose much of his brogue and acquire a bachelor's and a master's degree.

The turning point in MacLeod's career occurred shortly afterward when he was introduced to Professor J. C. Hinsey of Cornell University Medical College, who offered him the opportunity to continue toward his doctorate there. At the same time he got an offer to work with Dr. Cornelius Rhoads, then on cancer research at the Rockefeller Institute, now head of New York's Memorial Hospital and one of the top U.S. men in cancer research.

Since Cornell Medical and the Rockefeller Institute are neighbors on Manhattan's York Avenue, it was a simple matter for MacLeod to carry on the cancer research with Rhoads and walk across the street to continue his academic career under Dr. Hinsey.

Recommended for New Research Job

MacLeod might have stayed in cancer research had not Dr. Robert S. Hochkiss, an outstanding urologist and worker in the field of male fertility, asked Hinsey if he could suggest a man to start research on human sperm cells. Hinsey named MacLeod, who moved across the street to Cornell. With a grant-in-aid from the National Committee for Maternal Health—one of the first and to date one of the very few grants-in-aid for the study of the male sperm cell—he began looking his tadpoles in the eye. A doctorate and associate professorship in anatomy at Cornell Medical followed.

Up to the time he began his research, MacLeod recalls, "I had never seen a human sperm cell. But after a couple of years of cancer research, I was a perfect setup for the offer. It wasn't the $2,400 a year, although that looked great to an ex-lab boy in 1939. What really attracted me was the fact that the sperm cell speeds up research. You see, it's the only human cell that moves readily under its own power. It wiggles its little tail, and it travels. That means you can do things to it, and actually see their effect.

"If you put it in a hostile environment, it stops wiggling. Change its environment again and it swims like mad. You can get results in a few days studying a sperm cell, just because of the tail wiggling, that you couldn't get in months of studying a nonmoving cell, by ordinary research methods."

MacLeod discusses these cells as if they had fully developed personalities instead of merely the potential personality of half a human being. One of his favorite similes involves comparing a sperm cell to a sturdy trout. Like the trout, the tiny sperm can swim upstream against the current. In fact, it has to do so whenever a baby is conceived. For the female sex organs are so designed that the implanted sperm must make its own *(Continued on page 69)*

In his laboratory at the Cornell University Medical College, Dr. John MacLeod continues his ten-year-long study of the male sperm cell

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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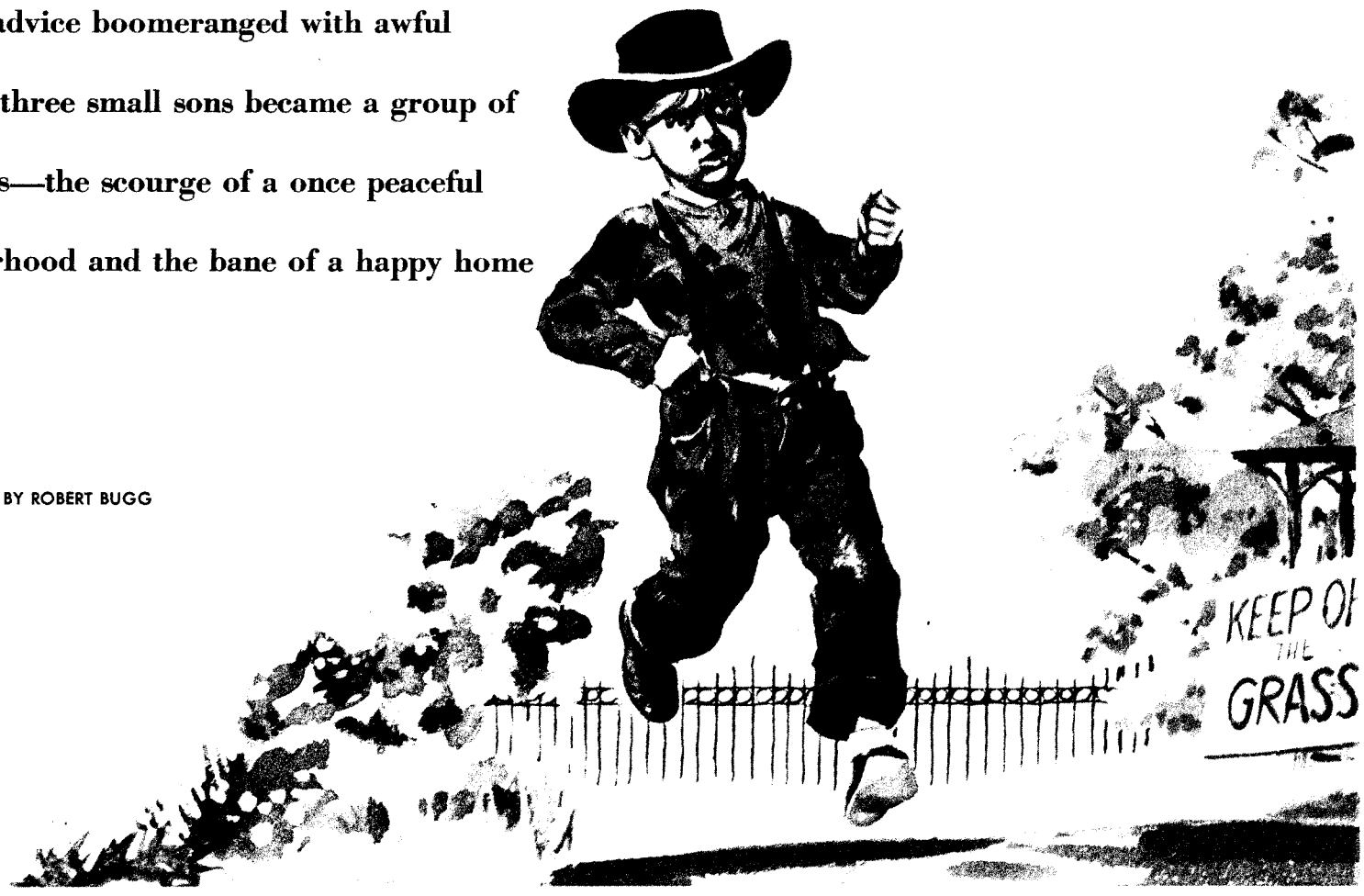
John Dingle Rides Again

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

Mr. Garret's fatherly advice boomeranged with awful swiftness. His three small sons became a group of merry desperadoes—the scourge of a once peaceful neighborhood and the bane of a happy home



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

FRIEND, reflect on the glorious rise and fall of the Garret Gorillas. It all began one Saturday morning when Bosco Waites, an eleven-year-old bully, hit Tom Garret, a nine-year-old gentleman, in the nose. Tom ran howling home, arriving there in a blanket finish with his brothers, Edward, seven, and John Dingle, five.

Mrs. Garret wanted to call the police. "I'm not going to stand for this another minute," she said. "They can't go in the park without that young bully terrorizing them."

Mr. Garret just stared at the young Garrets sitting on the sofa. "Edward," he said coldly, "why did Bosco hit your brother?"

"He said we was mama's boys. He didn't like our looks. Man, he sure busted Tom a good one. Right on the snoot!"

"And you just stood there like a ninny?" Mr. Garret asked.

"No, sir!" Edward said brightly. "I ran! He kicked me in the seat last time."

"I runn'd too!" John Dingle said. "Bosco is gonna pinch my head off, he says."

Mrs. Garret shuddered. "John Garret, you either call Bosco's father or I'm going to call the police. I'm just not going to have my children molested this way!"

Mr. Garret ignored her. "A fine bunch of brothers!" he said. "Three strapping boys and you can't handle one little bully."

"But he's bigger than us," Tom whimpered.

"Well, cut him down to size. Just one good lick with a stick and—"

"John Garret!" Mrs. Garret gasped.

"Will you please keep out of this?" Mr. Garret said. "You want Bosco tamed and it's their job. I don't care how they do it. They're not running back here with their tails between their legs any more. You understand that, Tom?"

Tom nodded sadly.

"You understand that, Edward?"

Edward chewed on a hangnail and narrowed his eyes. "You don't care how we do it?"

"Edward," Mrs. Garret gasped, "don't you listen to your father!" Edward had a very vivid imagination.

"Just don't injure him permanently," Mr. Garret said a little uneasily. "No air rifle. No scout ax."

"Come on, men!" Edward growled. "We'll figure out something. Let's look in them comic books." They rushed out of the room and up the stairs. John Dingle brought up the rear snarling: "We'll kill 'im, won't we, Edward? We'll kill 'im. You won't let him pinch my head off, will you, Edward?"

Mrs. Garret was furious. "You'll regret this, John Garret! I try to raise decent children and you deliberately send them out brawling! Fighting never settled anything and you know it!"

"Now wait a minute," Mr. Garret said. "You've made perfect little gentlemen out of them with this turn-the-other-cheek business and what's it gotten them? They're punching bags for every roughneck in this part of town. Just let 'em beat the bejabbers out of Bosco, though, and that'll be it—period. Then they can go back to being perfect little gentlemen in peace."

"You are simple," Mrs. Garret sighed. "They'll be worse bullies than Bosco then."

"Don't give me that old business," Mr. Garret snorted. "Perfect little gentlemen don't operate that way."

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"Edward grabbed him by the hair and yanked him backwards and then John Dingle came and we all piled on top of him"

"All right," Mrs. Garret said, shaking her finger at him. "Just remember I wanted you to call Bosco's father. You wanted to mob Bosco. It's your responsibility. I wash my hands of the whole business!"

Mr. Garret bowed from the waist. "Madam, I assume it gladly."

After lunch he was reading on the couch in the living room when he heard the boys coming down the steps. They stopped at the phone and Tom asked for a number. Mr. Garret put down his book and listened.

"Hello," Tom said in his high-pitched voice, "is this you, Bosco? Well, listen you flop-eared stinker, I'm gonna smack you right in your ugly puss. Yeah. Well, you're another one and I'm gonna knock them big buckteeth . . . yeah . . . well, you just meet me in the park. I'll be under the big beech tree. Naw, my daddy ain't coming with me and my mama ain't either. I'm gonna be by myself and you'd better be by yourself or I'll beat up your whole family. Oh, yeah! Well, you damn', stinking—"

"Tom!" Mr. Garret shouted.

Tom hung up. "Come on!" Edward whooped. "If we don't beat him there we're gonna be in a mess."

They raced out the front door and down the street. Mr. Garret watched John Dingle puffing along behind. He started down the steps but changed his mind. He sat down in the swing and began the longest wait of his life.

IN ABOUT twenty minutes Mrs. Garret returned from her trip to the store. "Where are the boys?" she asked suspiciously.

"Oh, just over in the park," Mr. Garret said, trying to be casual.

Mrs. Garret laid her packages in a chair. "Did you send them after Bosco?"

"Now, honey," Mr. Garret said, "don't get all excited. They went themselves. Everything's going to be all right."

Just then there was a yell from down the street. Mrs. Garret dashed out in the yard. "You come here, John Garret," she said. "Just come here." Mr. Garret sighed and went out. "Everything is going to be all right, is it?" Mrs. Garret snarled. "Well, I hope you're satisfied."

The younger Garrets were charging toward them. Tom and John Dingle yelling, Edward crying. Mr. Garret didn't say anything. Edward was crying all right, but there was something triumphant in the yelling being done by Tom and John Dingle. They spotted Mr. Garret and spurted ahead of Edward. "We beat him!" Tom shouted, racing up the lawn. "We beat him good!" He began shadow-boxing. "I busted him in the mouth. I smacked him in the belly!"

"Bosco went home crying, Mama," John Dingle puffed. "He won't never bother us again."

Mrs. Garret just stared at them. "Who used the stick on Bosco?" she said grimly.

"We didn't use a stick!" Tom shouted. "We beat him fair and square with our fists." He danced toward Mrs. Garret feinting and ducking. She stepped back as though he were something unclean and then stared at Edward, sniffling toward them. "Well, what happened to you?" she said.

Edward choked back a sob. "John Dingle nearly chewed my leg off. Looka here!" He rolled up his pant leg and exhibited a large red splotch outlined by teeth marks. *(Continued on page 40)*

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TOO LITTLE, 45

***THE EVENING STAR, Washington, D. C.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1950

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Invasion Is Imminent, South Koreans Warned

By the Associated Press

SEOUL, May 10.—Defense Minister Sihn Sung Mo warned South Korea today that invasion by Communist North Korea is imminent.

Sihn said intelligence reports indicated the North Koreans were moving in force toward the border.

He asserted: the North Korean Army totals 183,000 trained men; has 173 planes, 173 tanks and 32 naval vessels, and is supported by 9,000 guerrillas plus constabulary and youth corp units.

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DAYS TOO LATE!

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
A European Edition Is Published Daily in Paris
SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1950 Section One FIFTEEN CENT
New York Herald Tribune
VOL. CX No. 37,842
Korea Reds Open Attack On South Korea, Declare War on U.S.-Aided Zone
Army Base 40 Miles From
Mayor Captures an Intruder

WHY were we caught short in Korea? It is the right and the duty of the American people to ask that question of their government. And it is their right to demand a straighter answer than any that has been given up to now.

On May 10th the Washington Star printed the Associated Press dispatch which is reproduced on the opposite page. The New York Times printed it a day later. It is conceivable that what was known to the country's newspapers was also known to the government. (At least let us hope so.) Thus it may be concluded that this warning was ignored, as earlier ones had been.

Almost a year ago, on September 27, 1949, the Foreign Minister of the Korean Republic addressed a letter to the Foreign Ministers of all the nations recognizing his government. In it he told of three attacks across the 38th parallel within three months by "substantial, uniformed forces of the Soviet-sponsored regime to the north." He warned the ministers that unless their governments could "find a solution for this dangerous situation within the near future, there is grave danger that these Soviet-directed-and-sponsored military forces will make even larger attacks upon the territory, people and defense forces of the Republic. The result of such attacks," he said, "would be incalculable; and the dangers inherent in such a situation cannot be minimized."

But the United States government had decided beforehand that South Korea was "untenable."

Last January Secretary of State Acheson made a speech in which he described America's "defensive perimeter" in the Far East. It ran from the Aleutians to the Philippines, excluding both Korea and Formosa.

Nine months after Korea's Foreign Minister had sounded the alarm, 45 days after its Defense Minister had declared that invasion was imminent and had given a detailed report of the invaders' strength, President Truman suddenly reversed the previous policy and announced that South Korea would be defended.

Collier's applauds the President's decision to make a stand and, in company with other of the United Nations, fight to defend the right of men to be free. But Collier's cannot applaud the confusion and concealment that led up to an apparently spur-of-the-moment decision which found the country unprepared and which has cost a tragically unnecessary loss of lives.

What were the leaders of our government doing while the Korean Reds were assembling their invasion army with the help of their Russian masters? Well, Mr. Truman had said at a press conference on June 1st that the world was closer to peace now than it had been in the last five years. If he read the Washington Star on May 10th, the news apparently didn't change his mind.

Secretary of Defense Johnson was oozing optimism as usual. He had, according to Secretary Johnson, been cutting away the fat from our armed forces. But, according to the same source, the muscle had not been touched. The country was told that it had a modern, adequate fighting force, equipped with the best weapons in the world, ready for anything, anywhere, any time.

Perhaps Mr. Johnson would like to repeat that assurance now to the men who have fought in Korea and to the families of the men who have died there. Perhaps he would like to try to justify those famous "economies" of his, conceived in foolishness and clothed in deception.

Ninety billions of American citizens' dollars have been spent in the last five years in the name of national defense. There has been brave talk of atomic warheads and guided missiles and push-button warfare. But Korea has demonstrated that the foot soldier is still with us in the A-bomb age. And Korea has demonstrated that, for the foot soldier, bravery is not enough. In spite of the 90 billions, American soldiers went into battle ill-trained, ill-equipped and grossly outnumbered.

What kind of an army have you bought for us, Mr. Johnson, when a major general (William F. Dean) has to grab a bazooka and operate it in front-line action to cover his men's retreat? A modern, adequate fighting force doesn't report its infantry generals missing in action.

Some administration apologists have tried to say that the American people's demands for economy are to blame for the country's unpreparedness. This is not so. The demands for economy and the carrying out of them were Mr. Johnson's idea. He had no mandate from the voters. In fact, the voters, through their representatives in Congress, had indicated a desire to buy more air strength than the controlling officials thought necessary.

Congress had been talking about a 70-group Air Force for a year and more. Until the Korean invasion, the administration seemed content with 48.

No, the responsibility for the mess in Korea rests clearly with Mr. Truman and his chosen advisers. In spite of the courage and moral leadership that has been shown since June 25th, their unreadiness and unconcern before that date constitute a major scandal. It is time that some explaining was done. It is time that the people of this country were taken into their government's confidence. It is time for some changes to be made.

In the issue of last April 15th, Collier's called on Secretary Johnson to resign as a patriotic duty. Subsequent events have proved the urgent necessity of that step. Now Collier's repeats that suggestion with all possible emphasis.

It does not matter whether the nation's lack of preparedness for the action in Korea resulted from the Defense Secretary's total lack of correct information or from a deliberate and dishonest wish to conceal the true state of affairs from the country. Whatever the case, the damage is done, and the heaviest responsibility rests on Louis Johnson's shoulders. But further damage must and can be prevented.

There are other danger spots in the world. The Kremlin's plot of enslavement is more evident than ever. The ugly fact of the matter is that the United States must now accept a state of war as a continuing condition. There is no time for business as usual or politics as usual. The country must prepare for the worst in the paradoxical hope that such preparation may keep the worst from happening.

In such a crisis the American people should not be asked to bear the added and dangerous burden of incompetents in high places. Good intentions and good cheer are not enough. The President will clearly have to get rid of some of the dead weight that hampers him and the whole country, if we are to win our fight for freedom and survival. —THE EDITOR

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Suddenly he heard a heavy step behind him. He turned and found himself confronted by a policeman

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To Live Again

Delving deep into the past, Paul found few who would help him. Only those who had nothing to lose seemed not to be afraid. And only Lena seemed not to have some selfish interest in his success or failure

The Story: Young PAUL ENGEL, in Belfast, Ireland, was set for a successful and contented life as a university instructor. The whole aspect of his life was changed, however, when he accidentally learned that his father, whom he remembered only dimly, had not been dead for the past fifteen years, but was serving a life sentence for murder.

Pastor EMMANUEL FLEMING, a friend of his mother's (whose pretty, shallow daughter ELLA hoped to marry Paul), told him the whole tragic story. LEON ENGEL had become so discontented in his job that he had decided that the family must try their fortunes in America. Before they could leave, however, he was arrested for the murder of MONA SPURLING, presumably his mistress. JANET CROMBIE, her maid, and LOUISA BURT, a young girl passer-by, had made positive identifications. Only ALBERT PRUSTY, a neighbor of the victim, was not certain. But the total evidence, as presented by POLICE INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE, resulted in a verdict of guilty and a death sentence that was later commuted.

Paul, deeply shocked to learn his father's history, traveled to Stoneheath Prison in Scotland to see him, but found that visitors were not permitted. Moved by an inexplicable conviction that there was more to the story than met the eye, he determined to hunt out the truth.

Although when he read the newspaper files on the murder he was convinced his father must have been guilty, Paul nevertheless visited Albert Prusty, who still lived at the old address. Prusty indicated the presence of another man at the scene of the crime and told him that James Swann had known something was wrong, and after the trial had taken his information to a famous lawyer, WALTER GILLETT. As a result, both men were arrested on a criminal charge and sent to prison, their careers ruined.

Paul tried to find these two men but Gillett had died, and he found no trace of Swann, until MARK BOULIA, the young librarian who had interested himself in Paul's case, informed him that Inspector Swann, now well into middle age, was on his deathbed at a hospital. Together they went to see him and he told Paul that the case against Leon Engel had rested on trumped-up evidence, and that SIR MATTHEW SPROTT, whose first case for the crown it was, must obviously have known this, but continued the prosecution in spite of it.

III

AN INNOCENT man, buried alive for fifteen years—the thought of the horrible injustice which his father had suffered filled Paul with horror and rage. But with a fierce determination he took command of his emotions. He had undertaken no light task, and there was no drawing back.

His first step was to write his mother for some clothes, his next to find a permanent lodging. After some searching, he discovered a cheap attic on the fifth floor of a rooming house in Poole Street—a frowsy but respectable thoroughfare, given over mainly to cheap boardinghouses. The landlady, Mrs. Coppin, a skinny little woman with a penetrating voice, showed him upstairs, and gave him soap and a coarse clean towel. The advance payment on his room almost exhausted the small store of money he had brought from Belfast and, when he had washed, he set out to find some means of supporting himself.

"Don't you ever go dancing, or to the movies?" Paul asked. "No," Lena replied, "I don't bother about that"

Ringed by vast factories, Winton was a humming city, but its industries were highly specialized, demanding a technical training and skill which Paul did not have. Also, he had no union membership card, no references which he cared to produce, and of course he was not yet fully qualified as a teacher. When two days had gone by without result, he scanned the Situations Vacant columns of the newspapers with increasing anxiety.

But on the following morning a stroke of real luck came his way. As he came out of his attic room and walked along the crowded pavement of Tron Street to the cabman's shelter where he had discovered that he could lunch for a few pence, on a sausage roll and coffee, he saw a notice pasted on the window of a large store known as the Bonanza Bazaar:

Pianist Wanted
Apply Mr. Victor Harris, Manager, Within

After a moment's hesitation, Paul entered the shop. It was one of those stores that sell all sorts of everyday goods, from hardware and cosmetics to underwear and children's toys. The manager, a man of about thirty, with slicked hair and an efficient manner, took a sharp look at Paul, then led the way to a section of the store where an upright piano stood in the center of a display of sheet music. Taking a piece at random, he placed it on the instrument.

"Play that," he said unceremoniously.

Paul sat down and ran his fingers over the keys. He could read even difficult music at sight, and this popular waltz before him was very simple. He played it through, repeated it with some variations of his own, then, picking up several other sheets, he played them too. Before he had finished, the girls at the adjoining counters were listening and Mr. Harris was beating time approvingly on the counter with a ring he wore on his little finger.

"You'll do." The manager nodded his decision. "You're hired. Three pounds a week and a sandwich lunch. Only see you keep going. No slacking or you're out on your ear. And use the loud pedal. Make the customers buy."

He gave Paul a patronizing smile; then, with a frown toward the other assistants for wasting their time, he moved briskly away.

PAUL kept playing all day. It was not an easy job. He began freshly enough, but as the hours wore on, his muscles ached, and when the ill-ventilated store filled up, the crowd, milling and pushing around him, became unbearably oppressive. His mind, too, was in a turmoil, torn by thoughts of his father, by half-formed plans and projects, by the need for deciding upon a definite course of action.

Toward one o'clock Harris swaggered out for lunch and the girl in charge of the cafeteria brought coffee and a generous plate of sandwiches to Paul. She was tall and blond, not more than twenty, with dark hazel eyes, a finely modeled figure, and long and slender limbs. She was, indeed, quite beautiful, yet in repose her face seemed sad, and her manner was notably reserved. She told Paul her name, Lena Andersen, and, after complimenting him on his playing, stood talking quietly for a few minutes. There was little in what she said, yet, despite his troubled mood, Paul was conscious of a feeling of sympathy flowing between them. And when she returned to the cafeteria, across the way, he could not help glancing toward her before he began to play again.

Indeed, several times that afternoon his gaze was drawn curiously toward her. He noticed that she kept herself apart, and seldom entered into the general conversation that went on among the waitresses. In spite of this, she seemed popular with the assistants and on the rare occasions when they chaffed her, she was more than able to take care of herself. Then her intent and serious air disappeared, her expression turned lively and good-natured, and she would give back as much banter as she received. When she smiled, her whole face lighted up. Her lips parted, and her dark eyes sparkled.

Six o'clock came at last and, with a sigh of relief, Paul shut the piano. Hurrying from the store, he made his way directly to the infirmary and, after some difficulty, again (*Continued on page* 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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WHAT DO YOU COLLECT—
Butterflies or Hippo Skulls?

By JAMES POLING

Or maybe just the hipbone of the extinct moa bird? Whatever it is, you're likely to find it among a million items in this scientists' "country store"

IF YOU harbor a suppressed desire to own your own museum, you will be pleased to learn that $463.15 will do the trick for you. For that sum of money Ward's Natural Science Establishment will send you 10 comprehensive and eye-catching collections of rock, animal, mineral, bird, fossil, sea-shell, insect, coral, soil and sponge specimens, all neatly packaged for display and labeled with tongue-torturing names. For an additional $205 you can obtain a human skeleton "unsurpassed in strength, durability and fine appearance." And, if you have the bank account to provide the incentive, this curious mail-order establishment will unearth for you a duplicate of practically any item on display in any natural-history museum in the world.

Housed in the ramshackle buildings of an old winery on the shores of Lake Ontario, outside of Rochester, New York, Ward's must be seen to be disbelieved. For 88 years this firm, the oldest scientific establishment of its kind, has been selling items ranging from a 600-pound sea shell to a fossilized insect that was, at the last count, 500,000,000 years old. No one in the firm knows, or seems to care particularly, just how many equally fabulous items are actually in inventory. As a matter of fact, the whole establishment—with its crowded, dusty rows of specimen cabinets, its cluttered aisles, its leisurely air and its proprietors who are not at all sure just what they have in stock—has about it the air of a friendly old country store.

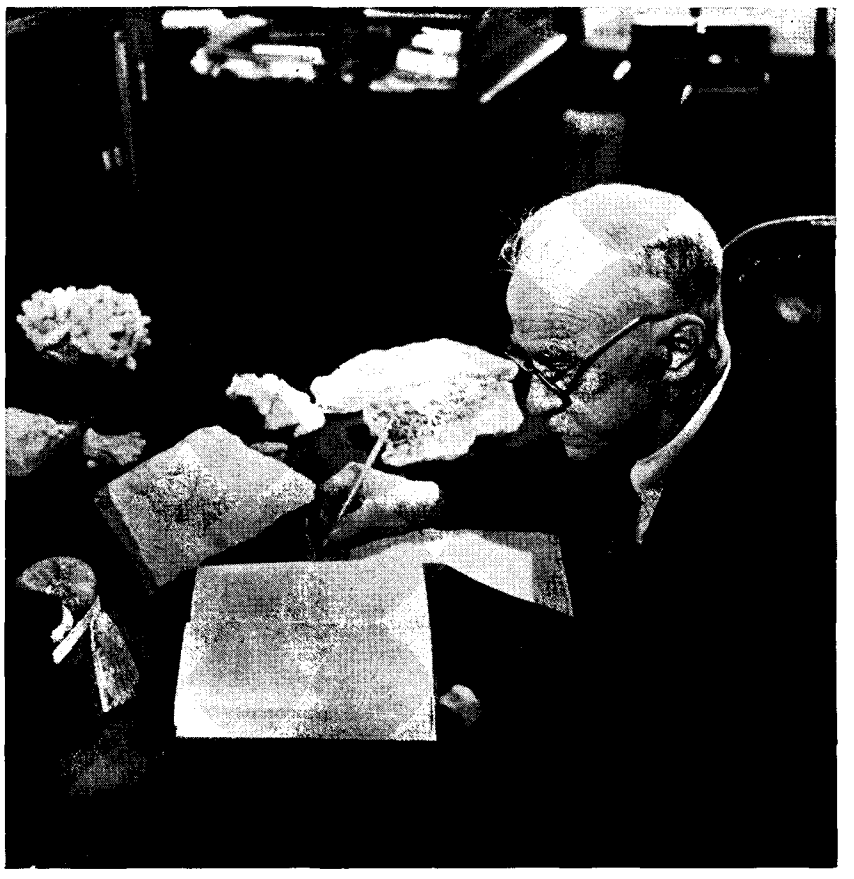
It is a country store with an international reputation, although paradoxically it remains practically unknown in its own township. After attending an international conclave in Australia, two French geologists decided to return home by way of the United States to visit the only two spots of interest to them in this country—Ward's and the Grand Canyon. They found the canyon easily enough, but, after querying two Rochester hotel clerks and ten policemen, they decided the establishment was harder to locate than a vein of pararammelsbergite in the Sahara. The University of Rochester had to come to their rescue.

The company's president has been, since 1931, Dr. Dean L. Gamble, an ex-Cornell professor of zoology. He is a meticulously dressed, solidly built, gray-haired man in his mid-fifties, with a round, pink, serious face and decisive mannerisms. He could be the prototype of the average American businessman, except that he is not above collecting earthworms by flashlight in the public parks.

Behind Dr. Gamble's hurried, worried, precise and businesslike exterior lurks a pleasantly vague man who probably dreams more of the laboratory than he does of invoices and bills of lading. He speaks with real assurance when he describes a complicated method for dry-embalming a biological specimen. He evolved the method. On questions of overhead he seems a little uncertain.

Dr. Gamble's office walls were erected 125 years ago and originally they enclosed the parlor of a farmhouse. Today, incongruously enough, these walls bear the studied imprint of the interior decorator. The doctor presides behind a massive desk with an impressively tidy top but when he delves into its drawers—"I know it's here somewhere"—it takes a lot of fumbling for him to come up with whatever he's looking for, if he ever does. Like any good country-store proprietor, however, when a customer orders one of the million or so items he stocks he can go right to the shelf where it's

Dr. Dean L. Gamble, president of Ward's Natural Science Establishment, inspects a mastodon leg bone in the hayloft of the company barn



Paleontologist F. Hawley Ward is currently in love with Mystriosaurus bollensis, which he slyly says can't be over 150,000,000 years old

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM KARSTEN

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kept. His partner is F. Hawley Ward, second cousin of the firm's founder. Hawley is a small, slight, slyly humorous paleontologist with pure white hair and a mustache that lists sharply to port. He has an innate dignity that surmounts a hat worn in the Buster Keaton tradition and a collar and tie that frequently go their separate ways. He is currently in love with a recently discovered Mystriosaurus bollensis—"He's really quite a young fellow, you know. Can't be a day more than 150,000,000 years old"—that looks as if it were at least kissing kin to the dragon slain by Saint George.

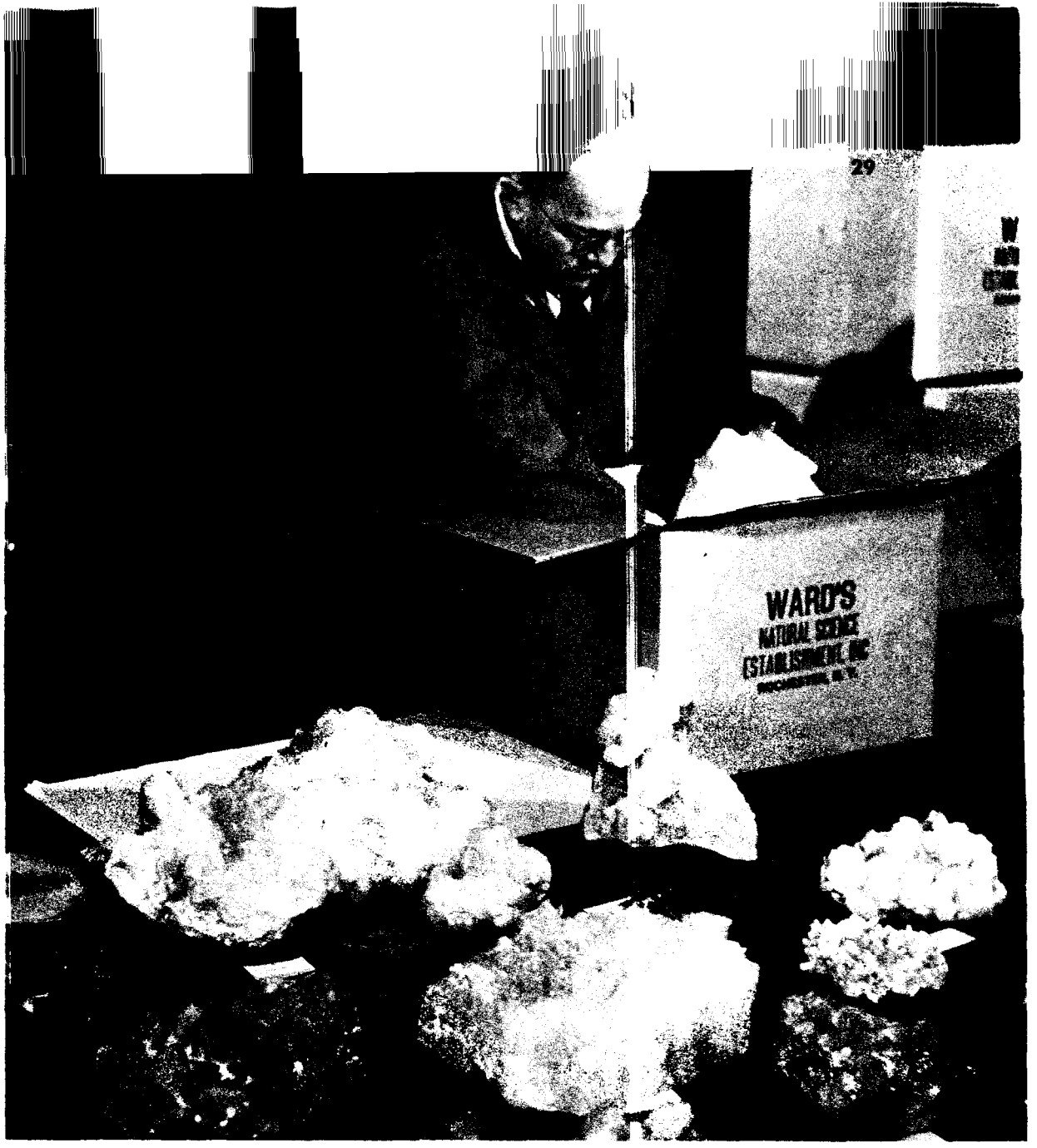
He works at a cluttered, ash-strewn desk, surrounded by fossils, shells, stuffed birds and battered books and is, obviously, as at home in the Pre-Cambrian era as he is in the Atomic Age. He has a rather detached attitude toward the whole business and it is easy to picture him in the presence of a fat-bellied stove, a cracker barrel and a group of cronies who share his enthusiasm for trilobites and crinoids.

Hawley Ward is above being perturbed when a three-month-old order from a university is inadvertently discovered at the bottom of a pile of his papers. After carefully replacing it, back on the bottom of the pile, he says, "Dear me, we really should do something about that," dismisses the whole matter from his mind with a wave of his tobacco-stained fingers, and continues his lament over having had to sell a museum the firm's last mounted tarsier monkey.

Between them, Dr. Gamble and Ward are guilty of ruining an outstanding business record. It is doubtful if any other incorporated American firm ever survived so long without paying a dividend; for 84 years the firm's purchasing requirements exhausted every dollar that wasn't consumed in operating expenses.

In 1946, Ward's paid its first dividend, and it has continued to show an ever-increasing profit. Last year, the firm grossed over half a million dollars.

The establishment is spread over a magnificent 67-acre tract on a high bluff overlooking Irondequoit Bay. It moved to this site in 1942 when the Rochester building was taken over for defense purposes. It is a happy natural setting for an organization trafficking in nature's products and, although this is a scientific institution, there is nothing here that resembles an enamel *(Continued on page 55)*



David Jensen, chief mineralogist, at a rock-covered desk. When a laboratory ordered a specimen of a rare mineral, he located it after a search through three continents

Lillian Girard, former portrait artist, painting cross sections on model of a kidney to be used by students

Mounting a bullfrog's skeleton in two and a half hours and assembling a horse in 36 is no problem for Oscar Kirchhoff, here shown in attic of the bone assemblage building

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Doctor Cahill's PIG-FOOTED PATIENT

By NORD RILEY

Dr. Cahill didn't like girls and he didn't like pigs. And now his life was being torn apart by a hot-tempered girl and her bad-mannered pig

DR. DUFFY CAHILL'S final patient that morning was a cowboy with a gun on each hip and whooping cough. After a scuffle the doctor disarmed the patient, got a squint down his pharynx, completed treatment and returned the wrangler to his mother. That done, he took off his white coat and prepared to see the last of the joint for three weeks.

The doctor looked after the ailing and busted people of a section of Westwood, California, and made a barrel of money at it. Most of his patients were women and children; and three unbroken years of runny noses, bubble-gum explosions, pip and pestilence had made him a jumpy medico. And for an unmarried man of thirty-one years he had a kind of wry attitude toward women too. The doctor was a trim, gray-eyed man with cropped, sherry-colored hair, and the number of ladies, married and single, who wanted more than medical attention from him was alarming. He regarded women as troublemakers, who threw monkey wrenches into life's machinery. Determined to avoid them, the doctor was going to spend his vacation hunting ducks in North Dakota with another bachelor.

Miss Babcock, his competent, bucktoothed nurse, watched him as he nervously got ready to depart. At times such as this, Miss Babcock felt like putting the young physician on her lap, running her finger tips through his stir haircut and soothing his jangled nerves with kisses. "If you get any worse, Doctor," she said fondly, "see a doctor, will you? Get a lot of sleep, take 250 cc. of the 100-proof bonded before retiring and don't shoot any children except on the rise." She straightened his tie for him. "One last prescription before you take to the wheat fields: Try to look at a woman, just once, as something other than a vertebrate mammal with tendencies toward fatty rumps and deceit. There are more things in a dame's heart, Horatio, than you can find with your little old stethoscope. So long, Doctor."

That afternoon he flew to Minneapolis and the next day he rode a train in a northwesterly direction for eleven hours and at dusk alighted upon the wooden station platform at Hazlitt, North Dakota, population 927, and county seat of Squaw County.

"Dr. Cahill, who practices on women, I presume?"

The doctor dropped his gun case and grinned wider than he had for three years. "The legal-eagle of the prairies!" he cried and pumped the hand of Halvor Wahlberg, his comrade-in-arms during World War II and now an attorney. Halvor had a long, pleasant Swedish face, blond hair combed straight back and rimless glasses. He led the doctor to a car.

"Except for some abdominal obesity," the doctor said, "you look fairly fit."

"Bless your greedy little heart, Doctor, will there be any fee for that?"

Halvor lived alone in a white, one-bedroom

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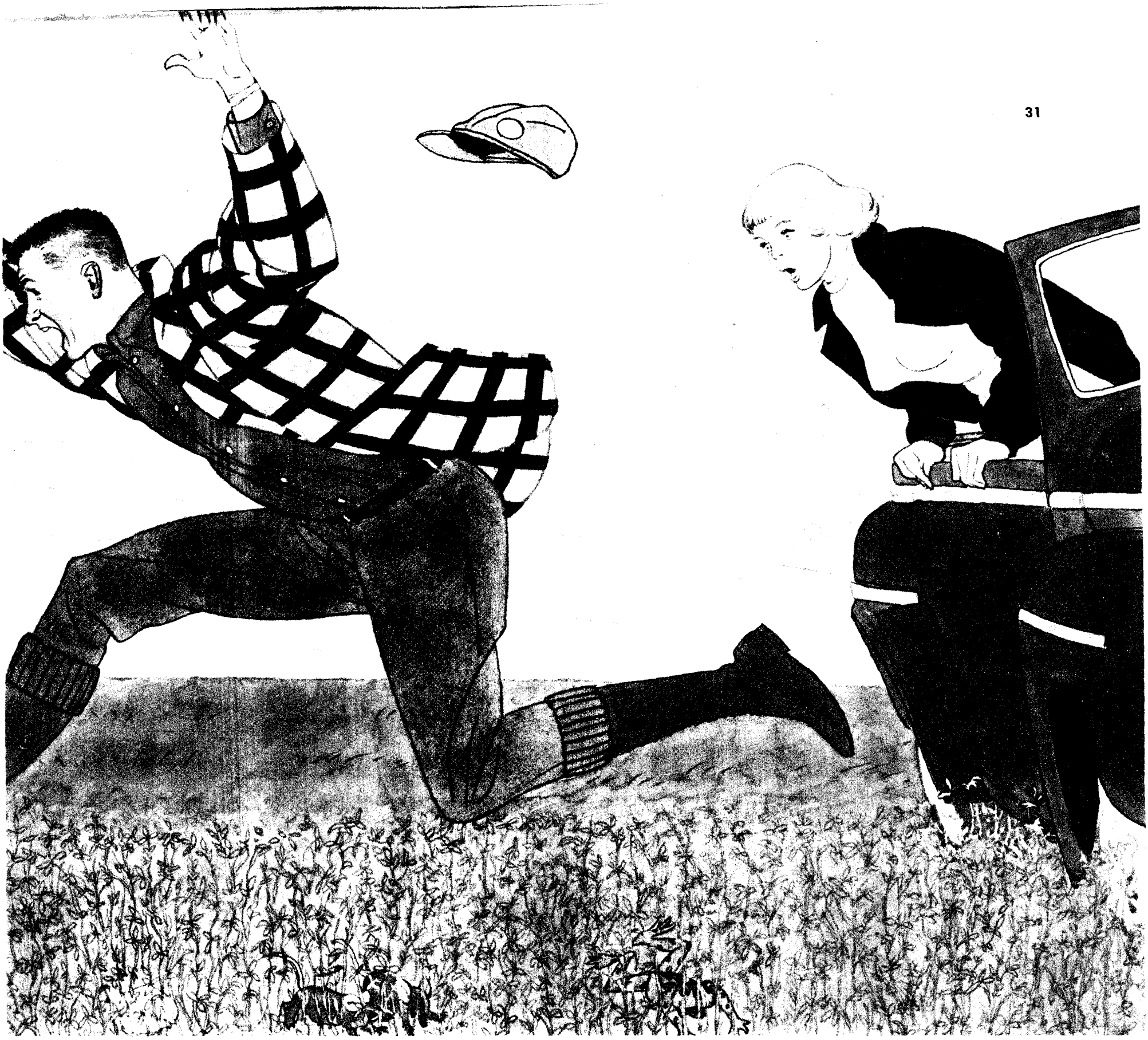

Margaret, screaming like a stuck pig, tore through the alfalfa with the short-haired physician hard upon her twisted tail

frame house on a side street. "Dump your gear in the bedroom," he said as he mixed cocktails, "it's all yours. I bought us a new towel, but Mrs. Hansen's got gallstones and didn't do the washing Monday so there's only one sheet on the bed. I wish you'd quarry the old lady's stones, Doctor—blankets scratch me."

Sprawled languorously over a chair, the doctor replied, "For the next three weeks I wouldn't examine a woman if she had the blind staggers and bore children out her ear, like Gargantua's mother." He lifted his glass. "Leave us clank our beakers in toast to our blessed condition. There aren't many of us left and I think we ought to thank the Lord for the protection we've had."

"To the Lord and penicillin," Halvor said.

"I wasn't speaking of bacteria," the doctor said. "I meant protection from women."

"Oh, them." Halvor colored slightly before touching the doctor's glass.

As a treat, Halvor cooked dinner. They had sirloin steak rather like heated carpet, medium-rare fried potatoes, green peas like mildewed buckshot and delicious ice cream from the drugstore. To the doctor it was all ambrosia and he felt the peace of a free man, well fed.

"Now, about hunting," Halvor said over coffee. "In the election next week I'm running for state's attorney and I'm going to be so busy kissing babies and their mamas I won't be able to hunt much. So you take my car and I'll tell you where to go." And for the next couple of hours he briefed his guest on the proper methods for hunting waterfowl in northern North Dakota. The doctor learned how to shoot mallard in a stubble field and what to do if he ran onto geese. The doctor, who had never shot a goose and fervently wanted to, got pretty aroused when he heard there were geese around. . . .

In one large slough the next day the doctor shot his limit of sleek, wheat-fed mallard by midafternoon and it was as he was tooling back to Hazlitt along a flat dirt road that he spotted a wedge of birds in the sky ahead. By the ponderous wingbeat he knew they were geese. Remembering Halvor's counsel he excitedly followed the flock for two miles and watched them settle upon a field of durum stubble a quarter mile from a farm. After a careful note of their position he hustled back to Hazlitt, got a shovel from Halvor's garage and returned to the field.

The geese had eaten and gone, so the doctor crawled through the barbed wire and trotted out to where the geese had been.

The crafty goose hunter, he knew, first locates a flock's feeding ground and, while the birds are back at the slough getting a drink, digs a pit, camouflages it and hides in it when the geese return. This the doctor had read about, but he'd never done it, so, digging like a homeless badger, he excavated a gravelike pit five feet long, three deep and two wide. He scattered the dirt about in a canny manner and covered the hole with straw. He finished in late afternoon with two blisters *(Continued on page 46)*

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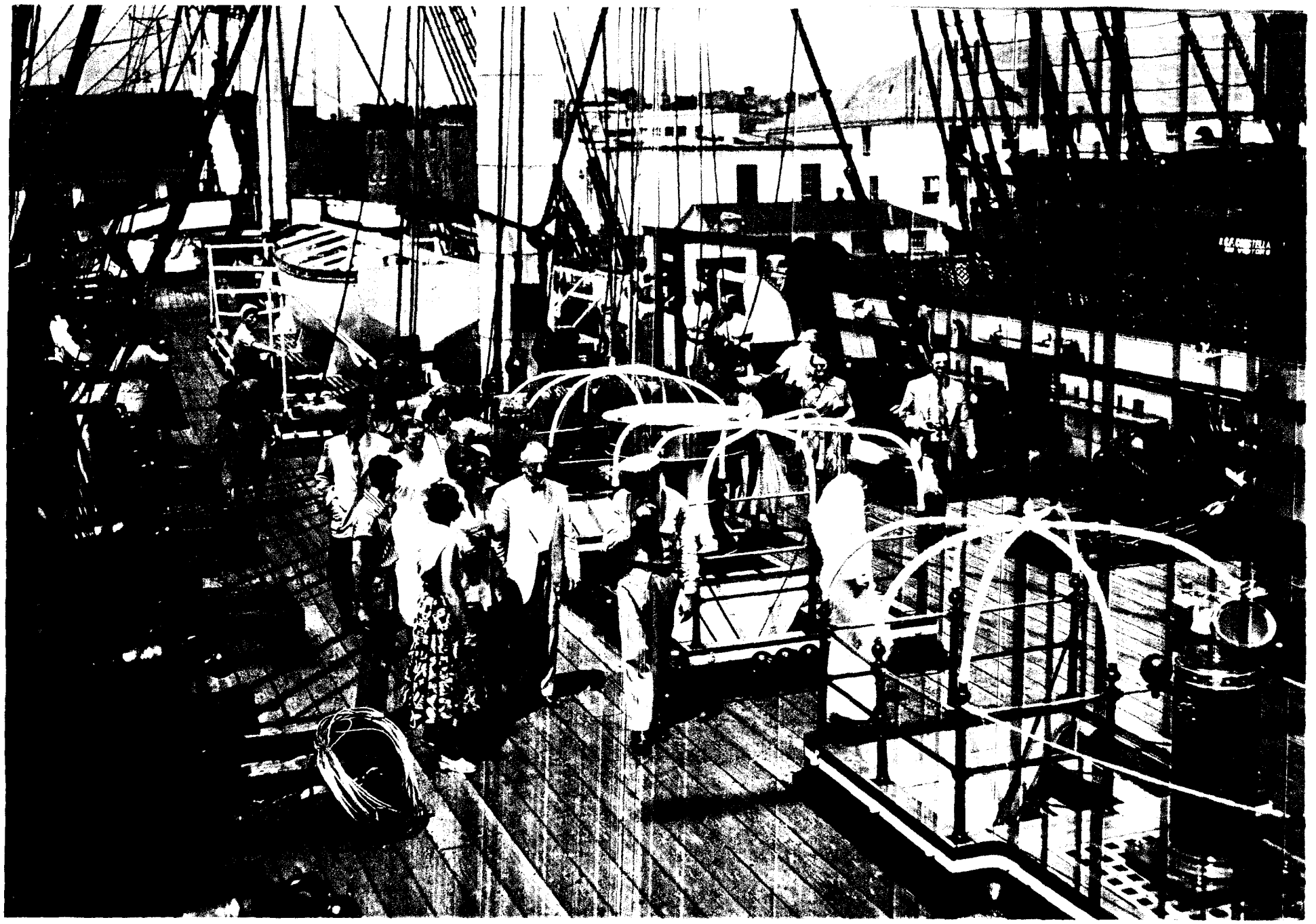

Old Ironsides, launched in Boston in 1797, now berthed there, draws 300 visitors an hour during the summer

High Cost of History

BY [illegible]

Proud of their state's past, Massachusetts people have spent $1,000,000,000 to preserve its shrines and relics, which are an inspiration to all Americans

IN a New Jersey divorce case not long ago the wife, a Boston-born girl, alleged among other complaints that her husband not only mimicked her accent but pretended not to know who Paul Revere was. This to her constituted grievous mental cruelty. The case has not yet come to court, but it is almost certain that if it were tried at the bar of Massachusetts public opinion the young woman would get her decree in record time.

For—as many a tourist has discovered this summer—Massachusetts takes its history in dead earnest. In Boston, on the eve of Patriots' Day (April 19th) a latter-day "Paul Revere" mounts a horse and, like his namesake, goes clattering off toward Concord and Lexington—although all he risks these days is capture by Harvard students. The Paul Revere Memorial Association maintains Revere's house just as he left it, even to his saddlebags and flintlock gun, his wife's rolling pin in the kitchen and a fresh counterpane on the bed upstairs. Just two years ago Massachusetts residents raised $56,000 to buy back a Revere-made punch bowl from a Rhode Islander. And currently a group of private citizens is salvaging Revere's mother's house at a cost of $40,000.

Impressive as these figures are in themselves, they are but minor items on the most amazing history bill in the United States. Preserving, restoring, collecting and honoring the relics and shrines in Massachusetts' past has cost the staggering total of $1,000,000,000, including $150,000,000 for old houses, $1,000,000 for a rock and several thousand dollars for a four-foot ship model.

Pride in antiquity and a preoccupation with the past are outstanding Yankee characteristics. Massachusetts has no less than 116 separate historical societies, boasting more than 35,000 members. For annual membership fees of from $1 to $100 they receive in return little more than perhaps a quarterly bulletin and the privilege of attending strawberry festivals, clambakes and punch-and-cookie teas. A lantern-slide lecture on Famous Trees, Grandmother's Shawls or Colonial Mobs is apt to be the high spot of an evening's program.

From Provincetown to Pittsfield the state is crowded with museums, monuments, old ships, ancient dwellings and restored villages. The past is still very much a part of the present. With his time-sense reeling, the out-of-state visitor finds women in Plymouth still weaving flax and dyeing it with goldenrod, hemlock bark and pokeberries; gristmills in Old Sturbridge Village grinding corn meal as in the seventeenth century, candles being dipped on Cape Cod. He gazes into the cradle of Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim child born in America, finds the 1812 frigate riding easily at a dock in the Boston Naval Shipyard, clambers aboard an 1830 whaler in New Bedford, and peers into Ralph Waldo Emerson's study in Concord.

Along the way he struggles through a staggering array of relics ranging from the drums carried up Bunker Hill about 3:30 P.M. on June 17, 1775, to a suit of clothes worn by *(Continued on page 71)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE BURNS

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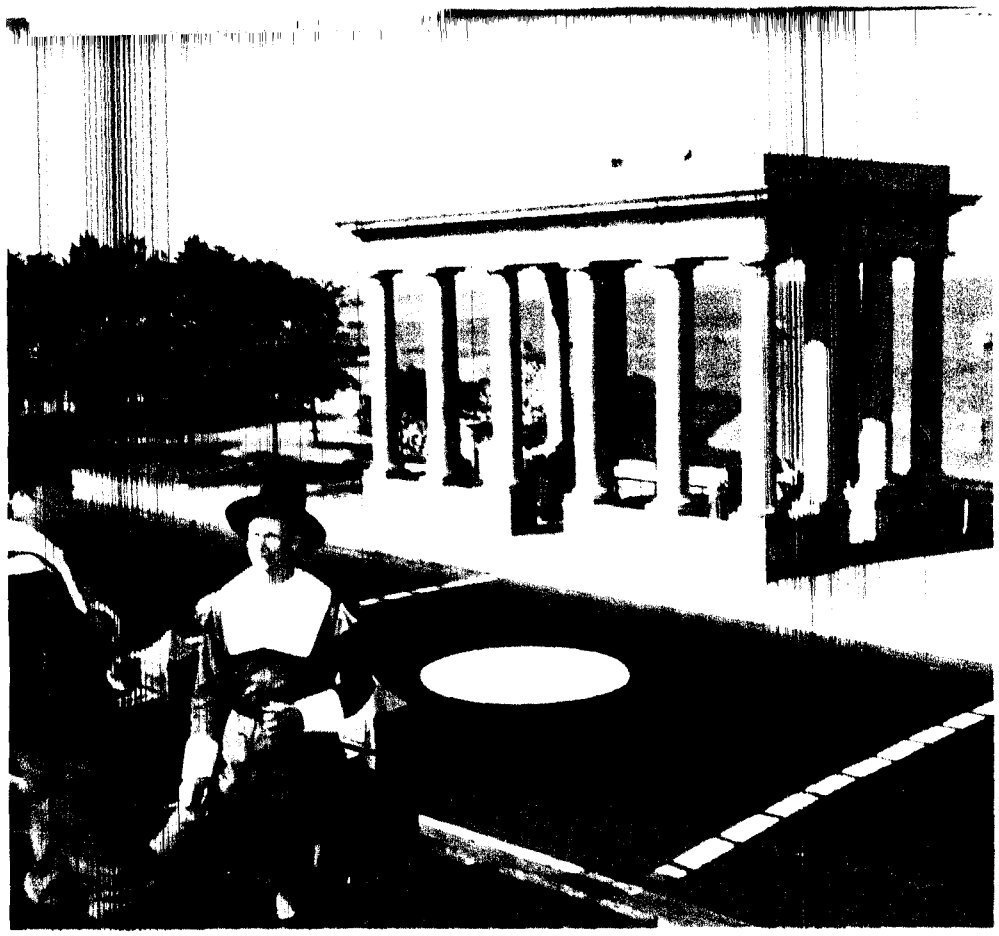
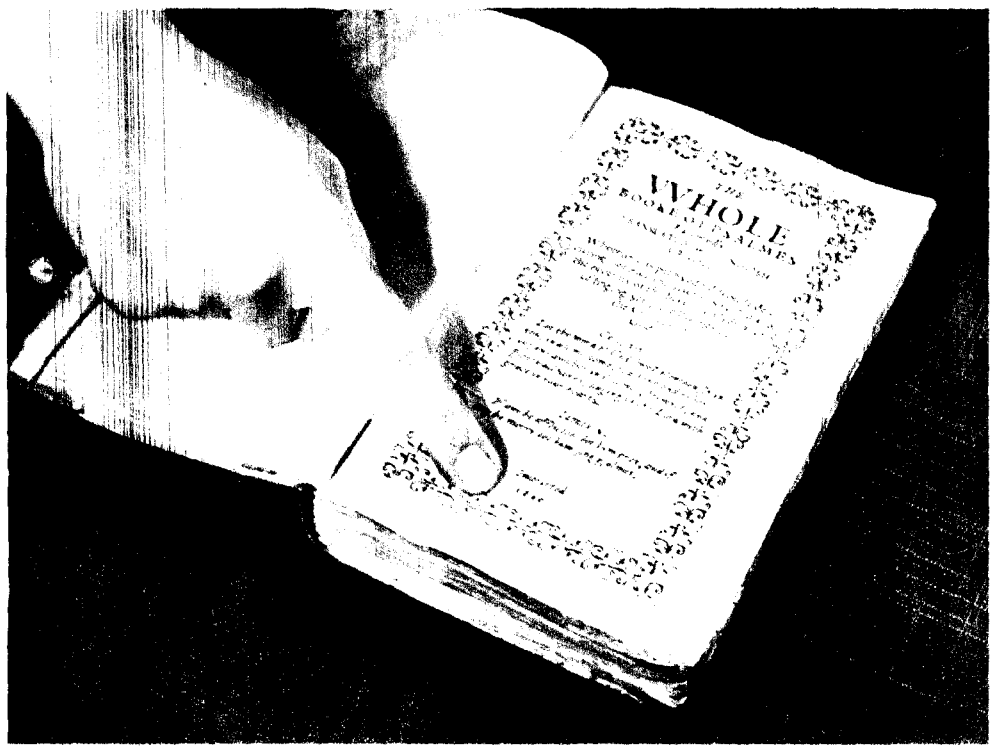


Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620, is housed in a memorial built in 1864. During the Revolution, it was a site for recruiting rallies

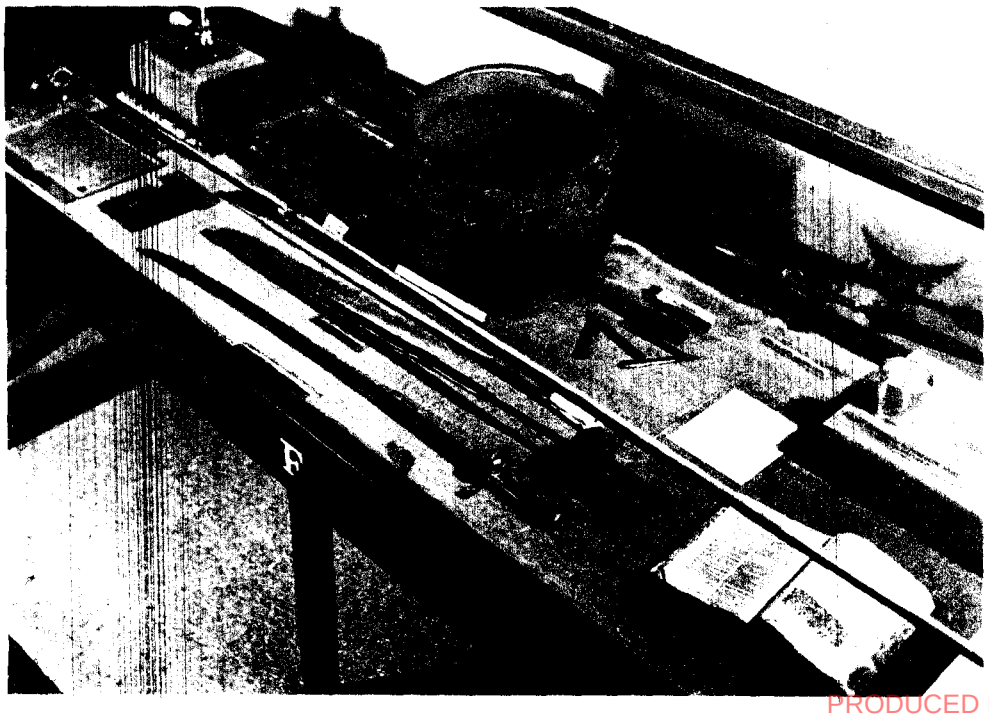
Paul Revere's home in Boston is maintained as he left it, even to his saddlebags. His mother's house is being restored at a cost of $40,000



Worcester museum owns one of 11 extant copies of the Bay Psalm Book, first volume published in what is now the U.S. (1640). It is valued at $150,000

In the Concord Antiquarian Society's museum is a precise reproduction of Ralph Waldo Emerson's study. Building and collection cost $100,000

Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth exhibits such objects as Miles Standish's sword (below) and the personal belongings of the colonists from cradle to grave



Old Sturbridge Village was completely reconstructed as a living museum of early American life. This country store is one of its buildings

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They Make Sure You're *SITTING PRETTY*

A great deal of research and ingenuity goes into the many types of seats you use outside the home

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

Research shop assistant foreman Allen Bruce adjusts device simulating a person bouncing on a theater seat 1,000 times an hour for 100 hours

THE personnel of the American Seating Company views Homo sapiens darkly and from the rear. This group of 2,100 men and women in Grand Rapids, Michigan, sees only multiple millions of posteriors in varying sizes, weights and degrees of sensitivity demanding to be cushioned in chairs.

For 64 years, Amseco has been manufacturing "public seating." Its president, Harry M. Taliaferro, reckons that 50,000,000 Americans can simultaneously take the load off their feet in the seats Amseco has made for theaters, stadiums, busses, churches, and in folding chairs in front of the family television set.

They know at Grand Rapids just how wide a movie seat must be (20 inches). To attract worshipers, church pews, they know, must be not too hard and uncomfortable and yet not soft enough to encourage sleeping during the sermon. They know the temperature and humidity of a bus driver's pant seat after eight summer hours of piloting a 40-passenger vehicle.

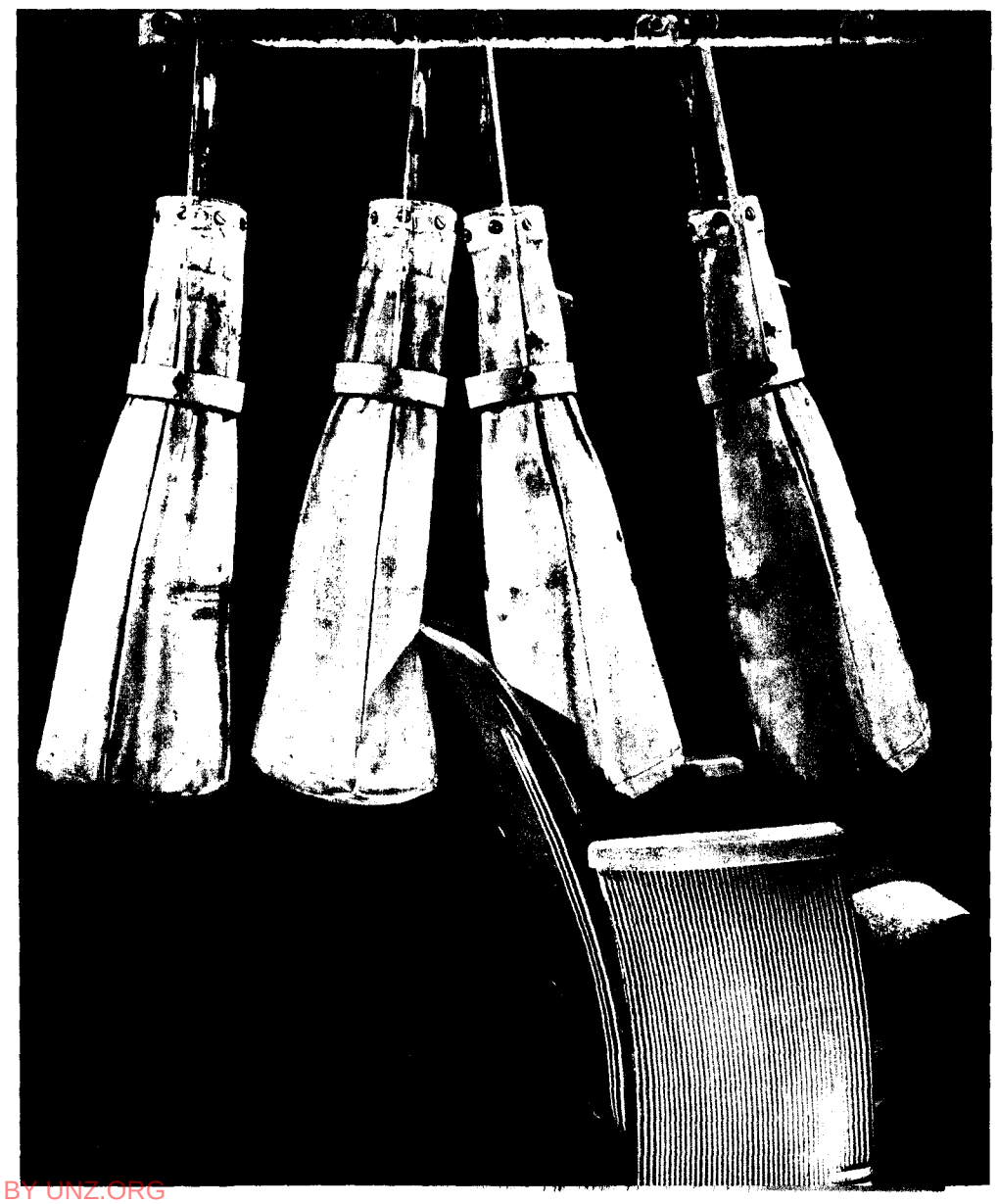
As he reflects pleasantly on 1949 sales of over $26,000,000 for his company, Mr. Taliaferro looks back on a career that started with a job as stockroom boy for a utility company in Boonville, Missouri, at $14 a month for a 60-hour week. In 1911, American Seating hired him to set up a steel fabricating plant at Grand Rapids. He's been there ever since, becoming president in 1929.

During World War II, Amseco built millions of metal folding chairs for Army and Navy installations as well as special seats for tanks and fighter planes. In the postwar period, this production was converted to seats for bus and Diesel locomotive drivers. They feature seats which "breathe" cooling air onto heated skin with every bump or lurch of the vehicle, thus preventing "sweat scald" and skin rashes from which many drivers working in hot cabs formerly suffered. A driver's seat costs about $60, has five separate adjustments, all reachable while seated.

Seating and decoration for houses of worship are big business. Last year's figures list over 79,000,000 U.S. church members. William R. Balbach is Amseco's chief designer in this division. He helps translate proposed designs—sometimes grandiose—into terms of what can actually be obtained from stock or built to order. Fitting the job inside available budgets and construction time limits are special headaches of salesmen who cover the nation's religious temples. Every congregation hopefully sets a dedication date much earlier than Amseco can hope to turn out the painstaking woodwork they want. *(Continued on page 42)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DALE ROOKS

Punch-bag test checks strength of floor fastening and back. Chairs must stand up under 60,000 impacts, front and rear, from 40-pound bags



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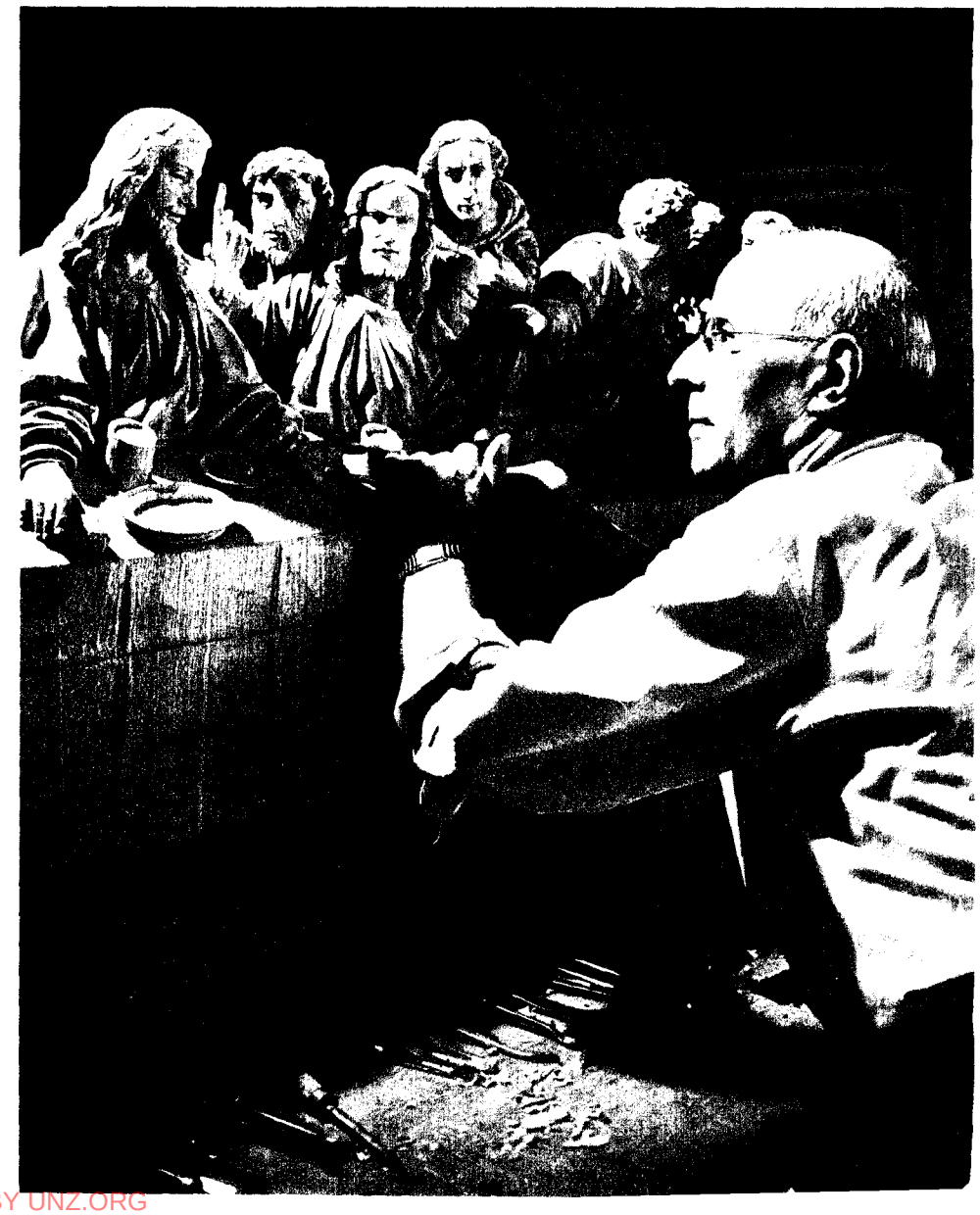
Forty-pound pile driver drops 1,200 times per hour to test general durability of a steel chair as shop foreman Ben Oom studies effect

Marine captain demonstrates mechanism, at base of seat and fastened to shoulders, that holds pilot safe in quick stops

"Squirming Irma" rotates 600 and drops heavily 1,080 times per hour as technician watches. Normal seat must stand up for 50 hours plus

Master wood carver Alois Lang working on the final touches of a replica of Da Vinci's Last Supper for church installation



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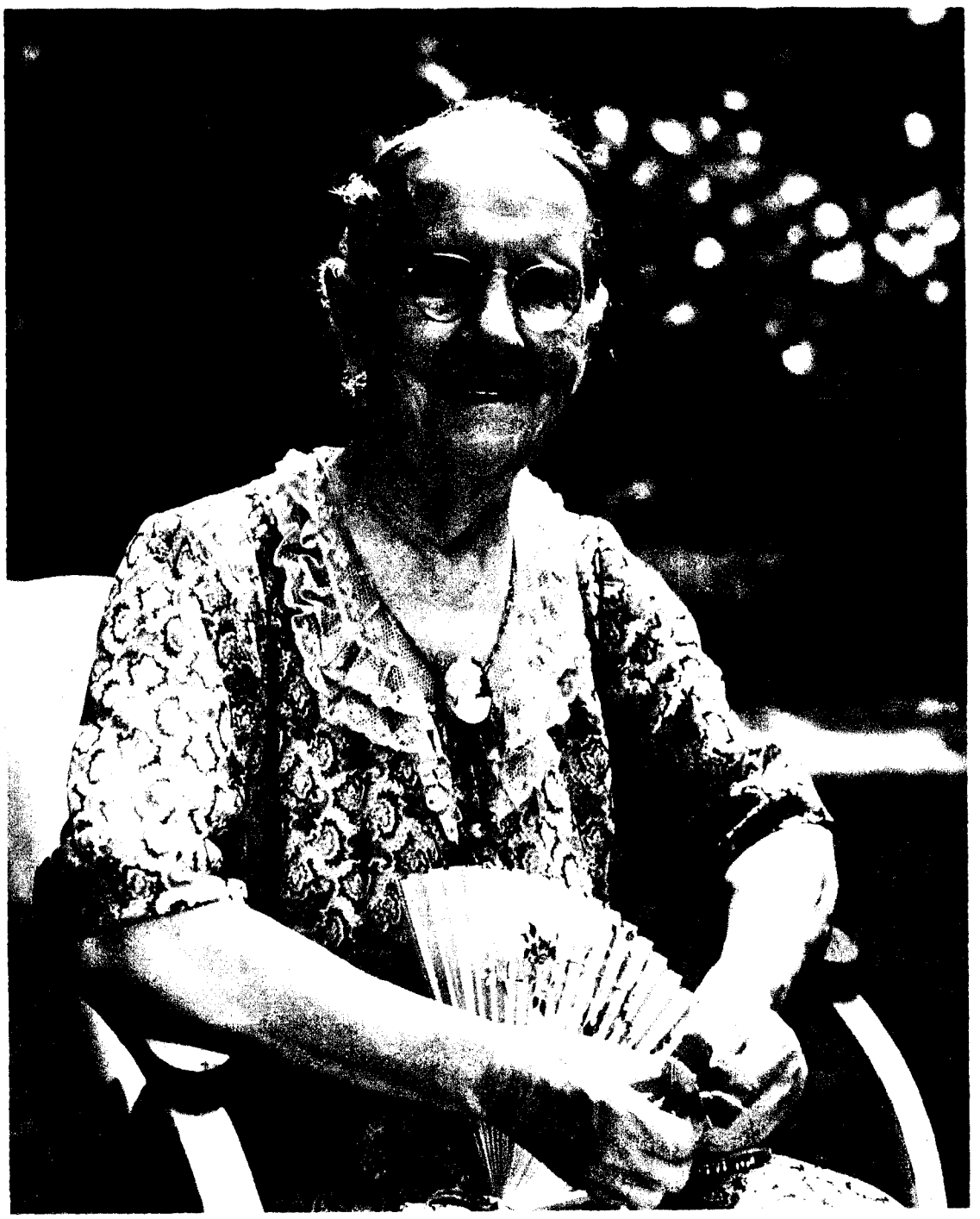

Mrs. Russell's sons include a U.S. senator, a judge, a pastor, a doctor and an Army officer

Cheaper by the BAKER'S DOZEN

By JAMES C. DERIEUX

Mrs. Ina Russell of Georgia has raised 13 children and all have been a credit to her—for she wouldn't let them fail

INA DILLARD RUSSELL, the youngest of 13 children and herself the mother of 13, is a frail little lady of eighty-two who must spend most of her time in bed. But her mind is merry, her heart gay, and the colors of her sunset are as bright as the flowers she loves. All her children are grown now, and doing well. There no longer is need for her to make the rounds on blustery nights to be sure they are covered; no need to sew by the light of an oil lamp until past midnight to stay abreast of their needs for rompers and blouses and shirts and skirts and underthings. The day when seven of them had whooping cough at the same time is far away and long ago, remembered only as one of the inevitable adventures and one of the victories along the road of family life.

Last May 11th the town of Winder, Georgia, near which Mrs. Russell lives, declared a holiday in her honor. Twelve of her children (all but the Army officer, who was on foreign duty), most of her 33 grandchildren, several of her seven great-grandchildren, uncensused nephews, nieces, cousins, Herman Talmadge, the governor of her state, and thousands of others were on hand to celebrate the choice of this great woman as Georgia's Mother of the Year. It was a wonderful day of speeches, receptions, a parade with floats representing the careers of her sons, and handsome presents of silver. When the day was over, she still was smiling as her anxious children stood around and urged her to rest.

"I'm rested," she said. "I'm having a wonderful time. I did not know my neighbors cared for me like this. I never was able to do anything much for them, except maybe take care of them when they needed me. I had to give so much time to my own children that I never could do all I wanted to do for others. But I have loved them, and it is so good to know that they love me."

The children, to whom she gave so much of her time before her health broke, have rewarded her efforts and her faith.

Her oldest son, Richard Brevard Russell, named for his father, is now in the United States Senate. Before that he had been Georgia's youngest governor. Her second son, Robert, is a justice of the United States Court of Appeals, which is next highest to the Supreme Court. Walter is a major in the United States Army. William is a farmer and manager of the old home place. Fielding is head of the English department at the Georgia Teachers College, Statesboro. (William and Fielding are twins.) Edward is pastor of the Trinity Presbyterian Church in Montgomery, Alabama; and Alex is a doctor with a general practice in and around Winder, a small county seat between Athens and Atlanta.

The six daughters all have had a turn at schoolteaching. Mary is Mrs. S. Gordon Green of Alexandria, Virginia, whose husband is an inventor and small-arms expert employed by the United States Department of Defense; Ina, an attorney, is Mrs. J. K. Stacy of Washington, D.C., whose husband is an official of Colonial Airlines; Marguerite is Mrs. James H. Bowden of Atlanta, wife of an officer in the Federal Reserve Bank there; Harriett is Mrs. S. Ralph Sharpton of Falls Church, Virginia, whose husband is with the Maritime Administration; Patience is Mrs. Hugh Peterson of Ailey, Georgia, and Washington, D.C., whose husband was for 12 years a member of the Congress and is now in private practice as an attorney; and Carolyn, the youngest of the 13, is Mrs. Raymond L. Nelson, wife of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Stuttgart, Arkansas.

The senator, his brother William and William's capable wife, live at the Russell home, a big white house amidst a grove of pecans, mimosas and numerous flowering shrubs. Robert and Alex live within a few hundred yards in handsome homes of their own. Grandson Bob and his family live in "Newlywed Cottage" on the home place, where a number of other young couples in the family have lived while getting under way. All the children, wherever they may be, come home whenever they can to be with the great lady who made the family what it is. She is never lonely. Evenings, now if there is no special family gathering, she enjoys television, including the wrestling matches. "I don't approve of wrestlers," she says. "They seem to be so rough. But I *will* look at them."

The father of this notable family, Richard Brevard Russell, was himself a distinguished man,

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In group (l. to r.): Granddaughter Peggy Penney, Dr. A. B. Russell, John and Susan Russell, Mrs. Ina Russell holding granddaughter Ann, Alex Russell, Jr., Mrs. and Mr. W. J. Russell, Mrs. J. H. Bowden. In front, great-granddaughters Angela Penney, Sally Russell

chief justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia at the time of his death in 1938. But for many years he served on lower benches, and at much less pay than the $7,000 a year he drew in his final years. His family did most of its growing up while he was drawing three or four thousand a year. For a time, when seven of his children were in college, he left the bench, practiced law privately until he paid his debts, then went back to his robes.

The old judge took little part in the details of rearing his family. His wife was the genius in that field. Usually she had a cook to help, but not always. For a stretch of time she prepared all the meals herself in order to save money and apply it to the building of what is now the family homestead. The judge ordered groceries at wholesale in Atlanta for his own family and for other families living on his cotton farm. His wife kept the accounts, and the old Day Book shows some interesting notations. For example, it discloses that in the spring of 1912 she personally made 184 garments. Another spring she began to count the buttonholes, but gave up at 190 when something happened to divert her attention.

Through these busy years of sewing, cleaning, cooking, managing, she occasionally found time to hold school classes in her own home. Robert and several of the other children got their primary-school training from their mother.

On Sunday afternoons she played the piano as her family gathered around and sang hymns. Every child had to know the shorter catechism and at the Sunday gatherings each one was called on to recite verses from the Bible. Both the mother and the old judge were generous in praise, and as generous as they could be in other rewards for the children who did best.

Today Senator Russell remembers that, as a child, he did not know mothers had to sleep. His own was up and busy when he went to bed and again when he awoke in the morning. If he became cold in the night, she covered him. If he was sick, she was beside him. "I was nearly ten years old," he says, "before I saw her asleep. I still recall how shocked I was."

All through the growing-up years Mrs. Russell wrote frequently to children who were away at school, or at work; and many of these letters have been treasured and kept. They are good, long reports on events around the home, with nice touches that doubtless stirred nostalgic memories, or stimulated determination. To a child who was wavering about something she wrote: "We can stand a great deal in this world and stand it well if we have enough *grit* in our gizzards. You must decide for yourself . . ."

And to one of her sons who had gone away for the first time: "How I do want to see you, but how proud I am that you are sticking it out and not coming home!"

To a daughter: "As you know, in growing flowers I never have hothouse plants. I love the kind that can stand anything that comes along. And I love to think of my '13 varieties' growing and thriving and sending out fragrance, beautifying the world . . ."

She thought of her family as a co-operating unit. Many of her letters began: "I have a plan to lay before you," or "What do you think of this?"

In her efforts to have each child develop according to his own gifts and desires, she avoided giving specific directions, but there were many broad hints and principles, such as:

"Take good care of your little sister, but don't worry her with too much watching . . . My child, cultivate a sweet disposition and practice kindness and gentleness in all things. If you do, you will give genuine pleasure to all you are thrown with. Study and be smart, too . . . Do your part . . . Just make others happy and you will be happy . . . Make people love you . . . I must say good-by now and make the fires for it is getting cold . . . I am constantly thinking of my darling children . . . You have been a fortunate girl, born with a good little body, a fair amount of good looks and a bright mind. Also you found a fond father and a loving mother awaiting you . . . *(Continued on page 44)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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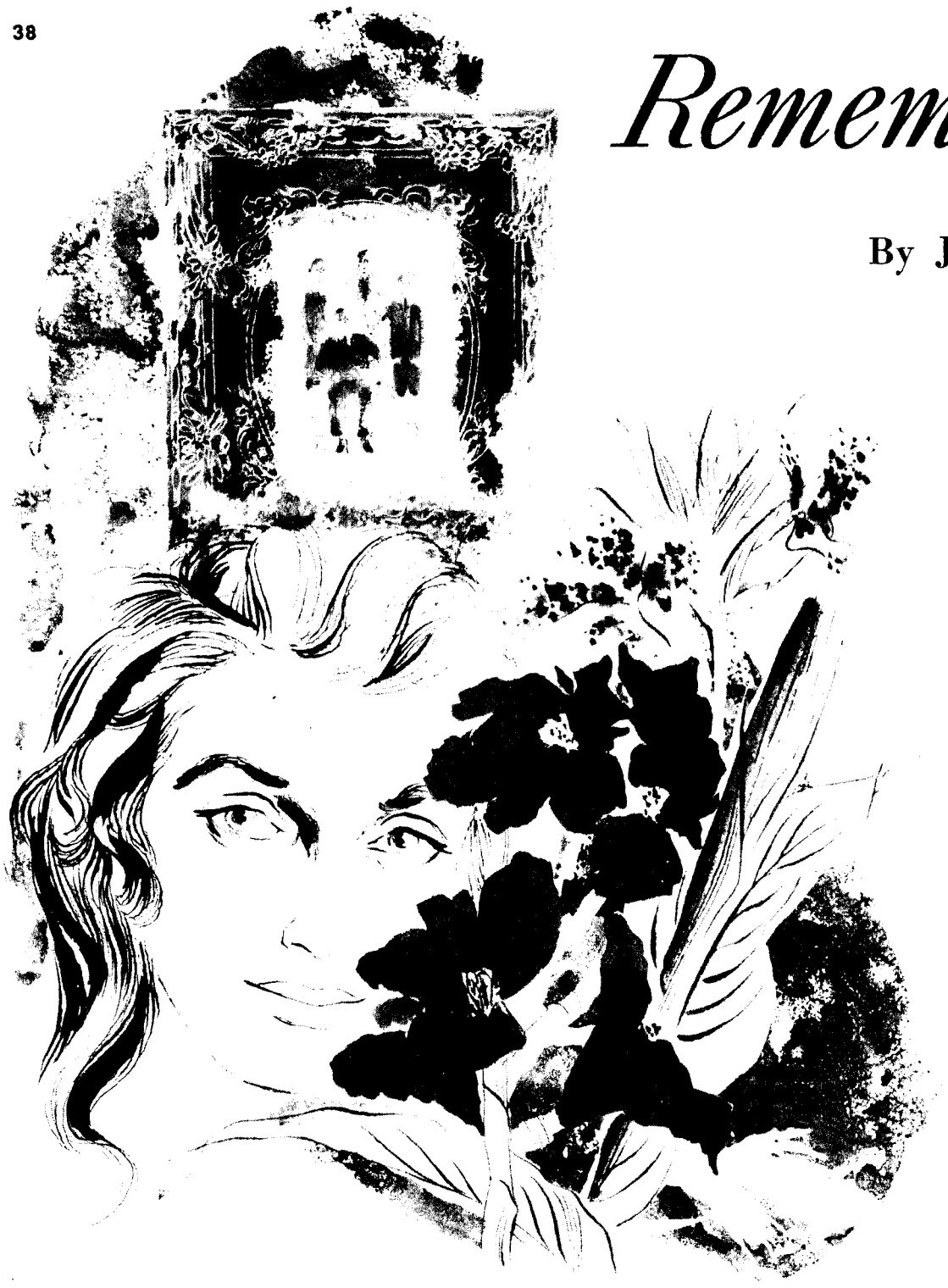

Remember to Quit

By JAY WILSON

Collier's SHORT SHORT

RICHARD MARTIN stood back while his son was buying his ticket. By this act the boy would leave the nest. He had still belonged to them half an hour ago when he had said good-by to his mother. Betty had smiled and said she didn't want to come to the station. Richard Martin knew why. Two years before, she had come to the station to see Helen off. She'd watched the train pull out and turned to her husband and said, in a stunned sort of way, "She's gone!"

This way, at home, it hadn't seemed so final to say, "So long, Pete. Be seeing you." But the finality would hit her soon.

It still didn't seem entirely real when Pete turned from the ticket window with a satisfied grin. And it didn't seem right. It was too casual, too much like going to a friend's house for the night.

Richard Martin heard the train whistle. In a minute, Pete would be gone.

There had been a time when Richard Martin had wanted his son to go to the college where Richard Martin had gone. It would be nice to write understanding letters to Pete; to go there and visit with him and reminisce. So he had taken Pete to one of his class reunions and to alumni father-and-son dinners.

Pete had brushed it all aside with, "I should beat my brains out to become a stuffed shirt!"

The Lord knew that Pete hadn't beaten his brains out in high school. He had done no more than glance at his books until he had decided that he wanted to go into forestry. Then he had developed a sudden interest in learning something, and Richard Martin knew that Pete had acquired a goal and plotted his course.

"I'll see what I can do to help you get into a good school," Richard Martin had said. "I know a couple of people you could see."

"Uh-uh. Don't want to. I'll do it on my own. I'm getting to be a big boy now."

The train pulled in. Pete held out his hand. "Well, so long, Dad."

Richard Martin shook the hard young hand. "Okay, kid. Take care of yourself."

Richard Martin drove home slowly. Just what happened now? Where did they go from here, he and Betty? What happened to a stuffed shirt when the stuffing was removed?

That had hurt, that stuffed shirt remark. It had hurt because it was true. He had looked critically at his friends after that, noting their increasing girths and developing jowls, and the care with which they conformed to accepted customs.

But what else, in God's name, could they do?

When people married and had children, security became paramount. They didn't dare gamble any more. So inevitably they became stereotyped; became nice, unimaginative stuffed shirts who spoke in clichés and lived for their children.

So what happened after the children simply took off with a casual, "So long, folks—see you later."

Richard Martin turned up the shaded street on which he lived, on which he and Betty had built their house and raised their children. It was a nice house with a wide porch and a big lawn. It was like all the other houses on the street. Yet now, as he turned into his drive, it seemed more an empty shell. Suddenly he didn't want to meet Betty in it.

He drove into the garage and sat for a moment looking at the elaborate chromework on the dash. It was more of a car than they could afford. Richard Martin had not wanted to buy it.

"Darling," Betty had insisted, "we bought a new car for Helen's last year in school. We can't do less for Pete."

There had been more argument than that, of course, but Richard Martin had known from the beginning that he and Betty would give up a vacation in the mountains and buy the car.

THEY had seen very little of the car during Pete's last year in school. There had been many nights when Richard Martin had lain awake, waiting for the crunch of tires on the gravel drive outside the bedroom window. There had been mornings when he had stormed at Pete about the mileage he'd put on the car the night before.

"You can't drive that many miles in the time you were out last night except by driving too fast!"

"Want me to stay out longer?" Pete had asked blandly. And his mother had stepped in before Richard Martin could explode.

She always took Pete's side, as though she had transferred her devotion from her husband to her son. "He's doing well in school, Richard. He's got a head on his shoulders," she would say. Or, "Don't make a prison of his home."

Richard Martin got out of his car and walked slowly from the garage to the back door.

What would replace the children who had been the center of their lives for twenty-two years? The birds and the beasts raised their young quickly and kicked them out. People took too long about it. They lost themselves in it. When it was done they had nothing left of what they had started with. So they went on, remembering how they had done this and that and wondering if the results would have been better if they had done otherwise—a life of Monday-morning quarterbacking, of stirring up the ashes of what would never blaze again.

He found his wife in the living room. Sitting in a large armchair, with her feet tucked under her, she seemed small and fragile, just as she had seemed so many years ago. It was funny, he thought, how you didn't notice the change in people you lived with. Betty seemed just as young to him as she always had. It was, of course, an illusion.

She looked at him. "He's gone?"

Richard Martin nodded. He tried to comfort her, to reassure her that they had done the best for Pete. "But he'll be all right. He'll get along—"

He paused. His wife was grinning at him. She was saying, "I know, darling. I know he will. Now, suppose you mix a couple Martinis and we'll read these folders about Bermuda."

Richard Martin began to grin too. Maybe all there was to it was to remember to quit when the job was done.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

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John Dingle Rides Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"John Dingle bit you?" Mr. Garret asked.

"Well, I thought you was Bosco," John Dingle mumbled.

"You heard me hollering, didn't you, you little fool?"

"But I bit Bosco in the back too!" John Dingle said testily. He was not going to be cheated out of his share in the triumph.

"So it was fair and square, was it?" Mrs. Garret said. "Just what else did you do to poor Bosco?"

Edward's eyes sparkled through the tears. "Boy, it was the swellest trick you ever saw, Mama. Tom got him under the tree, see, and I was up in the tree on this limb. Then when he started to hit Tom, I jumped down and landed right in the middle of his back with both my feet."

"It knocked the breath clean out of him," Tom gasped. "When he got up holding his stomach I started busting him in the mouth, and Edward grabbed him by the hair and yanked him backwards and then John Dingle came out from behind another tree and we all piled on him. Didn't you all hear him yelling?"

Mrs. Garret looked like she was going to be sick. The boys danced around the lawn, giving imitations of their various parts in the battle. Mr. Garret had to sit down on the steps, he was laughing so hard. The sight of John Dingle reeling around baring his teeth and snapping at the air was finally too much for Mrs. Garret. She started in the house.

"All right, Mr. Garret," she said as she passed him, "you just wait and see what comes of this."

"It's all over now," he said. "There'll be peace in our time." He looked at John Dingle and laughed louder than ever.

THE next morning Mrs. Garret herded them all off to Sunday school. "You certainly need it," she said. "I just hope the building doesn't fall when you three walk in."

The building would not have suffered in the slightest had not Robert Turner, a twelve-year-old member of the Intermediate Department, decided to indulge in his usual Sunday-morning sport—that of snatching little John Dingle Garret's cap. It was awfully funny the way John Dingle screeched when the older fellows got to throwing the cap back and forth.

The Garret brothers were among the last to leave the Junior Department. When Robert saw them coming down the hall toward him, he stepped back into a classroom. Just as John Dingle passed, Robert reached out and jerked the little blue cap from his head. "Got your cap, John Dingle," he chanted. "Can't get your cap!"

That was the last thing he remembered very plainly. He was suddenly seized by the hair and yanked over backwards. Then someone hit him in the nose. Then in the stomach. There was an awful pain in his leg as though someone was biting him. Then he was being pounded on the floor. He started screaming.

In a few seconds it was all over. A very red-faced lady had John Dingle by the ear and Edward by the seat of the pants, hustling them toward the door. "The very idea!" she was saying. "The very idea!"

Twenty minutes later Edward himself was clutching at his seat. Tom and John Dingle also were clutching at theirs and they were all dancing around the living room screaming at the injustice of it all. Mrs. Garret was waving a hairbrush at Mr. Garret, who was trying to hide behind the Sunday paper.

"I was never so ashamed in my life!" she raged. "In Sunday school of all places. All three of them sprawled out in the hall about to murder that poor little Turner boy. And Edward beating him on the head with a Bible."

Mr. Garret sighed and shook his head. "Well," he said, "I don't imagine the Lord is too upset about it. After all the boys did make a Christian out of Robert!"

Mrs. Garret didn't think he was the least bit funny, so Mr. Garret took the boys up to their room for a conference.

"Now, fellows," he said nervously, "I know this business about Robert was just one of those things. He picked on John Dingle and you all helped John Dingle out. That was very commendable. However, we don't want to be too sensitive about things now. It's all right to take care of bullies, but let's make sure that they're really picking on us first. Let's give them at least one warning. You know the three of you together are pretty powerful and you don't want to abuse that power now, do you?"

The boys looked up at him and grinned.

"Well, do you?" he snapped.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, I didn't think you did," Mr. Garret lied. "No more fights now. We're all perfect gentlemen again." More grins. Mr. Garret started to say something but didn't. He had the nasty suspicion that he was about to become the poor man's Dr. Frankenstein. . . .

Four days later there was no doubt about it. The Garret Gorillas, as they called themselves, had become the law of the neighborhood. Each morning they had sallied forth in search of some bully who wanted to pick on three poor little gentlemen. Or even look cross-eyed at them. Their success had been phenomenal. Six mothers had called Mrs. Garret, describing in great detail the damage done their sons.

Mr. Garret was stumped. Every sermon he started was interrupted by their piteous cries of self-defense. He, in turn, did his best to convince Mrs. Garret that it was nothing more than a little purge that would soon run its course. He pointed out that each of the six victims had persecuted the young Garrets a number of times before. Mrs. Garret was deaf to it all. She would run through her theory of violence breeding violence and then in rebuttal to Mr. Garret's argument she would say, "Well, what about Charles Alexander?"

That one Mr. Garret could not explain away. Charles lived across the street from the Garrets. He was a very nice little boy, a little older than Edward; and until the Garrets had incorporated themselves, they had been the best of friends. But twice since Sunday, Mr. Alexander had dropped over and asked Mr. Garret to tell the boys to go a little easier on Charles.

"But we aren't mad at Charles," Edward had explained. "He's our friend. We just practice our new holds on him."

THURSDAY evening when Mr. Garret came home, Mrs. Garret met him at the door. "John Garret," she said, "if you don't do something about the boys you'll just have to get yourself a housekeeper. I am moving out. They've embarrassed me for the last time!"

"What have they done now?" Mr. Garret said wearily.

"This morning they made Charles cry again and this afternoon they almost wrecked Peter Trammel's birthday party!"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Garret moaned. Peter's father was one of his best customers.

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Garret said. "They beat Peter up. Of course he's a little bigger than they are, but he definitely was not bullying them. He was blindfolded, trying to pin a tail on the donkey, and he accidentally stuck Edward. It took Mrs. Trammel and three other women to pull your little gangsters off of him."

Mr. Garret shuddered. "And another thing," Mrs. Garret said, "I found this stuck in the door!" She handed Mr. Garret a rumpled piece of paper. He looked at it and shuddered again. It was a warning note done in red crayon. Decorating its borders was a series of skulls and bones. In the middle was a tree. Dangling from a limb with ropes about their necks were three figures labeled: "Tom—Edward—John Dingle." Printed across the bottom of the page was this message:

DEATH TO DIRTY LITTLE COWARDS. BE DOWN AT THE BIG ROCK BY THE CREEK SATIDAY MORNING AT 10 OCLOCK. YOU AIN'T GOT THE GUTS. IF YOU HAVE WE ARE GOING TO WRAP THEM AROUND YOUR NECKS. DEAD MEN TELL NO TAILS. BEWARE.

Instead of a signature there was the picture of a dagger dripping blood. Mr. Garret tried not to smile. The note had taken him back thirty years. "You know who sent this?" he asked.

Mrs. Garret nodded grimly. "Little George Byrd and Tommy Pearce. I saw them running down the walk."

"Well," Mr. Garret said, "I think this will be the solution to the whole business."

"The solution!" Mrs. Garret said. "Why it's the most horrible thing I ever heard of."

"Don't be childish," Mr. Garret said. "Here's what we'll do now. I'll admit that my scheme has backfired on me. It was just a little too rich for the boys' blood. Spanking them isn't going to help, though. They'll still be awfully cocky and supersensitive about their honor. The solution is to let George and Tommy knock some of the cockiness out of them. Any fighting they do after that will be strictly in self-defense."

Mrs. Garret started in on her violence theory. "Now wait just a minute," Mr. Garret said. "It worked on Bosco and I'm afraid that the boys are getting the same joy-through-strength complex that he had. Nobody's going to get hurt, though. It'll just scare 'em good. I'll be hiding out over in the park and after the first couple of licks I'll break it up. George and Tommy are pretty nice youngsters and we can patch things up all right."

Mrs. Garret thought of poor Peter and Charles and her shrinking circle of friends. "All right," she sighed, "but if they lay a hand on John Dingle I'm going to—"

"Don't worry about John Dingle now. Where are the boys?"

"They're upstairs in their room crying. I gave them another spanking."

Mr. Garret went up the steps very quietly. The door to the boys' room was closed and he stopped outside to listen for the sobbing. There was no sobbing. "I'm the terrible Turk," Tom was saying. "Now who are you, Edward?"

"I'm Mugger Ed!"

"And who are you, John Dingle?"

"I'm the Whang!" John Dingle said.

"No! No! No!" Tom shouted. "You're the Fang! The Fang! If you can't say it any better than that we'll just call you the Tooth!"

MR. GARRET sighed and rapped on the door. There was a scuffling of feet. When he entered they were all stretched out on their beds looking very repentant.

"Well," he said very cheerfully, "glad to see you boys conserving your strength. You're going to need it!"

"Didn't Mama tell you about Peter?" John Dingle asked.

"Shut up, John Dingle!" Edward snapped.

"Yes," said Mr. Garret, "she told me all about Peter—and Charles too. And if I didn't know that you little bullies were going to get just what you deserved I'd whale the daylights out of you. Here, Terrible Turk, read this. George and Tommy want you all to come to another little party." He tossed the note to Tom.

Edward and John Dingle crowded around him. John Dingle was very much impressed by the three figures dangling by their necks. Tom read very slowly, putting special emphasis on the word "guts."

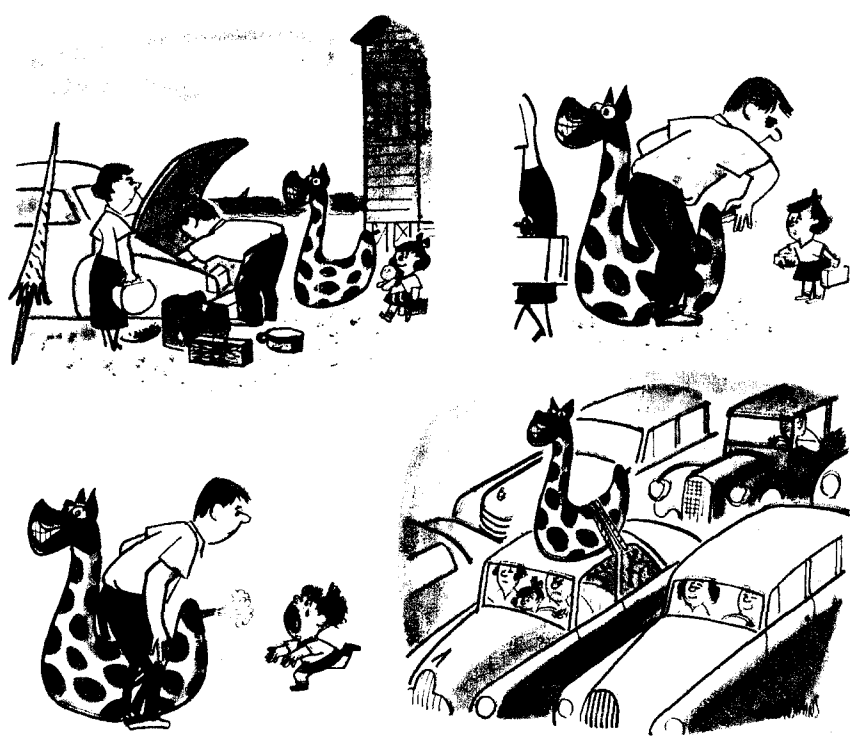
"I ain't got any, is I, Edward?" John Dingle squeaked.

Neither Tom nor Edward said anything. They just stared at each other sheepishly. Mr. Garret sat down. He was enjoying thoroughly the change in atmosphere. "Come on, Mugger Ed," he said. "What's the matter? You're not going to let a little thing like a hanging stop you?"

"Naw, I'm just thinking of something," the Mugger said. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Tom, I got it! I got it! Remember that picture show with the . . ." He began whispering excitedly in Tom's ear. Tom's eyes lighted up. He began laughing. "That's it! That'll fix 'em! We won't wrap their guts around their necks, we'll splatter 'em all over the place. Boy oh boy!"

"All right, all right!" Mr. Garret said. "There's not going to be any of that. Now what are you talking about?"

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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"Nothing!" Edward laughed. "Nothing! Won't that get 'em, Tom? Boy, I'm smart!"

After fifteen minutes of threatening, Mr. Garret gave up. The harder he pressed them, the more ridiculous their answers became. He warned them one more time about the sad and inevitable fate of bullies and went downstairs. Mrs. Garret was in the living room, sewing.

"John," she said, "the more I think about your idea, the more I'm inclined to agree with you!"

Mr. Garret didn't say anything.

AT NINE THIRTY Saturday morning Mr. Garret was hidden in a clump of honeysuckle vines, midway on the steep slope above the park creek. Two hundred feet below him was Big Rock. At its base was a clearing about forty feet across. This, he concluded, was to be the battleground. He still hadn't learned Edward's marvelous secret; he wondered how any strategy could be worked out over such limited terrain.

After his second cigarette he heard voices

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! —Know him *that* well, eh?"

COLLIER'S BORIS DRUCKER

from down the creek. He peered cautiously through the screen of vines and began cursing. Instead of just George and Tommy, there were Bosco, Robert Turner and Johnny Tate, all headed for Big Rock.

He debated whether to go down and tell them what to expect if they ever touched one of his boys again or whether just to return home and inform the boys that the party was off. He decided to wait. He could still stop the fight before it started.

He watched Bosco deploy his forces. The strategy was familiar. "You all stay behind that rock," Mr. Garret heard Bosco shouting, "I'll be out here in the open. When they rush me, you all pile out!"

Bosco sat down at the base of the rock and tried to look as harmless as possible. Mr. Garret began listening for the Gorillas. Then his attention was drawn to the rock again. George and the rest had crept out to confer with Bosco, who frantically waved them back. It was too late.

"We see you stinkers!" It was Tom, screeching from the top of the slope some hundred feet above Mr. Garret. He and Edward were shaking their fists and John Dingle was thumbing his nose.

"You dirty cowards!" Bosco screamed. "Come on down here and fight! George and them just came along to watch me bash your heads in!"

Bosco and his followers sprang up the slope. Mr. Garret crouched farther down in the vines, which were directly in the line of advance. The change in battle sites would give him even better control of the situation. He watched the attackers panting toward him. They passed screeching on either side of him, too intent on their victims above to notice the vines. He eased around to get a better view of the Gorillas. They still held their ground, only now they each waved a big stick.

If that was Edward's strategy, Mr. Garret thought, it was too bad. The sticks and the advantage in terrain wouldn't last long in the face of the howling mob that was clawing its way up the last seventy or so feet. He began twisting around, preparing to break cover. Then he heard Bosco scream.

"No, Edward, no! That ain't fair! That ain't fair! We give up! We give up!"

The whole attacking force was plunging frantically back down the slope. Above, the Gorillas were just as frantically using their sticks to pry up big, round boulders, which evidently had been placed there the day before. The first broadside was on its way. The biggest of the rocks crashed down between Bosco and Robert, barely missing George, and cartwheeled towards the clump of honeysuckle vines.

Mr. Garret looked up just in time to see it coming. He lurched backwards, toppling down the slope, the rock bounding over his head. "No, Edward!" he screamed. "Stop it! You'll kill somebody!"

The Gorillas had been too busy loosing their thunderbolts to notice the explosion in the vines. They couldn't hear Mr. Garret over the bloodcurdling shrieks of the fleeing enemy. He started to scream again and changed his mind. It looked like the whole slope was bouncing toward him. He lurched to his feet and became part of the stampede.

A rock crashed past Bosco, who swerved and fell against a tree. Robert looked back, tripped over a root and skidded on his face through an outcropping of shale. George and Tommy, trying to dodge the same rock, crashed head on. Johnny Tate, completely demoralized by the growing avalanche behind him, gave up and made a dive for the creek some ninety feet away. Only then did the Gorillas notice the tall figure twisting and dodging down the slope at the head of the pack.

"It's Daddy!" John Dingle shrieked. "It's Daddy! Look out, Daddy! Look out!"

Mr. Garret glanced back just as the rock caught him above the knees. He hit the ground, bounced, and lay still.

"You done killed my daddy!" John Dingle shrieked. "You done killed my daddy!"

Edward and Tom gaped at each other. "He ain't dead!" Edward whimpered. "He ain't!" They swept down the slope, joined by the battered enemy.

TOM was the first to reach Mr. Garret. He looked at the closed eyes and the blood trickling down the face and fell to his knees and began sobbing. "Daddy, say sumpn! Please say sumpn!"

Then the rest came up. Edward knelt down and began patting Mr. Garret's head. "Daddy!" he choked. "Poor Daddy! Are you hurt, Daddy?"

"He ain't hurt!" John Dingle shrieked. "He's dead!"

Bosco put his arm around him. "Don't cry, John Dingle," he said tenderly. "Let's you and me go get the doctor."

John Dingle fought him off. "He's dead!"

"Maybe he ain't dead, John Dingle," George said. "He just looks dead!"

"Well, why don't he say sumpn?" Edward blubbered and fell sobbing across Mr. Garret's shoulders.

"I'm scared," Tommy said, backing away. He was beginning to cry too. Bosco looked at Edward and his lips began trembling. Then his eyes narrowed. "Hey! He ain't dead. He's breathing. Look at 'im!"

John Dingle flung himself around Mr. Garret's neck. "You ain't dead, Daddy!" he sobbed. "You ain't dead!"

Mr. Garret turned his head slowly and opened his eyes. "No, John Dingle," he whispered, "but I'm dying. My back is broken. My legs are broken. I'm all crushed inside. Just do one thing for me before I pass on. Promise me you all won't fight any more. Violence just breeds violence."

The boys were too stunned to do anything but nod their heads.

Mr. Garret painfully got to his feet and began brushing himself off. "Just one more thing," he said. "The first one who tells Mama what happened is going to get his pants beat off!" THE END

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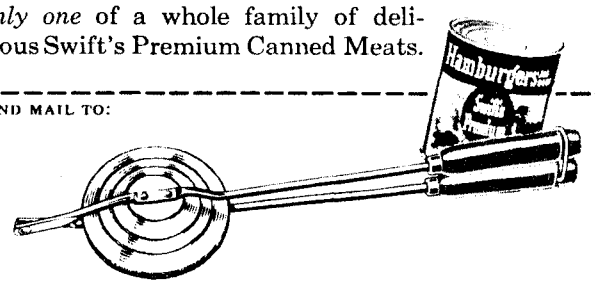

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They Make Sure You're Sitting Pretty

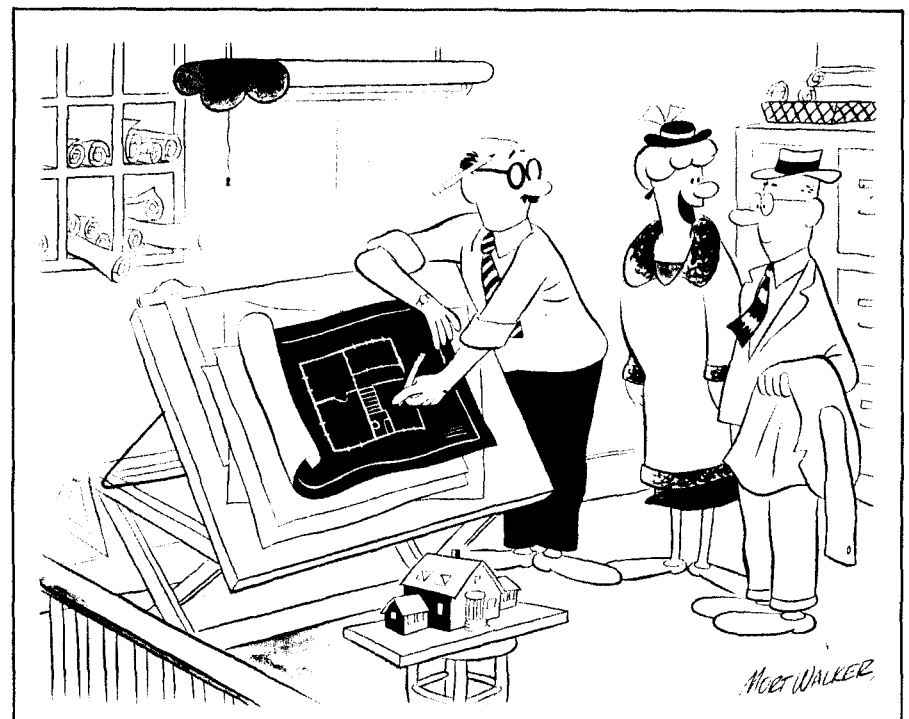
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Often they don't get around to thinking of the seating and decoration till long after they've got details of designing and building the main structure under way. They usually demand delivery for Christmas or Easter. During those seasons especially, pressure on the department soars to a crescendo. There's another problem in early fall as worried rabbis phone, wire and write for equipment which absolutely must be ready for their high holy days.

Pride of Amseco's church department is Alois Lang's crowded workshop. Smooth-cheeked, bright-eyed and enthusiastic, Lang is one of the few remaining master wood carvers in this country. Such craftsmen were more plentiful when he arrived in Boston in 1890 from his native Oberammergau. At seventy-nine, Lang sees no reason for considering retirement. He'd spend his time carving, anyhow.

Historians see in chairs a symbol of prestige and authority as well as a place to plant the base of the spine. The Pharaoh and a few high dignitaries were the only ones allowed to enjoy chairs in ancient Egypt. *Cathedra*, the Latin word for chair, is adapted into "cathedral," the place for the bishop's chair. And when the pontiff speaks with utmost authority it is "ex cathedra"—from the chair. When a lodge, or a court of law, or a national convention gathers today, it becomes a formal, effectual unit only when the chairman takes his place, even though his seat of authority may be no more than a $3 "folder" rented from an undertaker.

Ever since nickelodeons evolved into real theaters, owners and seating companies have vied to produce the fanciest, most comfortable and durable seating compatible with the principles of getting the maximum number of paying customers into available floor area. Amseco is proud of having staked pioneers like Marcus Loew, William Fox and Spyros Skouras to their first 99 chairs on credit. (If there were more than 100 seats, a costly theater license was required.)



COLLIER'S "Let's tell Mr. Gunn our new idea about changing to a ranch-type house" MORT WALKER

Buying Chairs for the Met

The elder J. P. Morgan gave the company's theater-seating production a powerful boost when New York's Metropolitan Opera House was built. A big-boned, bulky man with a solid fundament, he had it very much in mind that his opera house was going to have something special in seats. Morgan headed a committee of opera stockholders who journeyed west in the financier's private car for a solemn test by sitting. They sat in one after another of a row of model chairs. They sat singly and in groups, they sat with overcoats on and off; they tested top, opera and Homburg hats in the wire underseat racks. Most of all, Morgan tested clearances, wanting to be sure his own large body and big knees could find room enough.

The committee settled on a fancy, 24-inch wide carved walnut chair with thick red plush covering, and umbrella, and hatracks. These served at the Met till the house was rebuilt and Amseco reseated it in 1934.

Keith Dickinson, a jolly, portly man of about fifty, is the firm's theater-seating chief. He knows as much as anyone in the world about what the human frame demands in movie, legitimate and opera houses. He likes to go to the movies but has a hard time concentrating on the picture. Finds his attention wandering around the seats—what condition they're in and whether the customers seem to be comfortable. Has to remind himself about feeling around on other people's seat cushions to see how the fabric's standing up.

He's lived through the highly controversial disappearance of the underseat hatrack. Men, including some influential critics, squawked their heads off about this development. But never underestimate the power of a woman. Shorter skirts, and expensive stockings snagged on bent wire, tolled the knell of the hat holder.

Dickinson nominates the 9,164 Radio City seats as the fanciest anywhere. Most of them measure two inches wider than the average, have supersprings, and program lights built into each seat back. He sighs happily over another job, a mere 3,252 seats for San Francisco's Soldiers and Sailors Memorial covered in a specially woven silk velours of an unusual plum color. He admires the theater circuit which sacrificed 20 per cent of its seating capacity to put in 1,000 extra-wide, spring-backed, stuffed-arm jobs like easy chairs in the theater at Long Beach, California.

The latest thing in theater chairs is called a "Bodiform Retractor." It's the kind that not only lifts up, but slides back to provide knee room when you stand up.

Mr. Dickinson's office at Grand Rapids contains a constantly changing collection of problem seats and seat covers sent in by theater operators with a beef. It's his job, in co-operation with Hubert S. Leader, who bosses the company's research and testing laboratory, to figure out what causes cracking, rotting, rips, holes or what have you.

Mr. Leader is a thin, rather gloomy man, depressed about the way some people abuse his fine chairs. In theaters where smoking is prohibited they hold their burning cigarettes low to avoid the ushers, thus burning holes in the upholstery. And they sometimes push butts right into the cushions where they smolder for hours and cause fires to break out long after the show is over. Leader and his engineers have given up on the parked-gum problem. If every other location were somehow eliminated the customers would stick it on the upholstery.

Contrary to what you'd think, smooth, leatherlike finishes aren't as cool to sit on as thick-piled materials like mohair or velours. The hairs allow a bit of air to circulate between the sitter and the seat.

The firm also maintains a "torture room" under Mr. Leader's direction. It is filled with fiendishly complicated machines designed to test the resistance of every kind of seat in every imaginable way. Star performer is a device known as "Squirming Irma." Heart of this machine is a realistically designed polished wooden form, sometimes covered with common clothing materials to test seat wear. It's an alarming sight to see Irma's machinery pressing her down 18 times a minute on a suffering seat cushion. After descending with the force of a 250-pound patron, she rolls, twists and slides as if the lady were tired, or restless. A week of this equals what a seat will get in more than two years of service in a busy theater.

COLLIER'S "Honey! Don't tell me you're going to have a . . . have a . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

School and Bus Seats Tested

At another spot in the torture room, a miniature pile driver drops a 75-pound sandbag for 40,000 spine-jarring crashes on a school seat. An oscillating device twists and rolls a double seat which is loaded with lead weights to simulate two big passengers. The idea is to imitate all the stresses a big bus generates on winding, bad roads. A bus driver's seat mounted on two thirds of a ton of concrete gets shattering blows from swinging sandbags.

In a "seat compression test" a gimmick known as "Elmo" squeezes springs 100,000 times at 270 pounds of pressure. A row of various types of theater seats are lifted up and down and retracted for 100,000 cycles. If they develop a squeak it's back to the drafting tables.

A school desk gets this same sort of treatment from another machine. Kids enjoy the sort of horrifying squawk a defective hinge can make. Teachers don't. Amseco is out to see that all its hinges remain silent. Its school furniture is adjustable only with a special wrench kept by the custodian. Yet an irate baseball fan would need a full toolbox to remove anything from a standard wood-and-steel stadium seat to throw at the umpire.

In other parts of the testing lab, quieter machines rub one fabric against another endlessly to see which will give first; shine ultraviolet light on dyes, simulate the action of perspiration rubbed on fabric at 100 degrees, and imitate the effect of seawater mists on outdoor seats.

Amseco has approximately 1,000,000 chairs in service in stadiums. These include 12 of the 14 major-league ball parks, a lot of indoor arenas, outdoor concert parks like Ravinia in Chicago and Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia and most of the nation's race tracks. One standard stadium-seat design serves most places. It is made of bentwood slats on a cast-iron frame. It is curved to fit the body.

Frank Lloyd Wright is one of several experts on the mechanics of living who maintain that we shouldn't sit at all. He figures that when man evolved from walking on all fours to standing erect, nature didn't pause to adapt his organs and muscles to sitting, which Wright says is "an unnatural position and an ugly one." The anthropologists point out that savages and Oriental people don't sit, but squat.

The executives of American Seating Company view this with the same calm as the recent pronunciamento of a group of designers who, introducing their latest concept of the chair, said: "One thousand years hence there will be but two basic positions. No one will sit down. We will remain 100 per cent vertical or horizontal. Our present zigzag sitting position will be regarded as primitive and as vulgar as we now regard squatting." That's okay with the boys at Grand Rapids. They'll be glad to come to our support for the next one thousand years. THE END

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IS IT THAT Dad's finally retired . . . the old alarm clock gagged for good?

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Cheaper by the Baker's Dozen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

You young people can't realize how much you are loved . . . You must have a place to fill or you would not have been sent into this world . . . Now don't say 'poor Mama' to me. I do have such a good time . . ."

To a daughter who had written home that she was blue: "And how much exercise on the hoof do you take per day? Walk, walk. There is nothing like it. And your complexion will stay good and you will not be so fat either, when you grow older. *Drink, drink water . . .*"

And to one who had said she was so tired of being poor: "Oh my child, that hurt me. You are not poor, unless it is in your soul and heart . . ."

As the children grew up and had children of their own, Mrs. Russell continued to write to them, her letters characterized by the same affirmative attitude toward life. Whenever word came of a new grandchild, she responded with as much enthusiasm as if there had been none before. "We are overjoyed," she wrote Mrs. Bowden when a son was born. "We are thrilled . . . You should have seen Doscia (the cook) when I told her. She picked up a chair and went running around the dining-room table, said she had to hug somebody and as I was seated she hugged my head and I hugged her legs. Daddy was so happy, and Rob and Sybil (Rob's wife), Carolyn and Dick . . . It's a great privilege we women have to bring forth human beings. I'm proud and thankful for all of mine."

Notwithstanding all the children, the innumerable visitors, the difficulties of living in a house without central heat, where many fires had to be made every winter day, and where all cooking was done on a wood-burning stove, life in the Russell home was orderly. Every older child was responsible for a younger one. The three oldest were girls, and to this day they point with pride to one brother or another, and say, "You know, he's my boy. I raised him."

In a Spirit of Helpfulness

As older sisters or brothers finished college and began working, they sent money home to younger members of the family to help them along with their schooling. All but one have college degrees. Household tasks were passed down the line, too; the milking from Dick to Bob to Walter and so on to Alex, who was stuck with it because there was no boy younger than he.

Mother Russell set the example for her children by her own strict attention even to the little proprieties. No sloppy—or casual—dressing was allowed at breakfast, or at any meal. Even when she did her own cooking she "fixed up" before coming to the table. The children were required to be punctual, or lose out on whatever was taking place. When, in their reading, they came to words they did not understand, she insisted they make notes of them and look them up before the day was done.

"I made them mind, too," says Mother Russell. "I had to. My goodness, how could I raise 13 if they didn't mind!"

In the course of their schooling several of the children lived with relatives in the places where their schools were located, but each time Mrs. Russell sent one off to a sister or an aunt, she told her to "send him back the first time he disobeys."

Judge Russell commuted by train to Atlanta, about 50 miles away, much of the time he was on the bench, and always on the afternoons that he was coming home, whether on the vestibule to Winder or the local to his own flag stop of Russell, the children were bathed and freshly dressed to greet him. He was the honored member of the family. He sat on his wife's right at meals. He always made a nice talk at the table whenever the family was celebrating a birthday; and every year he stood before the Christmas tree and spoke of the meaning of the holiday before distributing the gifts.

Mrs. Russell did not hold back from switching her boys when she thought they needed it. William teases her now by relating that they had plenty of blackberries but no peaches when he was a child because of his mother's demand for peach twigs. But she had other disciplinary methods. A child might be required to sit utterly still and quiet in the clothes closet for half an hour or an hour, depending on the gravity of the crime. Once she taught Fielding, her teacher son, a lesson when he left his tricycle in the hall near the back door. She said nothing about it until dark, but neither did she move it. Then without making a light she told Fielding to go close that door. He started, but fell whammy over his own tricycle.

The senator, when a small boy, was exceedingly fond of sausage, and often said he never did get enough. After a number of such comments, his mother asked him how much sausage would be enough, and he said he wanted a pound all to himself at one meal. At the next meal he was given a pound and directed to eat all of it. About halfway through he began to weaken, but his mother urged him on until he could stand no more.

Rob made a similar slip about wanting a dozen bananas at a sitting, and Mary, forgetting the experiences of her brothers, said she wanted a whole fried chicken. Mrs. Russell rocks back and forth in bed as she laughs at these disciplinary adventures of long ago. Daily around her bedside there is merry talk of the ways she managed to bring up all of her children. All the Russells are good and lively talkers.

The daughters tease her by insisting she always sides with the men against the women, regardless of the merits of a case, and they tell a story to illustrate what they mean. Once an enraged tenant on the Russell place struck his wife with a kerosene lamp, shattering the glass and spilling the oil. Mrs. Russell heard of the argument and went to the tenant's home to see what she might do. The woman was not badly hurt, and after some minor attentions Mrs. Russell admonished her: "You should not have made your husband mad enough to do a thing like that."

Incidentally, the daughters say their mother invariably sides with their husbands even against them, and she cheerfully declares, "Well, the men usually are right."

The doors of the white frame house that is the Russell home have always been open to guests, strangers or not. Visiting preachers more often than not had their Sunday dinners there. Every summer there were house parties when sons or daughters had their school friends in for a week or two. The family jokes now about how their mother could always find more hominy grits for the big pot, and somehow thin the gravy so it would go around; and William, the family's chief jester, says they had signals to indicate the state of the food supply. When someone said, "F-H-B," that meant "family hold back." All of which Mrs. Russell denies, but greatly enjoys.

A Hobo as Overnight Guest

In the first quarter of this century, when hobos and tramps were numerous, the children were convinced that mysterious markings on local railroad water tanks guided itinerants straight to their door. Mrs. Russell gave each one food, and talked with him about his family, and whether or not he ever went to church. Once she horrified her daughters by inviting a hobo to spend the night. They protested. "Mother! You aren't going to let that bum stay here?"

"I certainly am," she said calmly.

So the hobo spent the night, went on his way refreshed and with the knowledge, if he had any moral perception left, that at least one person still had faith in him, and hoped he would do better.

She told these knights of the crossties, as she told her own children, that every person born into this world is here for a useful purpose; and she thinks it is possible that some of them may have done better after a visit to her home. "Who knows?"

Deeply religious herself, Mrs. Russell often prayed that one of her sons would enter the ministry, but she did not urge any one of them to take that course. "I never tried to influence any of my children to do any particular kind of work," she says. "I just taught each one to find why he is here, and to do the very best he can." So, when Henry Edward Russell became a minister, the decision was his, but the deepest delight was hers. "Edward will be ordained into the ministry tonight," she wrote to an absent child. "It is as thrilling to me as Dick's inauguration as governor."

Another of her great thrills, she says, was when her twins, William and Fielding, were

COLLIER'S

"Isn't it funny that all you hear is *man* hours—*man* hours—*man* hours . . . !!"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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born. "That was the proudest moment of my life up to that time."

Mrs. Russell was born at Farm Hill, Georgia, February 18, 1868, and was teaching school at Athens when she met her husband. She will tell you now that her life from that time on has been peaceful, even calm, and "Oh, so happy!"

She recalls only a few occasions when she was terrified. Once was when Dick had pneumonia. Another was when she thought she had cancer and wondered what would happen to her little children. The time when Mary swallowed her Sunday-school penny, when the horse bit Dick, and Marguerite had to run a mile for the doctor, are but incidents. Of course, such things —like measles—happen in any large family.

Even the summer of 1911, when her husband, the old judge, ran against Hoke Smith and Joe Brown for governor, seems now to have been a peaceful season. She says she did not have time to help her husband much —except by writing several hundred letters—because so many of the children were small then; and that she was not disappointed—except for him—when he was defeated. "I didn't want to take all my little girls to the Capitol in Atlanta in gingham aprons," she explains.

The smaller children were eagerly interested in that political contest. When they heard their father was "in a race" with Hoke Smith, a rather rotund man, and Joe Brown, who was frail and small, they imagined it a foot race, maybe right down the big road in front of home, and they were sure their father would win because he had such long legs.

That race did not come off the way they hoped it would, but they saw the judge win many other foot races with the morning train to Atlanta. The Seaboard Railroad runs perhaps a hundred yards in front of the Russell home, and to accommodate its frequent and distinguished passenger, a flag stop was made where his lane crossed the rails. There was no agent, and the only way to know when the train was coming was to see it or hear it. So, each morning when the judge was going away a child would be posted at the track to look a mile down the line to a big curve.

When the locomotive came charging in sight the sentry would yell, "Train around the curve!" and the assistant sentry would make a dash for the house to warn Papa to hurry. Mrs. Russell would look him over to see that he had on all his clothes; Laura or somebody would have a cup of coffee at the front door which he would grab and drink, then light out full speed for the station where three or four or five or six excited, dancing, waving children flagged the train down.

The judge was a devoted and indulgent father, and an adoring husband with the happy habit of expressing his feelings. A letter he wrote to Mrs. Russell after they had been married 39 years begins, "My precious little sweetheart," and ends, "With a sense of love and gratitude that is overpowering, I can only say God bless you, idol of my heart." His rare ability to express his affection in words is a characteristic of many members of the Russell family. They are a deeply and articulately devoted family.

The old judge never realized either of his great ambitions—to be Governor of Georgia, or United States Senator, but he lived to swear in thirty-three-year-old Dick as governor in 1931, and see him take his seat in the United States Senate in 1933. He and Mrs. Russell lived with Dick, who was and still is unmarried, in the Governor's Mansion in Atlanta. She was confident at the end of the first year there that her boy was a good governor, but she wanted to be positive beyond any possibility of doubt. So, she went to the one man whose unbiased judgment she trusted completely—her husband and Dick's father.

"I knew he would know," she says, "and I knew he could not tell anything but the truth. When I asked him about Dick he thought a while in silence, to be sure of his answer. Then he said, 'Honey, I have studied the history of Georgia, and I tell you positively that Dick is the best governor this state ever had.' I was so glad to know that. But not surprised."

On the afternoon of December 3rd, 1938, the old judge, then seventy-seven years old, returned to his home, tired. He said he believed he would lie down a while, and Mrs. Russell went to get some letters just in from several of their children to read to him. But she never finished the letters, for the judge seemed to have fallen asleep. When she went to him, she saw that he had "gone away."

All the children were absent that afternoon, and when they heard the news they feared for their mother. But when they reached home they found her composed—and it was she who comforted them. Her religious faith, that had stood so many other tests, stood this one, too.

She is confident that she and the judge will be reunited, and to one of her sons she has confided that, when she gets there, she hopes to be given the task of caring for babies.

Her faith is absolute and affirmative. There is not a gloomy note in the song of her heart, and rarely if ever a gloomy thought in her mind. To be alive is to her a great privilege; to see the dawn of each day a new and nice adventure.

"Somebody gave me one of those black bands to tie over my eyes and shut out the morning light," she says, "but I never used it. Shut out the dawn! What for? It means another day to get something done."

So, this great lady looks both to the future and the past at eighty-two, and finds both pleasing. She is watched over now by her children, even as she watched over them. The ties that bind them to her are stronger by far than apron strings. They are the ties of admiration, obligation and love.

Her son, Judge Russell, summed up her influence over her children like this: "She never gave us a chance to fail." THE END

Help—or Who Does

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Come visit us and be our guest,
But plan this week end just to rest.
Don't try to help us clean the yard,
Or paint, or cook—the work's too hard
For you, or anyway the strain
On us too great, as we explain,
While vainly trying to persuade you—
We'd rather loaf than have to aid you.

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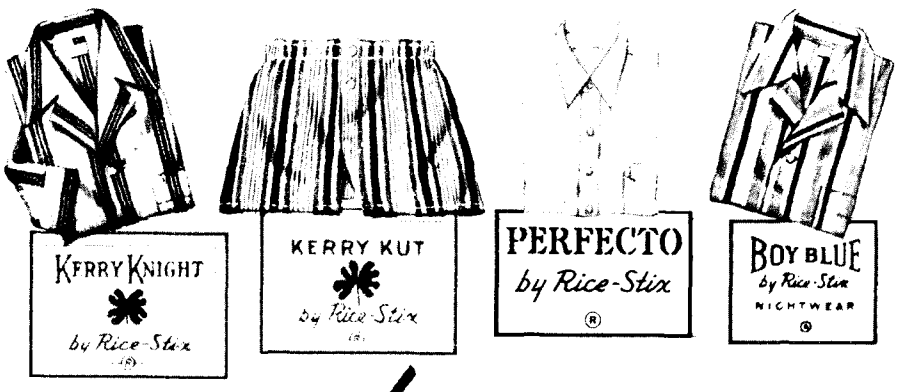

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Dr. Cahill's Pig-Footed Patient

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and a back strain, but his enthusiasm was undampened.

Because he could shoot at the geese and be back in town for breakfast, Halvor agreed to join Dr. Cahill in the pit; and at 4 A.M. they arrived at the field. The magnitude of the pit appalled the attorney.

For a half hour they stood in the cold, still, predawn dark listening for the gabble of geese. Farm dogs barked to one another across the prairie, and roosters made life hell from their coops. In the farmyard a tractor coughed and started up. A moment later its lights bobbed through the cottonwoods around the buildings and presently it rumbled out of the trees toward them.

"He'll scare every goose in the state with that thing!" the doctor cried. "Go tell him to plow someplace else."

"Oh, sure." Through the bad light, Halvor gave the doctor a queer look. "Leave us just pretend we aren't here and hope for the best. Pull in your head, Doc."

THE tractor, one of the track type, bore down on them slowly. Near the pit the driver lowered a small grading blade, scooped up a load of loose dirt and straw and as the tractor lumbered over the pit like a tank, dumped it on the cowering doctor and Halvor in a kind of premature interment. They surfaced, fighting for air, and beheld the tractor swinging around for another run. They hollered and signaled, but the tractor bore down on them anyway, so the lawyer grabbed the doctor and they went underground again. With its blade at the pit's edge the tractor stopped, panting metallically. The doctor straightened up in a rage.

"What're you trying to do, kill us?" he roared at the driver. "You hoofhead!"

"Hoofhead?" The driver shifted gears. "I'll slice you off at the pockets for that!"

"No, don't! Don't do it!" Halvor yelled. "We're sorry!"

The hunters got out of their pit and the driver descended from the Diesel dragon. The driver wore a sheep-lined Mackinaw, overalls and a tan corduroy hunting cap with ear flaps. Upon second look the doctor discovered the driver was a female and it gave him a nasty start.

"Tina, baby!" Halvor cried. "You almost cut us two!"

"Oh, it's you. What's the idea of digging a hole like that in my land?"

"I dug it," the doctor said stiffly, "to shoot geese from. What're you blowing your thatch about? We'd fill it again."

"Who's the adolescent?" Tina asked Halvor.

"Darling, this is Dr. Duffy Cahill. I told you he was coming. Duffy, Miss Christina Larsen."

"Forget that darling routine!" Tina cried hotly. She turned on the doctor. "God help the people you cut open. You'd pull all their stuffings out and never put any back!" She stepped forward. "I'm going to belt you one, Doctor."

"Sweetheart!" Halvor said. "Baby, what's wrong? Why are you so mad about a little old hole in the stubble?"

The girl lowered the fist she was going to clout the doctor with and stared at Halvor. "Mad? I'm so mad I'm going to sue you! I'm so mad I don't want to see you again!" She got a smidgin of control on her emotions. "You ask why I'm mad? I'll tell you. After the quack here dug this hole, Margaret fell into it and broke her leg."

"Oh, no! Not Margaret!"

The news sobered the doctor. "I'm sorry, Miss Larsen. If a member of your family sustained a fracture falling into—"

"What leg was it?" Halvor asked.

"Right front."

"Right front?" the doctor cried. "Who is Margaret?"

"Margaret is a gilt."

"A gilt what?"

They gave him a moment of silence in respect for his ignorance. "A gilt, Doc," Halvor said, "is a girl hog who hasn't farrowed—uh—had babies."

The medico didn't hide his disgust. "The attempted homicide—and all this dame's bellyaching—is because a maiden swine broke her front leg?"

Tina hauled off and hit the doctor one on the cheek with her gloved fist. The doctor stepped back and fell into his own pit, but he got right up again. "Get him out of here," she yelled at Halvor. "I'll kill the kid! He's trespassing! So are you!"

Halvor attempted to embrace the farmer in a loving manner, but she shoved him off. "There'll be no more of that either!" she cried. "Now, haul your freight!"

"*Will* you shut up!" the doctor bellowed. "Listen!"

In the quiet following the doctor's outburst all heard the clamor of geese in flight coming from the north.

"Here they come!" Doctor Cahill yelled and went for his shotgun. "Move your tractor, sister, the geese are coming!"

"I guess I could do that," Tina said and mounted the tractor. She backed away about forty feet and then began to circle the pit, engine clanging, headlights bobbing. Gnashing his teeth and cursing the black day Adam lost his rib, the doctor watched a flock of honkers approach the field with the clear intention of landing, make a high swing about the turmoil below, then pull out for calmer regions. Tina stopped the tractor. "That takes care of the geese," she said. "Now fill up that hole and beat it." With that she tractored off.

AS THE doctor fought off a terrible impulse to blast the farmer's behind with No. 4 chilled shot, Halvor glumly went about shoveling dirt into the pit. The doctor turned on him. "Something smells here," he said. "You called her sweetheart and darling and some more revolting endearments. You even tried to neck the witch. Squarehead, are you insane?"

The attorney leaned on the shovel. "Let me put you straight on a couple things," he said. "Batching it in one of these little prairie towns ain't all one of God's favorite males could ask. The food, as you know, could be better; and I'm getting frayed from depending on Mrs. Hansen's whimsical gallstones for my laundry. Winter nights are long and cold and they give a single man pause to think. Besides that, I'm running for state's attorney and I need all the female votes I can get."

Dr. Cahill stared at his buddy as a man might at his faithful dog, Shep, who, after biting him, was loping off to live with a coyote. "You'd sell out for a few lousy votes?"

"Craven as it appears to you, I may. Up here law business hasn't got a tort to stand on. Nobody gets mad enough to go to court any more. Hazlitt doesn't even have an ambulance I can chase. I get eating money drawing up abstracts and doing probate work. But for those few lousy votes I can get two hundred and fifty dollars a month salary, free offices and I can start paying Miss Benton, my secretary, so she can stop grubbing for roots.

"The ill-tempered constituent who just tried to squash us has three brothers and a father, all registered voters. She's sound, cooks well, knows a washing machine inside out and owns one hundred and sixty acres of good land that raised two-dollar wheat at the rate of twenty-one bushels to an acre this fall. Her family has gone in for unrestrained reproduction all over the county. Along with a bunch of other Norskies they vote in a bloc. With their vote—and I had it until a few minutes ago—I'm in. So if I'm going to leave the blessed state of bachelordom, Doc, I'm going out on a winning ticket." He lifted his shovel. "The defense rests."

"Do you love this farmer?"

Halvor appeared astonished. "After what I just told you how could I help it?"

In silence, they finished filling the pit and went back to the car. "I suppose this tiff with the multiplying Larsens means you'll lose the election," Dr. Cahill said.

"Two years ago I lost because I didn't have their vote. With it I can win. There are only about 900 votes cast in the county and about half is Norwegian. Now, I'm a Swede and you may not believe it, but in places like this Norskies don't elect any more Swedes than they have to. The Larsens lead the Norwegians."

After a few bitter words in an undertone, the doctor said, "Okay, drive into the Larsen place. I'll look at Margaret."

Behind his rimless bifocals the attorney's pale blue eyes moistened slightly with emotion and he drove into the Larsen yard.

TINA opened the back door when they rapped. She had changed from her blue overalls into a clean print dress; her corduroy cap was gone and so were her big shoes. Except for her wrath, the doctor wouldn't have recognized her. Her hair was the color of bamboo; her eyes were big, blue and, at the moment, hot. Also, the doctor noted nonprofessionally, she was a fine figure of a girl. He got the most peculiar feeling looking at her.

"Tina, honey," Halvor said, smiling disarmingly, "we've come to beg your pardon. What's more, Dr. Cahill wishes to put his high-priced medical talents to work on poor, broken Margaret."

Tina stepped back and the hunters entered the kitchen. Breakfasting there were four men, introduced as Olaf, Einar and Gunnar, brothers, and Ole Larsen, father. On the white tablecloth was enough food to glut a convention of heavy eaters.

The unsmiling faces of the men indicated they weren't taking the hog contretemps lightly, but they minded their manners. Old Ole invited them to sit down, and Tina brought them food.

When the Larsen men excused themselves to go to work, the doctor got over his nervousness and ate like one of the family. Tina watched him intently. "That gilt cost three hundred dollars," she said. "She's purebred Duroc-Jersey. If you can fix her, Doc—"

"Dr. Cahill," Halvor said stoutly, "can slap a wrench to anything that bleeds."

When the hunters finished eating, Tina put on her big shoes and led them across the yard to a patch of alfalfa enclosed in a woven wire fence. "She got through the fence last evening," she said. "I was rounding her up when she fell into the doctor's open-pit mine."

A little way down the patch they entered a small, neat, white hoghouse. There on a bed of clean straw lay the patient, a comely, red-haired hog with a turned-up snoot and a tail like an unfinished pretzel.

Tina knelt and fondly patted Margaret's larded shoulder. "She means a lot to me, Doctor. She's the only hog on the place and she's all mine. You see, we're north of the corn belt and people think hogs don't do well up here. I claim they're wrong. I'm feeding her barley and oats and skim milk now, and this spring I'm planting some early maturing corn I read about and if I'm right I'll make a little money on Margaret and her litter. Besides that she's a darned congenial hog and I like her a lot. So fix her up for me if you can, Doctor."

For several minutes the doctor warily examined the leg; it was swollen and tender, but he found no fracture. "You're wrong about it being broken," he told Tina. "So far as I can see, it's a severe sprain. Get me some ordinary tape and I'll wrap her up for support. In a week she'll be a lot better."

When the taping was done Tina was so happy that she chucked Margaret about the jowls and came out of the hoghouse smiling radiantly. "I'm sorry I lost my head and slugged you, Doctor. I know now you were too dumb to know what you were doing."

The doctor found himself staring fixedly at the gorgeous farmer and having another charge of that peculiar feeling. He shook

"We know how you folks must be sick of week-end guests, Bill, so we decided to spend Monday to Friday with you"

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her proffered hand, muttered good-by and climbed into the car.

Halvor kissed Tina's cheek. "So long, sweetheart," he said happily. "Remember the election. And get out the vote!". . .

On the way into town the doctor, broodingly picking loose dirt and straw from his short hair, said, "Squarehead, I want you to take a good look at the desolation women bring men. I came twenty-five hundred miles to get away from women and disease. My second day here a female pig-lover tries to slice us up with her tractor, slugs me, maliciously ruins my only chance to shoot a goose and ends up making me call on her hog." He paused. "Buddy, it's not too late; get shed of her while you can."

The attorney was unswayed by the doctor's pleas and they continued the drive into town in silence. Halvor changed into his store clothes, and the doctor went hunting again. Except that he saw no more geese, his luck was good and at eventide he returned home with three greenheads and a hen mallard. He entered the kitchen and found Halvor kissing the girl hog-raiser on the mouth. The doctor dropped his ducks and blanched. The lovers dropped each other. Tina blushed.

"Got great news for you, Doc," Halvor said. "Tina came in, picked, drew and roasted three ducks for dinner tonight."

"That'll be fine," the doctor said coldly.

Dinner was a gustatory delight, but socially its pants dragged. Though the doctor fed like a lion on the duck, his taciturnity was depressing. At dinner's end, Halvor stood up. "Only a politician would eat and run, but in ten minutes I have to make a stirring oration to the P.T.A. I'll be gone an hour. While I'm away kindly do the dishes and behave yourselves." With that, Halvor kissed Tina, and, avoiding the doctor's baleful eye, left.

Tina began picking up the dishes. The doctor helped her. Neither spoke until they were at the sink, washing and wiping.

"Are you going to marry Halvor?" he asked.

Tina washed a glass before answering. "I know you hate me, Doctor, anybody can see that. Just the same I'll tell you why I want to marry him. He's a fine man, kind and intelligent and—"

"None better than the old squarehead."

"No. And if he gets to be state's attorney and I keep getting good crops on my quarter section we'll have a nice home here in Hazlitt." Suddenly Tina faced the doctor, her face full of unhappiness. "But most of all I just want to get off that damned farm! Doctor, I hate farms!

"We're eight miles from town and in winter we get snowed in for weeks at a time. Sometimes I see a movie and once a year I get down to Fargo or Minneapolis to shop. But what is there to shop for? What good is a formal in a hoghouse?"

A MIST had formed over the farmer's big blue eyes, and the doctor, whose mouth had hung ajar during much of this impassioned denunciation of life on the rolling plains, was deeply and strangely stirred. Without quite knowing what he was doing he put his arm about her shoulder.

"There, there," he said. "Don't take it so hard. Remember agriculture is the backbone of our economy. Without the farm—"

"I'm twenty-four years old," Tina said, "and instead of feeding four men and a hog and cleaning cream separators I ought to be having babies and maybe a television set." She had a faint case of sniffles.

"This is a hell of a note," the doctor said. "Why, a lovely, healthy woman like you ought to be courted tenderly, married and put on the nest. It's only natural you—"

"Golly, I don't know how you are at bedside, but you are a great little M.D. over a hot sink." Her eyes swept warmly over him. "Why do you cut your hair so short, Doctor?"

"Don't have to comb it. You shouldn't be cooped up on a farm," he went on heatedly, "with those smells and a cream separator. No pretty clothes, no dances—"

"Those are gray eyes you have there, aren't they? With some freckles underneath too. I like you, Doctor."

"I like you too, Tina," he said and was conscious of a strong summons from the species himself. His face was red, there was a funny look in his eye and the first thing he knew he'd put down his dish towel and was kissing the farmer. He had both arms around her and she added hers to the embrace and the dishes shifted for themselves. When respiratory problems broke them up, Tina was trembling and the doctor's right kneecap was going up and down excitedly.

"What am I doing?" he cried in anguish. "Kissing my old buddy's fiancée!"

"Don't blame yourself," she said. "If I hadn't gone to pieces looking at your haircut it wouldn't have happened."

"Well, it won't happen again!"

Hurt-eyed, she stared at him. "Didn't you like it?"

"Certainly, I liked it. I haven't kissed anybody for a long time. It was splendid. But you're practically engaged to good old Halvor. What kind of man do you think I am?"

SHE faced him again at close quarters. "To answer that I ought to have more evidence, Doctor." Her lips were slightly parted, her hair a golden nimbus and the doctor, looking at her, turned red, got that funny look in the eye and put down his dish towel. They did it again.

"We've got to stop doing this!" he cried thickly and stepped back, aghast at his depravity. "Just stay away from me!"

When the dishes were done they sat eight feet apart in the parlor and conversed banally until Halvor returned. The candidate was jubilant over his speech. "Get the new state's attorney a glass of cold beer, will you, honey?" he said to Tina. . . .

For the next hour, while the doctor writhed in his chair, Halvor held Tina's hand, called her loving names and talked on politics. Feigning fatigue, the doctor excused himself, gave Tina a forbidding, disciplinary glare and stalked off to his room. In bed he lay tense as a watch spring listening for sounds from the parlor.

A few minutes later he heard Tina leave and he was able to relax. In the morning he woke filled with remorse for his loathsome performance with Tina at the sink. He was a snake in Halvor's house; Halvor, his comrade and host. Seething with shame, he resolved to erase the woman from his mind and to devote himself to the healthy, amoral shooting of small birds.

And for the next three days he singlemindedly prowled the sloughs and potholes; he shot over decoys in stubble fields. Ducks he dropped in satisfying numbers, but the prize he sought most, the Canadian goose, he never got near. Then on the fourth day, the day before the election, he got his honker. He was standing in the reeds at the edge of a small slough when a flock of geese lumbered right over him and he knocked one down. It was as simple as that, but it was his finest moment.

Lovingly he placed the big bird in the car and set out for Hazlitt. He passed the Larsen farm. In a high state of sweetness toward humanity he drove in. Only Tina was home. Upon seeing him she smiled happily. She said his goose would go fourteen pounds easy.

"It will, eh?" The doctor grinned and slapped her on the back. "How's old Margaret? I'll drop in on her if you like."

Margaret greeted them with a snort and didn't bother to rise. The doctor put down his goose and examined the leg. "The swelling's gone down," he said. "She's doing fine." He ran his professional eye over Margaret's underside. "How many pigs in a litter?" he asked.

"Average is about six, but Margaret comes from a prolific family and prolificacy is inherited. She'll do eight, easy."

"She hadn't better. If she has more than four everybody else will go hungry." He indicated the gilt's two rows of mammary equipment. "Her plumbing is all fouled

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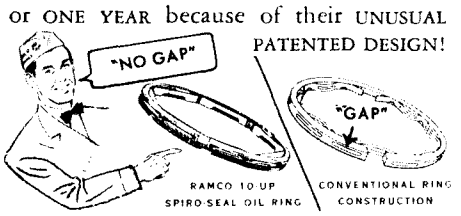

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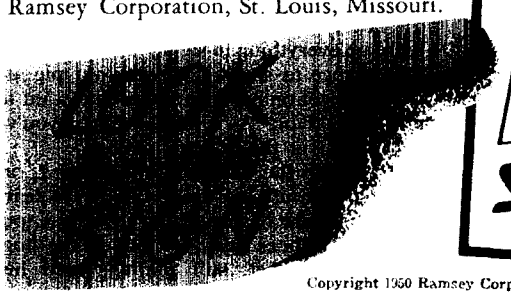

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up. Out of—lemme see—twelve outlets only four will deliver any milk. The others never developed."

"Oh, no!" She dropped down beside him. "Honest?"

"In some ways pigs differ from my regular patients," he said, "but here the principle is the same. I had a patient recently—"

"Why, those swindlers!" Tina cried and stood up. "I'll kill both of them for this. I'll tear—"

"What're you upset about now?"

She kicked a pitchfork clear across the building. "Upset? Now, Doc, look. Margaret's not for lard and ham—she's for breeding. She's purebred and it's the size and quality of her litters that count, not how she'll dress out. So now I find out she's going to be a flop as a mother, because half her litter will starve. Doctor, I've been taken and good!" Her blue eyes fired up. "Halvor, that pettifogger!"

"What's Halvor got to do with it?"

"His old man, Bertil Wahlberg, raises purebred Durocs in the southern part of the state. He sold me that gilt. Halvor arranged everything. They took advantage of my ignorance and sold me a broken-down gilt for six or seven times what she'd bring as a butcher hog. What a state's attorney that boy will make, hornswoggling his own girl friend! I'll tell everybody in the county what he did! I'll fix him so he won't get enough votes to wad a shotgun!" She stalked out of the hoghouse, the doctor behind her. "I'm calling him up right now, then I'm going to ride in with you and you can watch me plow under a shyster!"

With the oppressive feeling of being enmeshed in another woman-made mess, the doctor battled for his friend. "I know Halvor wouldn't do that to anyone. You forget the whole thing, Tina, and I'll buy you a new gilt with everything running."

She didn't even answer. While the doctor held his head in his hands, she went into the house, called Halvor, changed her shoes and came out again, ready to go.

"Just a minute," the doctor said, "I left my goose in the hoghouse."

She watched him trot down through the alfalfa patch to the hoghouse and enter. Even at one hundred yards his roar of mingled rage and horror made her flinch. Then Margaret squealed with sudden agony. A moment later the doctor reeled out of the building with the bloody, tattered remains of his magnificent Canadian honker dangling from his hand. He stumbled erratically about the alfalfa, staring at the corpse, his voice raised in a cursing of all hogs. Halfway back to the car he dropped the mangled body and charged back into the hoghouse.

THIS time Margaret, screaming like a stuck pig, came bolting out of her domicile with the short-haired physician hard upon her twisted tail. In a loose circle the infuriated man and the horrified hog—getting all the speed she could from three good legs and a game one—tore through the alfalfa. About every ten steps the doctor caught up and booted Margaret savagely about the hams. Until he missed a kick, gyrated and fell down on his back it made a spellbinding spectacle.

The doctor retrieved the despoiled goose and trudged back to the car. Panting, he held up the torn bird. "She had feathers on her snoot when I got there," he raged. "Your stinking pig ate the only goose I ever shot! My fourteen-pounder!"

"Golly, Doctor, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't—"

"You two are a menace to society. You louse up everything in sight. You ruined my first chance to shoot a goose; your pig ate the one I got on my own. Now you want to foul up Halvor. As a human blight you've got it all over the bubonic plague."

He tossed the deceased into the car, ordered Tina out and drove off. With tears in her eyes she hastened into the house, put on her big shoes and sped out to the hoghouse. Margaret, still puffing, eyed her worriedly.

"You damned pig!" Tina cried and, drawing back, she punted Margaret's sore rear end clean off the floor. . . .

Melancholy sat like a wet rag over the two bachelors as they dined on cold roast duck that Election Eve. "I had no idea Margaret was defective," Halvor said. "I doubt that Dad did, though he should have checked on it. Tina'll never believe that, of course, not with her temper. By this time she's phoned every Norsky in the county that I swindled her, my own fiancée. I'm licked, Doc." He poured out two hookers of bourbon and forced a ghastly smile. "Drink up, we still got health."

The doctor's anguish was as excruciating as the attorney's. Because of his loose talk about what a bum Margaret would be as a mother, Halvor would lose the election and his sweetheart. And the way the old squarehead was taking it, without the slightest recrimination, wrung the doctor's heart.

ELECTION morning Doctor Cahill didn't feel up to hunting. He lolled despondently about the house, running his hand through his short hair in an abstracted manner and sighing. At noon he lunched with Halvor and Miss Benton, his secretary, a pretty, mildly plump girl, who stated openly she'd like to gouge out Tina Larsen's nasty blue eyes.

The doctor was back in the house at four when the phone rang. "Dr. Cahill? This is Tina and please don't hang up."

"What do you want? Halvor's head on a platter?"

"Golly, don't talk like that. I'd like to make up for Margaret's chewing your goose."

"Hah!"

"Listen, Doctor, geese are feeding in our durum stubble again. They were here last night and again this morning. They'll be back soon, so come on out, please, won't you, and shoot some?"

In spite of his wrath, excitement surged through him at the prospect of another chance at geese. "If this goes sour too you'll be picking birdshot out of you-know-who's curly tail," he said. "I'll be right out."

Tina met him in the farmyard. She looked golden and gorgeous and anxious to please, and the doctor had to keep his eyes off her to prevent his ice from melting. "Where're they feeding?" he asked.

She indicated the familiar field. He espied a red, portly animal on it and flinched. "What's *she* doing out there?" he cried.

"She's going to help you, Doctor."

"Help me? I'll believe that when I see cloves in her."

"There isn't time to dig a pit, so Margaret is offering her services," Tina said. "Geese aren't afraid of domestic animals so I tethered her out there. You can hide beside her. It's awfully illegal, but I want you to be happy, Doctor."

He gave her a queer, wide-eyed look, then strode out to the field. Upon seeing him Margaret snorted agitatedly and cowered.

The doctor gathered some straw, lay down beside the gilt and tossed the straw over himself. "One trick out of you, Margaret," he warned, "and I'll sprain your other legs. And stop snuffling."

The man and the hog waited fifteen minutes before they heard the flock. Naturally a bunch of blabbermouths, geese can be heard in flight for a mile. Over the field they circled a dozen times, casing Margaret and the funny lump beside her. Each time they came in lower, the fanning of their great wings getting very loud. Finally they came in against the wind for a true landing and when it seemed they might stick their webbed feet right in his face, the doctor sat up and let fly. The air was full of big, gray, black-necked bodies, some no more than fifty feet away. He dropped two.

His delight was so vast he tweaked Margaret's ear in a fond manner and when he got back to the yard he kissed Tina. She kissed him back and wouldn't let go.

"Before something happens to make you sore again," she said, "I'd like to get a statement on the record. Doctor, I'm in love with you and have been ever since we washed dishes together." With maidenly modesty she laid her forehead on his chest. "Do you think maybe you like me a little?"

Holding her, the doctor was a battleground: his moral principles were in mortal rassle with his heart. He pushed off her arms. "It's unbelievable, even kind of ghastly, but I do. You're a beautiful, lovely, troublemaking woman of the kind I've always warned myself against. A man's head is the first casualty around a dame like you, but while I got a thimbleful of good sense left I'm telling you we've both got to forget we love each other. We're not hurting Halvor any more. Losing the election was enough."

"Doctor, baby, come inside and have some coffee." In the kitchen she pushed him into a chair. "Yesterday when you drove off angry I felt like I'd die if I didn't see you again. Isn't that funny? I was planning to marry Halvor and it was you I worried about. It's obvious now I never did love him. Anyway, I couldn't stand seeing you hurt and I knew if Halvor lost the election you'd feel responsible and hate me for it and that'd make me feel terrible—so I didn't do anything." Smiling tenderly she ran her fingers up through the hair on the back of his neck. "Is that clear? Would you care to make a diagnosis of my condition, Doctor?"

"You didn't tell anybody Halvor cheated you?"

"Nope. Can I sit on your lap now?"

"No; and it doesn't make any difference how you feel about me. We're going to town to tell Halvor about the voting. You're going to tell him you forgive him too."

She stared at his grim lineaments, shook her golden head in confusion, and went for her coat.

IN TOWN, they found Halvor in his office. The candidate was sitting with a glass of beer in his hand and the shapely Miss Benton on his knee. He smiled gloomily at them. "Just wetting down my multiple sorrows," he said. "Eloise, pour them some beer."

"Don't get up," the doctor said and seemed dazed.

"I won't," Miss Benton said, glaring at Tina.

"We came to tell Halvor," Tina said cheerfully, "that the doctor, with Margaret at his side, slew two geese. Also that the Larsen family and associates voted for you today. There was something else I was supposed to say, but I'm too late, thank God."

Halvor nudged Miss Benton off his knee and rose. "That's marvelous news, Tina. I'm sorry about Margaret. I didn't know her valves were stuck. Neither did Dad. I called him and he said he'll send you the three hundred dollars or a new gilt. It was an oversight, he said."

"That stuff can wait," the doctor cried. "Squarehead, I want to talk to you."

They adjourned to another room. "That's a helluva way to treat Tina," the doctor said. "She was going to forgive you. What's with you and Butterball Benton?"

"Why, Doc, she loves me and I got kind of a burning sensation myself." He put his hand on his comrade's shoulder. "Last night, lying under my single sheet scratching myself, I knew I'd lost Tina and I never felt a twinge. I think all I missed were her votes and her quarter section. Actually, I don't think she ever really gave a hoot for me either—just wanted to get off that farm. Now Benton, she adores me. Has all along and never dared mention it until I told her about Tina this morning."

Dr. Cahill grinned. "You're doing absolutely the right thing." He hesitated, coloring. "You won't mind then if your old buddy takes over the Larsen case?"

"Why, bless your heart, you go right ahead and operate. I hope you and Tina and the hog are very happy."

"Thank you, Counselor. I used to claim that a man in love ought to be locked up until he recovered, but I'm not the man I was speaking of. But speaking of Margaret, could I interest you in some pork chops?" THE END

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To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

gained admission to Swann's bedside. The sick man seemed much worse, and was disinclined to talk. Indeed, it was almost as though he regretted having spoken so freely on the previous occasion. But as Paul sat patiently by his bedside, not pressing him in any way, he gradually relented. He did, then, turn his head, and gaze at the young man with a kind of pity.

"So you're going on with it?" he said at last.

"Yes," Paul answered in a low voice. "I must."

"I warn you—it'll affect your whole life—as it did mine. And once you've put your hand to it, there'll be no turning back."

"I won't turn back. I'm only too anxious to begin." Paul took a deep breath. "I thought, if I typed out your statement and you signed it, I could take it to the authorities—"

SWANN could not laugh—but a short, sardonic tremor passed across his pale lips. "What authorities? The police? They know the whole story—that's why they've hounded me all these years. The public prosecutor, Sir Matthew Sprott? From personal knowledge of that gentleman, I can assure you there would be no surer way of landing yourself in jail." Swann paused, racked by a long fit of coughing. "No. The Secretary of State alone has the power to open up the matter, and you wouldn't get within a mile of him with the evidence you have now. The delirious accusations—that's what they'd call it—of a dying, discredited ex-policeman would carry no weight whatever. They'd simply laugh at you."

"But my father is innocent!" Paul cried.

"Of course he's innocent." Swann clenched his fists and, with a spasm of energy, sustained by his obsession, went on in a passionate voice: "He's in Stoneheath because the system of criminal procedure is so corrupt that the police can intimidate the witnesses and the prosecution can manipulate the facts and call in experts who are no more than paid yes men for the crown. Sometimes it seems that the sole purpose of the public prosecutor is not to secure justice but, by fair means or foul, to hang the prisoner in the dock."

This outburst, which left Swann exhausted, alarmed Paul. Yet what could he do? He sat, silent and appalled, while the sick man struggled to regain his breath.

"No," Swann said presently, in a dry, altogether different tone. "There is only one way to force them to reopen the case. You must discover the real murderer."

Paul felt a chill along his spine. Up to now he had considered only his father's innocence. The thought of the actual murderer had scarcely entered his head. It was as though a new shadow had fallen across his path. Swann went on: "You know that the main witnesses, Janet Crombie and Louisa Burt, gave false testimony. When they were threatened or bribed, they were willing to identify the wrong man, but not the right one. You'll never get hold of Crombie—she married years ago and emigrated to Australia. But Burt is still here." Swann paused. "There's just one chance in a million you might get something out of her."

"Where can I find her?" Paul asked.

From beneath his pillow Swann took a scrap of paper covered with notes.

"There!" he said, in a flat voice, handing it to Paul. "Though it won't do you any good. Now let me be. I've done enough for you and I'll do no more. I feel damned bad and I want to get some sleep."

He stretched himself on his side and drew the bedclothes up to his chin, indicating that the interview was over.

Paul got to his feet. He said earnestly, in a voice charged with feeling, "I can't find the words to thank you, Mr. Swann. I'll see you again soon."

With a last glance at Swann's wasted and impassive figure, he swung round and left the ward. As he went down the stairs his heart was bounding with a new hope. Swann had helped him beyond all his expectation. Yet somehow he could not help feeling that the sick man was still holding something back, something he was scared to reveal.

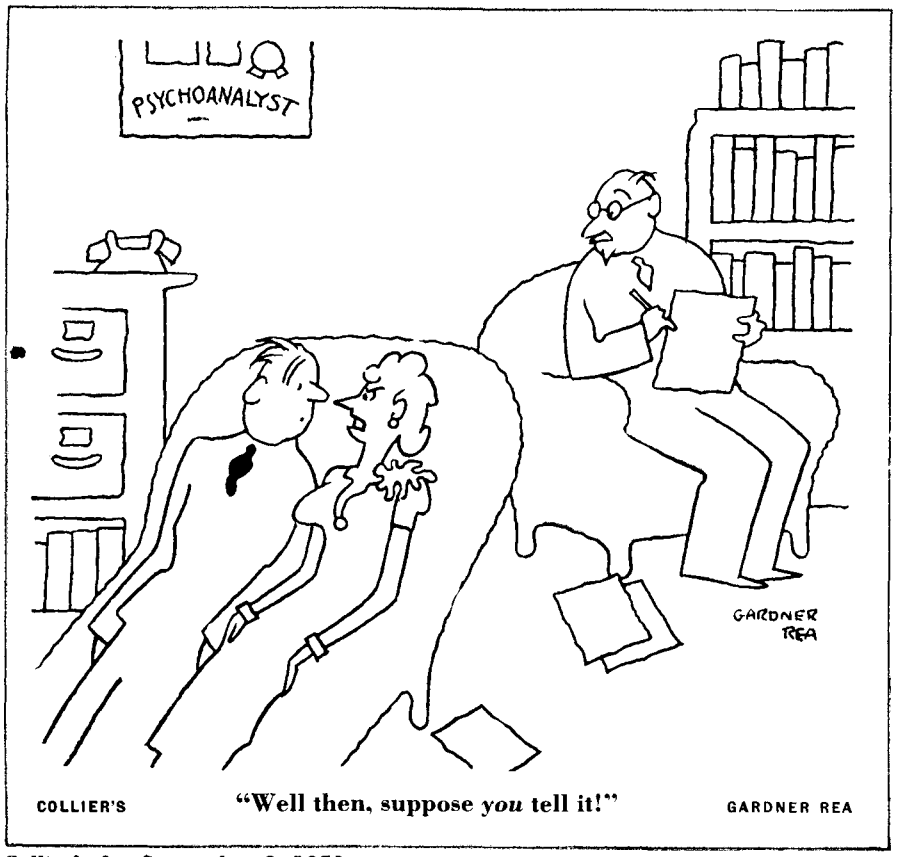
THE following evening, after work, Paul met Mark Boulia by appointment outside the Bonanza. Mark seemed pleased to see him. They shook hands, and Mark exclaimed, "Are we making a start tonight?"

"Yes," Paul said. "What about something to eat first?"

"No, thanks. I had a snack at five. But how about you?"

"I'm all right."

"I've hardly been able to wait, since you



COLLIER'S "Well then, suppose *you* tell it!" GARDNER REA

Collier's for September 2, 1950

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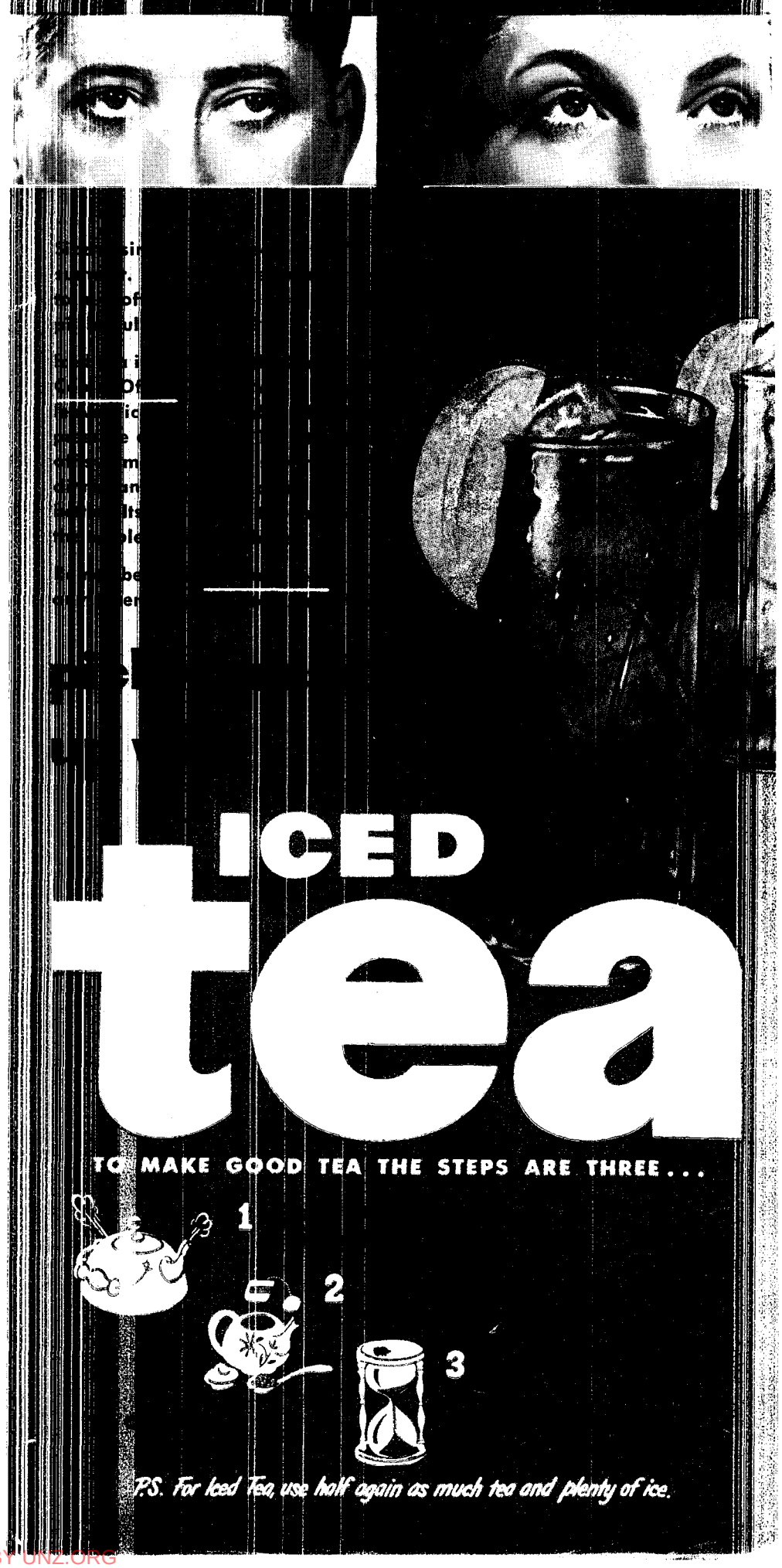

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phoned me," Mark broke out excitedly, as they moved off along the crowded street. "Tell me about Louisa Burt."

Paul was silent. Boulia's tendency to treat the matter lightheartedly, as a gay and thrilling adventure, made Paul question the wisdom of having asked him to accompany him. Yet the young librarian had given him real and generous help. So, after a moment, he answered.

"She has a job as a maid. I gather she hasn't turned out too well. This is her evening out. I know pretty well what she looks like and I've some idea where we might find her."

"Good!" Mark exclaimed. "How's Swann—any better?"

Paul shook his head.

"I'm sorry," Boulia murmured.

Paul said, with some bitterness, "You know what a hell his life has been. Won't he be better out of it?"

THEY walked through the park in silence after that, passing the bandstand, skirting the ornamental pond, reaching the higher northern slopes above the Municipal Art Galleries and the Natural History Museum. They were now on Pollock Hill, one of the best sections of the city, spaced with handsome mansions, laid out in broad terraces and bordered by avenues of tall chestnut trees. Adjoining this fine residential area there was, however, a queer survival of an older period—a cramped little colony of back streets and cobbled alleys composed of converted mews, a number of small shops, and one saloon: the Bodega Vaults.

"That's it," Paul said, as they came in sight of the sign. "We've got to be careful. If you don't know what to say, don't say anything."

They crossed the lane toward the yellow light shining from the leaded windows, and pushed through the swing doors of the saloon.

The saloon was old and dingily genteel, upholstered in tarnished plush, and decorated with frayed lamp shades, engravings of race horses upon the walls, and a cracked gilt mirror behind the curved bar. It had begun to fill up for the evening. Paul led the way to one of the oak tables and, after ordering two glasses of ale, cautiously surveyed the room.

"Not here yet." He turned to Mark. "We may be out of luck tonight, for all I know."

As he spoke, the doors swung again and a woman entered and walked, with the air of a habitué, to a corner booth. Paul guessed at once that this was Louisa Burt. She seemed about thirty, rather heavy about the hips and bust, wearing a dress of cheap plaid material, with yellow gloves and a fancy handbag. She was, indeed, completely ordinary, obviously a domestic servant on her evening out.

She settled herself, ordered a small gin, and, after fussing with the contents of her handbag, explored the saloon with her eyes. Paul, meeting her gaze, smiled slightly. She immediately turned away, as if insulted, but two minutes later she was again looking in their direction. This time Paul rose and crossed over to her booth. Easily, yet with the correct note of ingratiating politeness, he said, "Good evening."

There was a pause.

"Are you addressing me?" she asked, with an air of being ready to take offense.

"Yes. If you're alone perhaps we might join you."

"I'm not alone, not really. I'm waiting on a friend."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Of course, he might be detained tonight, working late. He's a very important man."

"Then he probably *will* be detained. And his loss will be our gain. Have a drink?"

"No, not really. I'm not in the habit. Still, if you insist."

Paul signaled across his shoulder to Mark, who came over to the booth carrying Paul's tumbler and his own. Paul introduced Mark and himself.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I forgot my visiting cards but my name is Miss Burt, Miss Louisa Burt."

As they sat down beside her she drew back slightly, arranging her skirt in a ladylike manner. Then, crooking her little finger, she emptied her glass at a gulp.

"Now it's my treat, Miss Burt," Mark said. "What will you have?"

"Why, nothing was further from my thoughts." She paused. "Gin," she conceded.

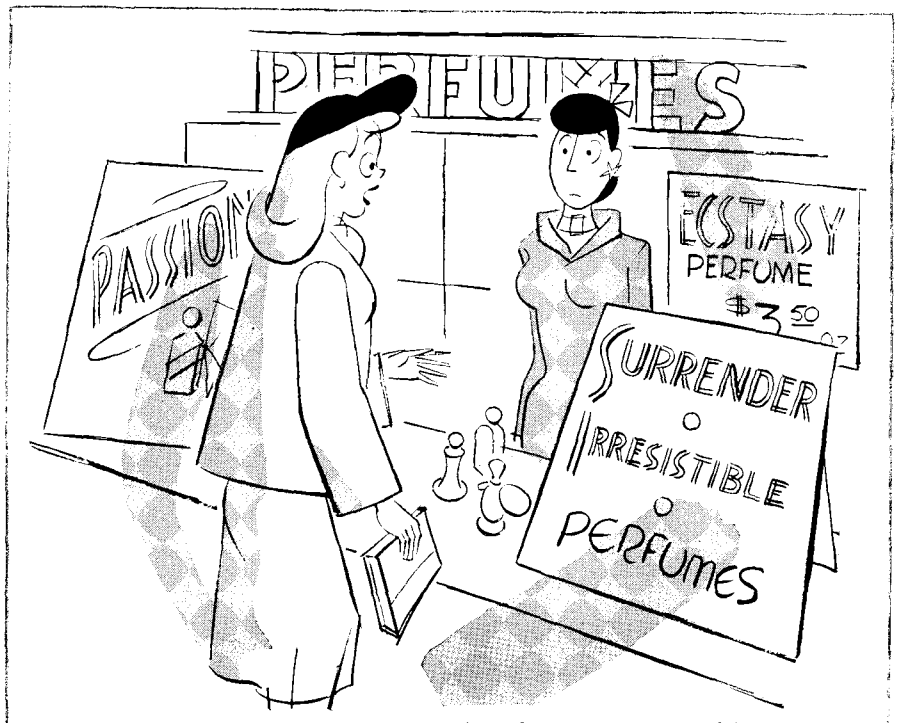
"Mother's ruin," Mark said, and smiled.

She did not smile back. Her eyes, a doll's light blue, kept moving over them in shallow yet appraising inquiry. Her skin was sallow and her snub nose was thickly powdered. Her plump, childish cheeks, curiously indrawn at the corners of the mouth, gave her face a strange sort of humorless smirk.

"Well, here's luck," Paul said, when her drink arrived. He lifted his glass of beer.

"You know," Mark went on. "There's nothing beats a nice convivial evening among friends. Cheers you up. Makes you feel good. Breaks the old routine."

"I got to be back at nine tonight," she announced warningly, and preened herself



COLLIER'S **"But all he needs is a tiny bit of encouragement!"** BEN ROTH

with all the conscious dignity of sex. "I couldn't walk out nowhere. Not tonight."

"Ah, well," Paul said easily. "We'll have better luck next time. We'll be properly acquainted then."

She digested this, staring from one young man to the other.

"You are perfect gentlemen, I must say. Some does rush you something cruel." Her eyes came back to Paul, not without interest. "Haven't you been with me before, somewheres?"

"No," Paul said. "I'm afraid not."

"That's a pleasure that's still in store for him," Mark added with a smile.

His nerves on edge, Paul kept the conversation flowing, playing on Louisa's vanity, deferring to her affectations, accepting with admiration her explanation that she was "lady housekeeper" in charge of a large mansion on Pollock Hill.

AFTER several drinks she began to lose some of her watchfulness, and her air of gentility intensified.

"It's nice to meet two perfect gents. Not like some I could mention, only I wouldn't, being a perfect lady myself, though I do say it as perhaps shouldn't. I was brought up very strict, you understand, educated by the nuns in a French convent. Oh, it was lovely there in the seminary, so quiet and peaceful, and the nuns was such dears, they made a regular pet of me. It was Louisa this, and Louisa that, all the time, I can assure you, especially from the Reverend Mother—she couldn't do enough for me, from breakfast in bed to hand-stitched lace on all my negligees. Of course, me being half French myself made a difference. They all knew what I would have been if only I'd had my rights, and p'raps they guessed the terrible time what was in store for me." She broke off, searching their faces. "Does that surprise you?"

Paul shook his head gravely, thinking at the same time: Dear God, what a natural-born liar!

"If you only knew"—she clutched at Paul's arm—"what I've went through! My father was in the army, not the Salvation, the reg'lar army, a colonel. He used to beat my mother, the brute, especially when he came home boozed, late Saturday nights. I wanted to run away. The footlights always was my great ambition, to have all them people watching and admiring me. Oh, if only I'd had my chance."

"And didn't you?" Mark prompted, sympathetically.

She shook her head, her heavy lids veiling a sullen gleam in her eyes.

"Something happened. I only done right, mind you. I only told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me, God. And what did I get for it? Just about enough to last me six months."

"That's always the way," Paul agreed, with assumed bitterness. "You do somebody a good turn and get no thanks for it."

"I didn't want no thanks!" she burst out. "I only wanted to be left alone. I didn't expect to be tied up in strings for the rest of my born days."

Paul had the wit to keep silent but Mark, in his excitement, leaned forward.

"Why don't you tell us about it?" he said. "Perhaps we could help you."

There was a pause. Paul bit his lip and lowered his gaze. Louisa looked at Boulia, and suddenly seemed to recollect herself. The angry flush faded from her plump cheeks. She glanced at the clock above the bar, finished her drink, and got to her feet.

"Do you see the time? I got to go now."

Masking his chagrin, Paul helped her gather up her things, paid for the drinks and escorted her through the swing doors.

He glanced up at the stars. "It's such a lovely night. Perhaps we could see you home?"

She hesitated, then somewhat grudgingly consented. "Only to the gate, mind you."

They left the cobbled alley and set out along the deserted suburban road, Louisa picking her way, on high heels, between Boulia and Paul. More than ever Paul exerted himself to please. Presently they reached a broad avenue, screened by a double row of topped lime trees and flanked by red-tiled villas standing in their own gardens. Opposite the end house Louisa drew up.

"Well," she said. "This is me."

"What a lovely house," Paul said.

Louisa was dearly flattered. "I'm with the Oswalds—most refined people."

"Well, naturally." Paul spoke persuasively. "May we see you next Wednesday?"

Louisa hesitated, but only for a moment. "All right," she said. "Same time, at the Bodega."

"Good. I'll look forward to it."

Paul removed his hat and held out his hand. As he did so, the front door of the house opened and an elderly gentleman came out, bareheaded, smoking a cigar and carrying a few letters. In the darkness it was impossible to make out his features clearly but Paul noticed his silver-gray hair and his abstracted expression. As he passed the little group, the man noticed Louisa and, in a pleasant voice, bade her good evening.

"Good evening, Mr. Oswald, sir," she answered, in a humble voice.

When he had gone, leaving behind an agreeable odor of cigar smoke, Louisa, in some discomfort, took leave of her two companions. She went down the service path on the left, and disappeared behind a screen of laurel bushes.

Paul and Boulia turned away. For a few minutes there was silence between them, then Boulia said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Engel. She was just beginning to talk when I sent her back into her shell."

Paul compressed his lips on a sharp reply. "She's got plenty to tell us. We'll try again next week."

"You bet," Mark said eagerly.

They reached the center of the city, shook hands and parted.

WHEN Paul went up to his attic room it was nearly eleven o'clock. He could not sleep. Pacing the confined space between the rickety washstand and the narrow bed, he scarcely heard the already familiar nocturnal noises of his fellow lodgers—the medical student playing his radio on the floor below, the accountant's clerk brushing his boots and whistling mournfully next door, the old man from above creaking downstairs to refill his pitcher—he was struggling so with the excitement to which the evening had strung him.

Louisa Burt was obviously a natural liar, who would lie to order, for her own advantage, or merely to attract attention to herself. Now, more than ever, he was certain that her testimony at the trial was false. If only he could force a confession from her he could shatter the case against his father. Swann was right when he said that Paul's course of action must be directed against her.

At last he undressed and got into bed. He slept badly, for his thoughts were still seething, his nerves keyed for action. He was glad when at last the morning light filtered through the dingy bedroom panes.

All that day, at the store, he was strained and preoccupied. When Lena Andersen brought him his lunch from the cafeteria he ate the sandwiches without his usual appetite. She noticed this and remarked on it with friendly interest.

Paul came out of his abstraction, and glanced up.

"Don't you feel well?" she asked him.

"Oh, perfectly." He forced a smile, then added, after a pause, "You're too good to me. Harris said I could have a snack, but you bring me a regular spread."

"You ought to have a proper lunch. Sandwiches aren't too good for anyone. I suppose you have your dinner in the evening?"

"Sometimes." Despite the burden of his mood, he was touched by her concern.

"You live in a rooming house, I suppose."

"Yes," he said, with a little grimace. "Do you?"

"Oh, no. I'm very lucky." A look of pride came over her face. "I have a nice place—two rooms in a friend's house."

"Why, that's quite an establishment."

She nodded.

"I can do it. I work hard, you see. I

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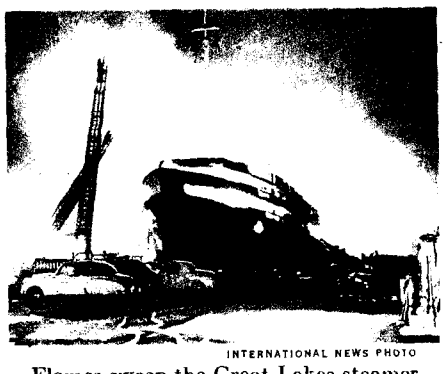
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

DC-4 passenger plane plunges into the Potomac River, across from Washington, D.C., after being rammed in mid-air. Fifty persons perished.

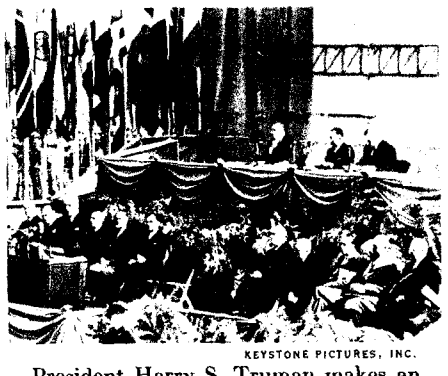
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Motion Picture Academy awards are presented to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (who accepted two for Laurence Olivier), Claire Trevor, Jane Wyman and Walter Huston.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Flames sweep the Great Lakes steamer Noronic at a Toronto pier during the early morning hours of September 17; 132 persons died.



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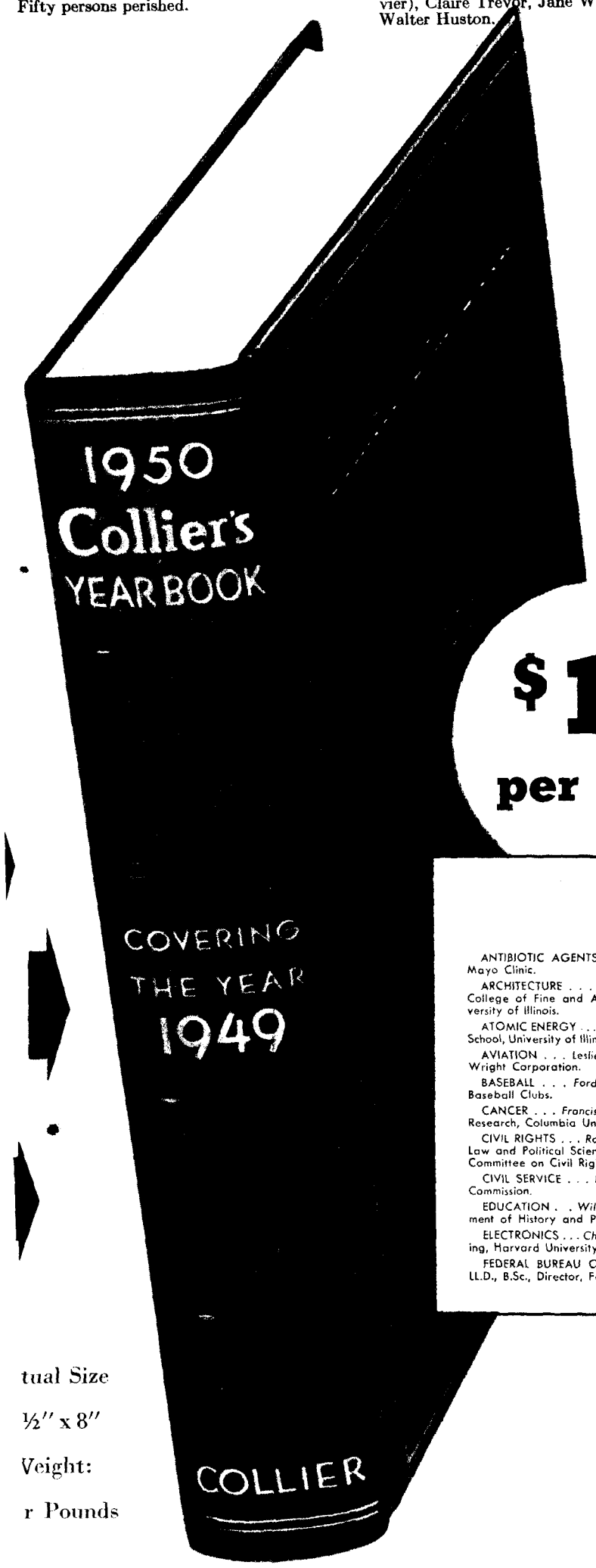
President Harry S. Truman makes an address during the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone for the United Nations' Secretariat in New York City.



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often go out on jobs in the evenings—public banquets and such. It's good pay."

"Don't you ever go dancing, or to the movies, like the others?" he asked.

"No." She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't bother about that."

She stood, gazing ahead absently, then she took his empty cup and with a faint smile went back to the cafeteria.

The duration of Lena's conversation with Paul had not passed unnoticed, and when she returned to her counter, the girls began to tease her.

"Be careful, Lena," one finally exclaimed sweetly. "Once bitten, twice shy."

There was an immediate and uncomfortable silence. The girls suddenly became busy again and several gave the girl who had made the remark quick, angry glances. Lena, who had given no sign of having heard, began to add up one of her checks. Usually she had a brisk retort ready. But on this occasion she said nothing.

Paul thought this queer. He liked Lena, with her youthful vigor, her serious expression, softening at times into that unguarded air of wistfulness and wonder, and it irked him to see her put down. Yet the incident passed quickly from his mind. He was, indeed, existing in a state of unbearable expectancy, oblivious to everything but his next meeting with Louisa Burt, counting the days until the week should pass.

AT LAST Wednesday arrived and Paul's nerves were more tautly strung than ever by the sense of impending action. Somehow he managed to get through the day. He had arranged to meet Mark outside the Bonanza at seven o'clock and at closing time he was among the first to leave the store. Boulia had not yet arrived, and Paul took up his stand under a street lamp across the way, eagerly glancing up and down the street. The other employees of the store began to come out.

Toward the end of the procession Lena came out, alone. He watched, and suddenly he saw her wave her hand to a stout, elderly woman who was wheeling a perambulator. The two greeted each other with manifest affection and moved off together. Paul felt a sense of warmth at the sight.

But he quickly returned to a sense of his own immediate problem. What on earth was delaying Mark? He was already twenty minutes late. Now it was half past seven and still there was no sign of him. At last he could wait no longer. He snapped his watch shut and, with a worried frown, started off at a fast pace in the direction of the library. To his surprise, Mark was still on duty. Paul hurried up to the desk.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Aren't you coming?"

Boulia had flinched perceptibly at the sight of Paul. He hesitated; then, with a nervous glance behind him, he answered in a low voice, "I can't make it."

Paul stared at the other in amazement. His tone, his manner, even his appearance, were completely altered. His natural carefree air was gone; he seemed cowed.

"You might surely have let me know," Paul protested.

"Not so loud," Boulia muttered. He came close to Paul, and spoke in a hurried undertone. "I'm sorry to let you down, Engel, but the truth is—I'll have to drop out of our arrangement."

"What's happened?" Paul was confounded by the change in him.

"I can't tell you—but listen." Mark's voice fell to a lower key. "Take my advice and drop it too. I can't say any more, but I was never more serious in my life."

A tense silence followed.

"I'll see you again?" Paul said slowly.

With averted eyes, Mark shook his head. His words came stiffly. "I'm being transferred up North—to the library at Inverness. I have to leave in the morning."

Again there was an uncomfortable and prolonged silence. Paul drew a long slow breath. He had not, actually, counted too heavily on Mark's co-operation. Yet now even that was gone. He was alone again. There would be no one to encourage him. And he glimpsed in the young librarian's change of front, in the sudden crumbling of his morale, something of the dark and unseen dangers which he himself must face.

A dozen questions rose to his tongue. But he saw that Mark was painfuly agitated, on edge for him to go. So he held out his hand, and said simply, "I'm sorry if I've got you in a mess. Thank you for all you've done. Good luck—and good-by."

He went out of the library and looked for the nearest telephone booth. Perhaps it wasn't yet too late. He fumbled through the tattered book, at last found the number he was seeking, and put his money in the slot. After a delay that seemed interminable, he got through.

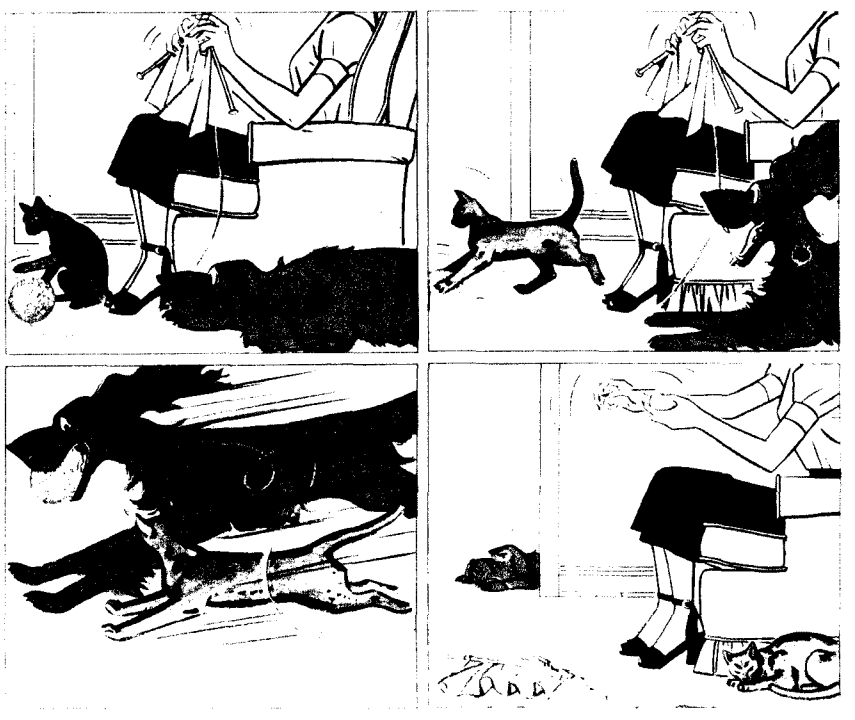
"Is that the Bodega?"

"This is the Bodega. Jack speaking."

Paul thought he recognized the voice of the waiter who had served him the week before.

"This is one of Miss Burt's friends call-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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ing. I was supposed to meet her tonight at seven. Will you please give her a message for me? Tell her I've been delayed but that I'm coming right over."

"I'm sorry," the waiter's voice came back. "Miss Burt left a while ago."

Paul reflected for a moment, then left the booth and took a tram to Pollock Hill. He found the house where Louisa worked without any difficulty.

The front of the house seemed to be in darkness but there was a light in one of the side windows upstairs. Paul opened the gate and entered the drive, then, nerving himself, he walked round by the service entrance and knocked on the back door. A dog barked inside, then the door was opened by a thin, severe woman of about fifty, in a black housekeeper's dress.

"Could I see Miss Louisa Burt, please?"

The woman looked Paul up and down. "She's gone to her room with a headache."

"Couldn't she come down for a minute?" Paul pressed. "I'm a friend of hers."

"I'm sorry." The housekeeper shook her head. "Followers are not allowed here. It's one of the rules of the house."

She closed the door firmly in his face.

Paul retraced his steps to the front of the house. Through a large window over which the curtains had not yet been drawn, he could see into an elegantly furnished room. He made out the master of the house, the man whom he had already seen walking to the mailbox, a woman who appeared to be his wife, and their guests, all in evening dress.

Sheltered by the laurel bushes, Paul stood watching the scene, remote from the dark and painful passions warring within his breast. He looked with a kind of longing on the leisure and ease of these people, the laughter and conversation.

Suddenly, in the shadows, he heard a heavy step behind him. He swung around and found himself confronted by a police officer.

"What are you up to?"

At the officer's words a wave of fear rushed over Paul and he almost bolted. But he took a grip on himself.

"I wanted to see someone in the house."

"Is that how you make a call—hiding among the bushes in the dark?"

"I wasn't hiding."

"Yes, you were. I been watching you ever since you arrived. Loitering with intent, I call it."

"No, no," Paul protested. "I can explain everything, if you'll only listen."

"Explain to the sergeant at the station," the officer said. "You'd better come quiet."

With a hard face, Paul stared at the uniformed figure before him. This, of all conceivable misfortunes that could have befallen him, was the worst.

IT WAS a long march back through the lighted, crowded streets to the center of the city. Paul realized that they passed through an archway lighted by a square blue lamp, and entered the charge room of the Winton Police Headquarters.

The room was small and bare, brightly illuminated, with a barred window, and two benches against the walls. Writing laboriously at a desk was a stout, red-faced sergeant, whose name, conspicuously stamped on the charge sheet, was Jupp. He had a stolid air of a country innkeeper, and his square head, with its sparse hair oiled and neatly parted, shone beneath the green-shaded electric light.

He kept Paul waiting before him for five minutes while he continued to write, then he looked up, turned a fresh page and exclaimed, "Well, now, what's all this about?"

In routine, almost perfunctory fashion, Jupp took down the particulars offered him by his subordinate, glancing at Paul queerly from time to time out of the corners of his eyes. Finally, he pointed the butt end of his pen toward the bench.

"I've an idea the chief would like to see you. Sit there till I tell you."

Paul did as he was bid. By this time he was convinced that he had not been picked up by accident, that his presence here was part of some broader design. He sat on the bench for perhaps half an hour. During that time two seamen were brought in, both drunk, looking as though they had rolled in all the gutters of the city, and a raddled creature with a stony face and a broken feather in her hat—a streetwalker charged with soliciting. All three were removed, through a grilled door on the left. When the door opened there came through, diminished but not obliterated by the odor of disinfectant, the faint sour smell of soiled humanity.

AT LAST Paul received a signal from Sergeant Jupp. He rose and followed him down a passage to the right. Paul was shown into a comfortable office, furnished with leather armchairs.

But Paul's attention was riveted upon the man who sat behind the desk. He recognized him at once from the photograph he had seen, and he knew himself to be in the presence of the chief constable of Winton, Adam Urie.

"Sit down, my boy. There. You'll find that a comfortable seat."

The quiet voice, warm with unforeseen friendliness, came to Paul as a shock. He sank into the easy chair before the desk. He felt himself deathly pale. He could not take his eyes from Urie.

The chief constable was now a man of fifty-five, and had reached, perhaps, the very acme of his physical powers. He had an enormous frame, a massive neck, and arms as thick as an ordinary man's thigh. There was no fat upon him; it was all bone and muscle. His head was round and solid, almost intimidating in its look of strength. The eyes were gray as ice.

"I've wanted to see you for some days now, lad," Urie resumed in the same calm, considering manner, "and this seemed as good an opportunity as any to bring you before me."

Paul braced himself in his chair. "I haven't done anything."

"I trust not. We'll talk of that later. First of all, I want you to understand that I know who you are and all about you. Winton may seem to you a large city. To us it's only a small village. We're aware of what's going on in it. That's all part of our business. And just after your arrival I had an appeal from Belfast, from your good friends there, asking us to trace you. I know where you live, what you work at, all that you've been doing."

The chief constable picked up a ruler and turned it thoughtfully in his tremendous hands.

"Now look here, lad—I've a fair idea of how you feel toward me. You're full of hatred. I'm the brute who sent your father up for life, who nearly brought him to the gallows. That's your side of the case. Well, let me tell you mine. It's this. I only did my duty. I had no choice in the matter. Your father was just one of hundreds that have gone through my hands. In fact, I'd forgotten all about him until you came along."

Again Urie paused, and turned his steady gaze to Paul.

"I am here to safeguard the community. It's my job to prosecute the wrongdoers and protect the right. Have you got that clear? For if so, I want to put a straight question to you." He paused and pointed the ruler at Paul. "Which side do you belong to? Just ask yourself that. If you set yourself up against the forces of law and order you'll wind up in serious trouble. See where it's got you already. You're found hanging around the grounds of a big house after dark. Next thing you know you'll be inside. Mind you, I'm only warning you, trying to show you for your own good where this sort of mischief is likely to end."

Paul was silent. At first he had meant to argue and explain. But some secret foresight held him back.

"It's not my place to give you advice." Urie's tone, unmistakably sincere, had a reasonable, persuasive note. "But take my tip and go home to Belfast and your mother. You've a decent job waiting for

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you there and a decent girl too. D'you hear me? I've children of my own, you know—I'm human. And I'd hate to see you get hurt. That's all. You can clear out of here now. And if you're wise you'll never be back."

He made a gesture of dismissal. Without a word, Paul rose and left the office, went through the corridor and the charge room unmolested, and came out into the fresh night air. He was free. Sweating all over now, his lips firmly compressed, he walked rapidly away. The chief constable's candor had shaken him. Yet through the tumult and disorder of his thoughts he felt an undercurrent of resentment. He had committed no wrong. In this free country no one had the right to dictate to him. He could not and would not surrender to Urie's demand. Instead, the very nature of that demand, and the circumstances, so obviously prearranged, which had preceded it, awoke in him a hot defiance, a longing for a stronger course of action which for some days had been developing in his mind.

His need of advice was immediate and, despite the lateness of the hour, he thought, a little desperately: I must see Swann—at once. He walked rapidly through the echoing streets, toward the infirmary.

But when he made his request at the entrance lodge the aged porter, first running a ragged fingernail over the register, raised his spectacled eyes and mildly shook his head.

"Swann—James Swann. I'm sorry, sir. He passed away quite peaceful—at four o'clock this afternoon."

GEORGE BIRLEY, Member of Parliament for Winton, enjoyed his brief visits to his constituency, especially in November, when the partridge shooting was at its best. Birley came of local country stock, and his success in London, where by marrying Lady Ursula Ancaster he had allied himself with one of the most aristocratic and influential political families in the land, had not dulled his affection for his old friends and his favorite sport. He was a popular figure in Winton and, at fifty, ruddy, clean-shaven, genial, and a great hand at a story. Always ready to help a friend, or to subscribe to a local charity, he had become a kind of symbol for native worth unspoiled by success.

True, his career in Parliament had not been especially noteworthy. He took his seat regularly, voted faithfully in the divisions, played golf annually for the Commons against the Lords. Every public man has his detractors, and there were some who said that Birley had neither the brains nor the qualifications for his position; that a good fellow was not necessarily a good statesman; that he was afraid of his noble spouse, and, indeed, of all the lordly Ancasters; that his hail-fellow-well-met heartiness was merely an inverted snobbery; that were it not for his lady wife and her high connections in the Cabinet and elsewhere, George might not for so long have had his place in governing the nation.

On this particular morning Birley was in an excellent humor. His journey up to Winton by sleeper had been comfortable, and now, seated at breakfast in the suite they always kept for him at the Mungo Hotel, he had finished an ample breakfast and was now on his third cup of coffee.

The Herald on his knee had been pleasant to glance through: the party shaping well in the Cotswold by-election, no strikes in the offing, the stock market still rising. There had been frost overnight, just enough to crisp the ground, and now the sun was breaking through. In ten minutes his car would be at the door; in an hour he would be snuffing the rich earth of his boyhood, tramping through the Ayrshire furrows with three other good fellows, good shots also, though perhaps not quite as handy on the trigger as himself. He had a new cocker, too, just broken to the gun, that he thought would do well.

A waiter entered, an oldish man with whiskers, very correct and deferential. George liked the atmosphere of the hotel, standing for the good old-fashioned traditions, opposing all that newfangled nonsense which he hated.

"There's a young man asking for you, sir."

Birley looked up from his paper and frowned. "I can't possibly see him. I'm going out in ten minutes."

"He says he has an appointment, sir. He gave me this letter."

Birley took the letter—it was his own letter, with the House of Commons heading. His frown deepened. What a nuisance! He had fixed this days ago, in response to a rather vague communication soliciting an interview, then forgotten all about it. Still, he was a man who prided himself on never going back on his word.

"All right," he said, "bring him up."

A moment later Paul was shown into the room.

Birley, who had lighted a cigar, shook hands with him in an affable manner, and motioned him to a chair at the table.

"Well!" he exclaimed heartily, through a cloud of fragrant smoke. "I've been expecting you ever since you wrote. Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"No thank you, sir." Paul was pale, but his firm expression and well-set-up shoulders made a distinctly favorable impression on Birley, who always liked to help a respectful, up-and-coming youngster.

"Let's come to the point then, young man." Birley used the tone of friendly, half-humorous patronage at which he was adept. "I'm rather pressed today. I have an important conference in Ayrshire all day, and I'm taking the express back to London tonight."

"I guessed you mightn't have much time, sir." Tensely Paul took a paper from his inside pocket. "So I prepared a typewritten statement of the facts."

"Good, good!" George approved blandly, at the same time raising a restraining hand. He objected strenuously to reading statements—why, otherwise, would he maintain two secretaries at the House? "Tell me in a few words what it's about."

Paul moistened his lips, and took a swift, deep breath.

"My father has been in prison fifteen years for a crime he did not commit."

Birley's jaw dropped. He stared at Paul with bulging eyes, as at something suddenly offensive. Paul, however, gave him no time to speak; he went on steadily with all he wished to say.

At first it seemed as though Birley would stop him. Yet, though his face lengthened, though he kept darting at Paul queer glances of distaste, he did not. He listened. His cigar went out.

When Paul had finished, Birley sat like a man caught in a most unpleasant trap. He cleared his throat. "I can't believe this is true. It sounds like a complete cock-and-bull yarn to me. And even if it isn't—it's very ancient history."

"Not for the man in Stoneheath Prison. He's still living every minute of it."

Birley made a peevish gesture. "I can't accept that. And I don't believe in stirring up a muddy pond. In any case, it's no affair of mine."

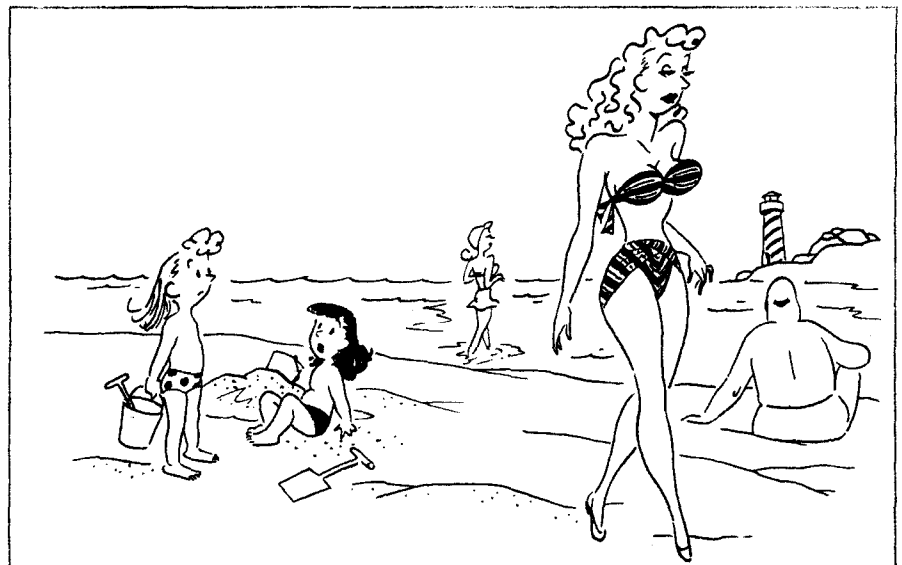
"You're the Member of Parliament for Winton, sir."

"Yes, damn it. I'm not the member for Stoneheath. I represent decent people, not a bunch of convicts."

He rose and strode up and down the room, furious at the blight put upon his day. If only he hadn't given this young fool an appointment. He couldn't stick his head into this hornets' nest. No man in his senses would touch it with a barge pole. And yet, even while he glared at Paul, sitting quite still at the table, he experienced an uneasy qualm. Suddenly, with a fretful glance at the clock, he temporized.

"All right, then. Leave me that damn' statement of yours. I'll go through it sometime today. Come and see me again this evening at seven."

Paul handed over the typewritten document and quietly left the room. Outside, he filled his lungs with the morning air. If only he could induce the member to act in Parliament, the whole matter would have to be opened up. As he hurried toward the Bonanza he was hopeful that he had made some impression on Birley. If he hadn't, the drudgery of the summer's work, and all the painstaking research he'd done to prepare an accurate and clear statement of the case were wasted.



"I suppose it's to pull up over your eyes when you're lying in the sun"

COLLIER'S — BILL RUBLE

THE day passed with intolerable slowness. Conscious of the fateful processes of thought now taking place in Birley's mind, Paul kept glancing at the clock with anxious eyes. Several times Harris, the manager, came over and stood watchfully behind him as though hopeful of seeing him slack off. But at last the hour drew near. Just before closing time Paul went to the washroom, plunged his head in cold water, and freshened himself up. He was at the Mungo Hotel at quarter past seven and after a short wait was shown upstairs.

But now there was no affability in Birley's manner. The Member for Winton stood with his back to the fire, his suitcase packed and ready, a heavy traveling ulster flung across the table. By way of greeting he barely nodded, then he favored the young man with a long, unsociable scrutiny. Finally he spoke.

"I've gone through that paper of yours—every word of it. Read it in the car going down to Ayr. Read it over again coming back."

He did not add that it had spoiled his day—put his shooting eye off and ruined his appetite for lunch. Instead he went on: "I must say you've put it together convincingly. But there are always two sides to a case. And you've only stated one of them."

"Only one of them can be true," Paul said.

Birley frowned and shook his head. "Things like that simply don't happen with us. What could be fairer than trial by jury?"

"I've thought about this a great deal, sir," Paul answered in a low voice. "It's natural, in my circumstances. Don't you think that juries are sometimes composed of ignorant and prejudiced people who can't understand technical points, have no knowledge of psychology, and are easily swayed by circumstantial evidence and emotional rhetoric?"

The blood mounted to Birley's head. He spluttered: "You damned young idiot! Our system is a humane one. We don't want to hang people. You ought to know that from your own experience. A man can always be reprieved."

PAUL clenched his fists. "I see! Your legal system, the best in the world, first convicts a man of murder and condemns him to hang; then, when it doubts its own judgment, reverses itself, and sends him to a living hell in prison for the rest of his life. Is that justice?" Paul rose to his feet, his face white, his eyes blazing. "That's what happened to my father. And it's happened to others before him. And you stand there and wonder why I want to get him freed. You're the representative of the people, you're my representative in Parliament. Even if you don't believe the statement I gave you it's your duty to see that it gets a proper hearing. If you don't, I'll go out myself and shout it in the public square."

Suddenly realizing what he was saying, Paul stopped short. His legs turned weak and he sat down, covering his eyes with his hand. In the long silence which followed, he dared not look at Birley. He felt that he had utterly destroyed his chances of success.

But he was wrong. While obsequious pleading left him unaffected, Birley could be genuinely won by a display of spirit. He felt also, in his heart, that there might be something in this strange, unpleasant case. Moreover, in questioning his sense of duty, Paul had touched him on the raw. Birley was only too conscious that his increasing self-indulgence and the pattern of life laid down for him by his autocratic wife had, in these later years, occasionally made him shirk the more disagreeable functions of his office.

He took a few paces up and down the carpet to let his temper cool. Then he said to Paul, "You youngsters seem to think that you have all the virtues. That's your trouble. You can't see good in anyone else. I don't set up as a plaster saint. But I do stand for fair play. Now I don't like this business of yours one little bit. But, by Heaven, I won't fight shy of it on that account. I'll take it and I'll bring it to the open, right on the floor of the House of Commons. Yes, I give you my oath, I'll land it right into the lap of the Secretary for State himself."

Paul raised his eyes. So unexpected was this declamation, so staggering the victory, he felt the room spin dizzily about him. He tried to stammer out his thanks but his stiff lips would not move; the room whirled faster than ever.

"Good Lord!" Birley hastily tugged a large traveling flask from his pocket, bent over, and forced some of the brandy between Paul's teeth. "There! That's better. Keep your head down."

He stood watching the color come back to Paul's cheeks with a new air of patronage, meanwhile treating himself to a series of generous nips from the flask. The intensity of Paul's reaction dispelled the last of his anger, restored to him a comfortable sense of his own authority.

"Are you all right now?" he asked Paul after a moment. "My train leaves at eight o'clock."

Paul got to his feet, blindly accepted the hand which Birley held out to him, and a few minutes later was in the street, with a singing in his ears, an even wilder singing in his heart.

(To be continued next week)

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What Do You Collect?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and glass laboratory. The various departments of the business—biology, mineralogy, entomology (insects), osteology (skeletons), ornithology (birds), oölogy (birds' eggs), conchology (marine life), paleontology (fossils), and the departments of microscopy, equipment and models—are located in a group of tree-shaded houses and barns, surrounded by abandoned vineyards that still bear purple-clustered grapes.

It is a sprawling community of unmatched structures; skeletons are assembled in a farmhouse old enough to have known spinning wheels and warming pans; an ancient stone brandy-aging shed serves the microphotographic department; and the business offices are located in a conventional frame house. The old homestead that houses Dr. Gamble's office also shelters the insect department's collection of over half a million species of bugs.

Treasures in the Red Barn

The scientific equipment department, which sells items ranging from insect pins to 20-ton rock crushers, occupies the ground floor of a huge old red barn. What may well be the weirdest rubbish heap ever assembled is housed in the barn's hayloft. The hipbone of an extinct New Zealand moa bird supports a musty, stuffed horned grebe. Elephant skulls lie buried under a collection of moth-eaten bird skins. Boxes of dust-encrusted shells rest on a pile of assorted rocks and mastodon bones. Some plaster casts of the skull of Pithecanthropus erectus and the skeleton of a cat make a jumbled heap that almost conceals a fossilized fish. Huge crates are everywhere and no one knows or is much concerned about their contents.

The establishment's sources of revenue are as strange and assorted as the contents of its hayloft. In a reasonably typical week last fall, Ward's shipped out a bison's head to a well-known artist, mineralogy exhibits to Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Wayne University, a selection of bird feathers to a collector in New Zealand, and biological supplies to three high schools and seven colleges. The company also acted on a telegram from a laboratory worker at Washington State College which read, "Tragedy befell our cockroach colony. Could you send us four dozen hatchable cockroach eggs by air mail as soon as possible?"

A refractometer was shipped to a mineralogist in Sarawak, Borneo. Bed sheets were sent to an Italian hotel owner in exchange for ore specimens; nylon hose to a man in Germany in exchange for fossils; a revolver to a collector in New Guinea who sends in spectacular butterflies; and an order of 55 types of skulls was shipped to a zoological supply house in Bombay. The Bombay shipment included hippopotamus, rhinoceros, mole, gorilla, peccary, harbor seal, bear and wombat skulls.

The purchasing department was also active during the same week. It bought a selection of snow fleas from Louisiana, butterflies from Japan and Brazil, assorted mineral specimens from Canada and Australia, sea horses from Florida, starfish and squid from Italy, bats from the Philippines, and winged walking sticks from Papua. The week's biggest thrill came when a Czechoslovakian sent in four trilobites, some graptolites, two curious crinoids and a few cephalopods. Fossil-loving Hawley Ward couldn't have been more pleased.

In such a business, purchasing is a unique problem. According to Dr. Gamble, the rule is, "Buy when you can, sell when you can, and pray you make 5 per cent on your investment." Hawley Ward chuckles, "If it is an investment. I remember, many years ago, we gleefully paid $1 for the skeleton of an extinct passenger pigeon. It was a beautiful buy, and we sold the bird for $75—so many years later that, according to my figuring, the same dollar deposited at compound interest at the time of the purchase would have yielded us a higher return. This is not a business for the avaricious."

This nonavaricious business is conducted in an extremely relaxed manner. The whole establishment regards business protocol with a total lack of interest. The firm's attitude is best illustrated by the fact that a secretary, who wants to go to one of the outlying buildings, thinks nothing of helping herself to the president's station wagon. After all, if he wants transportation he can always fall back on an ancient red fire truck, still bearing the words Sea Breeze Fire Department. This is the company's favorite toy.

Ward's even takes a casual attitude toward the impossible or, at least, what appears to the layman to be impossible. The United States Public Health Service wanted something done to further its malarial research that had never been done before, and turned to Ward's. It wanted the salivary glands dissected from the head of a mosquito and mounted on a slide for microscopic study. The problem was tossed to Dr. Robert Roudabush, head of the research and development department.

Roudabush spent a week studying the problem of separating a mosquito's head into its component parts and in designing some new tools for the task; tools so delicate he had to shape and sharpen them under a microscope. Then he did the actual job in a quick 15 minutes. And, for good measure, he also separated and mounted the ducts which carry the saliva from the mosquito's glands to its mouth. He doesn't know what happened to the special set of tools. "It doesn't matter," he shrugs. "I could easily make a new set."

Even the academic air common to science is heavily adulterated here. It is true that employees toss off words like yttrotantalite quite brazenly, and a simple, civil question may draw forth an answer like, "Oh, that's a hydrous zinc arsenate crystallizing in the orthorhombic system." But when a human parasite peculiar to China became available again after World War II, the company celebrated this occurrence with an advertisement headed, "Clonorchis Is Back and Ward's Got 'Em!"

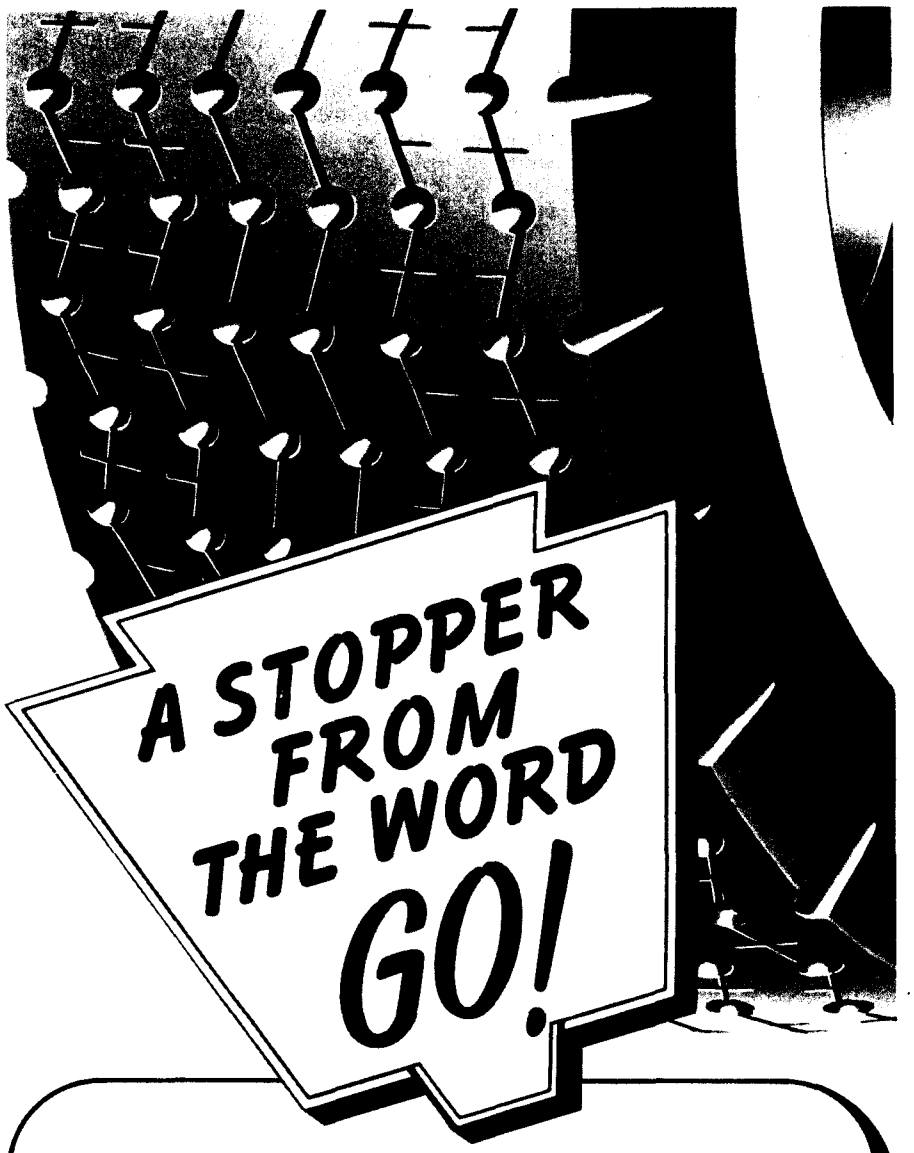
Men Who Enjoy Their Work

The company supposedly works a five-day week but many of its desks have voluntary occupants on Saturdays and Sundays who seem to agree with Dr. Gamble that "if we don't get rich we at least have fun." In the summer every lunch hour is picnic time, and the employees gather at the tables and outdoor grill set up on the bay shore. Hawley Ward brings his lunch in a canvas and leather case that is, according to some authorities, easily as old as his fossils. In July and August many employees spend their vacations at the company's station in Maine, fishing for the dogfish which are preserved and sold by the thousands to biology classrooms.

The company's 75 contented employees are kept busy by the free-lance collectors who are Ward's main source of supply. The active list runs to around 5,000, located in every section of the globe, and the names of another 7,000 potential collectors are on file. Mining engineers, prospectors, missionaries, explorers and beachcombers keep an eye cocked for desirable specimens. An eighty-seven-year-old man in Texas sends in butterflies, and Pedro Paprzycki, from a remote corner of Peru, delights the staff with his insect specimens and the quaint English of his letters.

Human skeletons are supplied by mysterious gentlemen in the Far East. And, when occasion demands, staff men are sent out on collecting jaunts.

If nature spawned it, Ward's has it—or knows where to get it in the unlikely event it isn't tucked away in the old hayloft be-



The New and Improved

PENNSYLVANIA

Vacuum Cup Tire

When rain-swept roads and streets make motoring doubly hazardous this Fall, be sure you're riding on safer, fast-stopping Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires. On any surface, in any weather, touch your brake lightly to these sturdy, quiet running beauties and immediately you'll feel the intense gripping power of Pennsylvania's exclusive vacuum cup tread design . . . the design that means sure stops and safer traction. Unconditionally guaranteed against road hazards up to eighteen months, you'll find Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires softer riding . . . easier steering too!

Buy Pennsylvania and . . . motor in safety!

SEE YOUR PENNSYLVANIA DEALER NOW!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES OHIO

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tween the coccyx of a mastodon and a cracked brachiopod.

This world-wide network has been set up to supply such customers as the British Royal Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the Cambridge Natural History Museum, the *Jardin des Plantes* and the American Museum of Natural History, as well as thousands of collectors, educational institutions and research laboratories. There is also a ten-year-old customer who recently ordered "four lyons teeth with holes in them that I can wear around my neck."

Tough on the Sense of Smell

The proprietor of Ward's emporium derives a certain amount of secret amusement from conducting a visitor on a tour of the various departments. The reason becomes apparent when the visitor enters the small clapboard dwelling that houses the osteology department. As he passes through the door Dr. Gamble regards him with an air of expectancy, and grins as the guest's nose wrinkles. "I might as well tell you," he says, "that a tour of Ward's is a series of sickening smells."

This is no exaggeration. The odor created by macerating bacteriological material, busily at work cleansing the bones of various animals, casts a heavy, fetid air over the small rooms where skeletons are assembled. It is hard to believe there would be a demand for objects produced in such an atmosphere, but over $50,000 worth of skeletons a year are shipped from this small building and the company doesn't dare advertise them because it can't keep up with the present demand.

Bone assemblage is under the supervision of William Kruse, who has been with the firm over 35 years, and Oscar Kirchhoff, son of Ward's original osteologist. Kirchhoff can mount a bullfrog's skeleton in two and a half hours and assemble a horse in 36, while Kruse, who specializes in human skeletons, can turn out his specialty in 20 hours.

Once again in the blessed open air, the visitor finds himself on a tree-shaded lane that leads to the old winery. From the biology department, in the huge cellar of the winery, Ward's annually ships over 50,000 embalmed dogfish and bullfrogs, alone. The cavernous, damp cellar is jammed with crates full of live frogs and earthworms, old bathtubs in which turtles swim lazily and vats full, not of sherry and burgundy, but of preserved dogfish, crayfish, perch and sea anemones.

The place also smells to high heaven of phenol and formaldehyde, which Robert Casey, the tall, bald custodian ignores as he lovingly injects varicolored plastics into a dead turtle's veins and arteries. When the plastic has hardened the surrounding tissue will be corroded away, thus leaving a colored "road map" of the circulatory system, a valuable study aid for the zoologist. The technique was developed at Ward's.

The atmosphere of this basement arouses the zoologist in the firm's president and he goes plunging into a vat after a clammy dogfish like a hungry burgher into a pickle barrel and comes out drenched with evil-smelling formaldehyde. "Damn it," he says in disgust, "I never seem to learn. I'll have to go change this suit."

The mineralogy department occupies two huge rooms on the main floor of the winery. The sharp, pungent odor of hydrochloric acid, used in cleaning the crude specimens, pervades the air; a relief after the biology dungeon. David Jensen, the head mineralogist, sits at a rock-piled desk. Lanky, placid and contented, he has the air of a bank president surrounded by the world's wealth. He cradles a piece of mineral, coated with blue crystals as delicate and fragile as hairs, like a woman fondling a rare emerald. However, Jensen is more than a connoisseur of mineralogical rarities. When the Argonne National Laboratory needed one of the earth's oldest metals, a Pre-Cambrian telluride, for an experiment, Jensen tracked it down for them—by telephone, mail and cable—through five countries on three continents.

Behind the mineral rooms is Hawley Ward's domain, a conglomeration of cabinets and shelves filled with fossils, weird and fantastic sea shells and fragile, lacelike coral. Hawley gets up from his desk when a visitor comes in and brushes cigarette ashes from his clothes. Then he lights another cigarette and shows off his prize specimens. Each one brings a story to the old gentleman's mind, but a fan-shaped piece of coral recalls his favorite.

A University of Rochester professor, who was sent to the Pacific on a coral-collecting expedition, had orders from his wife to bring back certain specimens for decorative use in her living room. He couldn't find any that came up to her exacting specifications. On his way home he appealed to the curator of Honolulu's Bishop Museum for help. The curator was glad to help; in fact, he had just what was required, in duplicate—coral specimens that had been shipped out to him, on his coral-reefed island, from Ward's.

With the return of Dr. Gamble, freshly pressed and considerably less fragrant, the visitor is led to a room adjacent to the fossil collection, where the recently opened model department turns out unique anatomical and zoological models of great accuracy and surprising beauty. Some of these models carry as many as 40 colors. Lillian Girard, an attractive ex-portrait painter, spends her days painting brilliant schematic colors on cross sections of a human kidney or, possibly, a frog-embryo model. Lillian thinks she may be the only artist in America who paints exclusively with lacquer, a medium which has forced her to develop a wholly original brush technique.

The second floor of the winery is the mosquito-carving Dr. Roudabush's territory. It heads the microslide and bioplastic departments and, as could be expected, his domain has its distinctive odor of xylene, a compound used in "fixing" specimens on microscope slides.

Dr. Roudabush was largely responsible for Ward's making commercially feasible the method for embedding and perpetually preserving biological specimens in clear plastic. This was felt to be of such great importance to the teaching of the biological sciences that the company immediately made public the secret of the bioplastic process.

Ward's was at once flooded with letters from people who wanted to put the process to better uses. The chef of a prominent New York hotel had a wedding cake he wished to have preserved. An undertaker saw no reason why he and Ward's couldn't revolutionize American burial customs. Dr. Gamble says, solemnly, "Since we could only produce about 50 of our own bioplastic items a week, I felt I had to decline all of these kind offers."

Ward's has had some remarkable experiences with present-day collectors, but the greatest collector of them all will always be Henry Augustus Ward, the establishment's founder. Henry Augustus was born in Rochester in 1834 and began collecting at the age of three. The city's university still has a small pebble of hornblendic gneiss in its rock collection which bears the inscription, "Found in a stone pile in corner of zigzag rail fence, corner of Grove and Gibbs Street, about 1837. The first specimen I ever collected. H.A.W."

While a penniless student at Williams College, Ward walked 58 miles to meet the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz. As a result of this meeting Henry was appointed to Harvard as Agassiz' assistant.

After two years with the naturalist, Henry went to France and obtained permission from the Widow Cliquot of champagne fame to explore her vast limestone wine cellars. There he mined two tons of rare fossilized materials and, with these specimens as his basic stock, he spent the next two years horse-trading over all Europe. At the end of that period he returned to Rochester with the greatest geological collection ever seen in this country, a collection which formed the cornerstone of today's business.

Henry Ward then launched out on an incredible career that involved expeditions to four continents, 57 Atlantic crossings and three encirclements of the globe. He was the first man to use diving equipment in collecting marine specimens and a pioneer in the use of balloons for geological surveys. He prospected for mammoth remains in Siberia and his prying ways almost got him beheaded in Iran.

When Henry heard of the discovery of a pit full of the bones of the extinct moa bird, in New Zealand, he chartered a ship and transported the whole find back to this country. He arranged for the stuffing and mounting of Jumbo for P. T. Barnum, lost money on the deal, and retaliated by selling the elephant's 46-pound heart to a rival exhibitor for $40. Once, Henry was chased through the Brazilian jungle by a company of soldiers who resented his making off with a prized meteorite. He succeeded in getting the prize safely aboard ship, only to have the vessel catch fire off the U.S. coast. When the captain decided to abandon ship, the collector had to use a revolver to persuade him to sail the blazing vessel into Charleston Harbor.

In 1906, when he was seventy-two years old, this colorful man was killed by an automobile while crossing a Rochester street. The late W. T. Hornaday, one of our great natural scientists, said of him, "He did more toward the creation and expansion of the scientific museums of the world than any other 20 men I could name."

The establishment passed into the hands of two members of the family who finally, in 1927, presented it to the University of Rochester. In 1930 a fire swept the building that housed the collections which had taken 75 years to assemble, and the university, in despair, decided to give the business up. Hundreds of letters poured in from scientists all over the world, protesting the abandonment of the tradition-steeped firm, and a reorganization was attempted. The depression had a blighting effect on this endeavor and, in 1940, the university sold the business to Dr. Gamble and Hawley Ward.

Today, Dr. Gamble is striking out in new fields. For years the firm's letterhead has read, "Serving Geologists—Mineralogists—Paleontologists — Zoologists — Botanists —Entomologists." Dr. Gamble has now added, to all intents and purposes, the words, "—And Kids." He believes children are of greater cosmic importance than ologists and he feels that the more they know about nature's orderly processes the less likely they are to indulge in the juvenile violence that has characterized the last few years.

He has shifted emphasis from items like Macrodontia cervicornis to a Hobby Catalog and a series of booklets with such titles as What to Do with Fossils, How to Make an Insect Collection, How to Balance an Aquarium and, even What You Can Do with the Swamp Cat-Tail. (You can make pancakes with it, eat it raw, weave it into mats, stuff pillows or insulate your feet with it, and read by it—the book says.)

Relief for Frazzled Nerves

Dr. Gamble believes that nature studies can be of great benefit to adults in these harassing times. The butterfly a man can mount is better for him than the one in his stomach, he says, and it is a good idea if he can substitute sea shells for bombshells in his thinking—and the doctor points to the Boston psychiatrist who has sent many patients to Ward's, to take up conchology for their frazzled nerves.

These harassing times are posing problems for Ward's too. Geiger counters are now in demand, along with exhibits of radioactive minerals and uranium-bearing ores. It has taken three years to get government approval for a shipment of gem-cutting tools to be sent to Austria. The museums of Holland and Belgium have drawn heavily on Ward's to replace items lost in the bombings. The new governments of India and Pakistan are making inroads on Ward's stock to supply the 11 new universities they are building. And the Oak Ridge, Brookhaven and Argonne National Laboratories, as well as outfits in the uranium-rich Belgian Congo, are becoming increasingly important and demanding customers.

However, an unsettled world has posed less of a problem for the establishment than a loving heart. A certain gentleman of the Far East has, at the moment, a "very dear friendly lady" traveling in this country. He has written Ward's and suggested, in view of exchange conditions, that they advance her $1,000. In return, he would find it "pleasantly pleaseful" to supply the company with a $1,000 worth of human skeletons!

You wouldn't think that even this unique proposal would give pause to a firm that catalogues Venus, Preserved, for 25 cents, and Nymphs, at 65 cents a dozen. But it has, definitely. Ward's needs the skeletons badly and they have no doubt the friendly lady needs the money. But what Ward's would like to know is: How can they be sure they'll ever get the skeletons and, if they do, what assurance have they that the specimens will be of a "pleasantly pleaseful" variety? THE END

COLLIER'S **"You gave my wife the wrong films. These must belong to some art student"** REAMER KELLER

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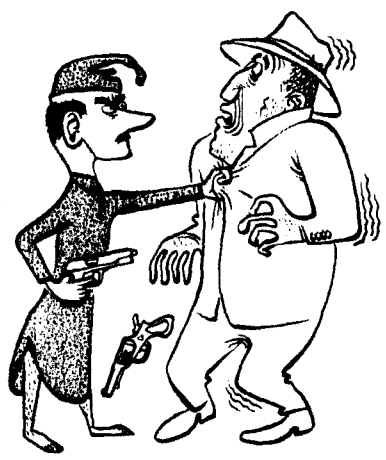
EMERGENCY EXIT

By GURNEY WILLIAMS



These punks are all the same

I KNOW exactly what I should do. I've rolled the details over in my mind a hundred times, and always at about 4:00 A.M. while I'm trying to get back to sleep. I figure that's about the time a burglar would be apt to jimmy a window.

First, I've decided, I'll slither quietly out of bed, open the top bureau drawer and slip a loaded clip into my .32 automatic. No use waking Lois or the kid; it would only frighten them. Next, I'll move silently to the top of the stairs and wait until I can hear the intruder move through the living room and into the library in his search for the hundred-dollar bills my wife hides around the house. Then—snap!—I'll flip the upstairs wall switch and flood the library with light.

"All right, stick 'em up!" I'll demand grimly. The thug—a huge gorilla of a man with a scarred face—will whirl and pull the trigger of his revolver twice. The gun will fail to work. I'll hold my fire, loath to waken the family, and descend the stairs, the automatic steady, my eyes steely.

The hoodlum will step back and his gat will slip from nerveless fingers. I'll command him to place his palms high over his head and against the paneled wall. He'll be quivering now. No guts. These punks are all the same. I'll tell him to spread his feet apart and away from the wall so I can frisk him safely. My right foot will be hooked around his ankle. One false move and I could effortlessly send him sprawling on his ugly face. I'll find a knife, some razor blades and a quantity of cocaine in the seams of his shabby suit. Then I'll call the police. One calm cigarette later a radio car will turn quietly into the driveway and Sergeant Jim Cotter and Officer Ernie Myatt will appear at the front door . . . and it'll be all over.

My wife won't know anything about it until the weekly paper features the story on page one. "Gurney Williams traps long-sought criminal," it'll proclaim. "Police Chief Les Romaine praises his cool courage."

Well, that's the way I've planned it a hundred times, but it hasn't happened yet. I hope it won't, because in broad daylight, when my imagination runs along more practical lines, it would probably be like this:

I'll hear a noise like somebody forcing a lock and I'll break into a sweat, my heart pounding. For a minute I'll lie there, hoping the noise will go away. It won't. Finally I'll stumble out of bed and grope around in the bureau drawer for the automatic. I won't find it. No matter. My hands will be shaking so violently I probably couldn't load the thing anyway. By this time Lois will wake up and say, "Huh?"

"Call the police," I'll quake, my throat dry, "and tell them we got a burglar!"

"Oh, quiet!" Lois will mumble irritably. "It's that loose shutter I've been trying for three months to get you to fix."

Another emergency I've worked out is a fire at midnight. Awakened by the smell of smoke, my mind functions like a well-oiled sewing machine. I realize instantly that the hand extinguishers I have all over the house are entirely inadequate at the moment. The fire has had too much of a start. The bedroom door is hot; don't open it. Rip the sheets off the beds, tie them together into an escape rope and carry Lois out through the window and down to safety, right arm around her waist, left hand sliding from knot to knot. Gad, what muscles!

Next, scale the screen porch and break into the son's room. The smoke is strangling. Already, flames are licking under the door. No time to make a ladder. We'll have to jump. But wait! Neighbors have seen the fire and have phoned headquarters. Soon the apparatus, screaming through the night, careens into the driveway and in a trice my son is snatched from my arms and carried down a ladder just as I collapse from smoke poisoning.

When I regain consciousness Lois is patting my hand. She's crying. "Darling!" she sobs.

Usually at this point I drop off to sleep, not really knowing *what* the hell I'd do if I smelled smoke at midnight.

Other crises come to mind, but I solve them easily as I stare in the darkness and the house is quiet. There's that burly truck driver who smashes into the back of my car while I'm parked. I climb purposefully out of the driver's seat and command him to descend from his cab.

"Listen, you illiterate orangutan," I tell him. "The guy who hired you must be twice as stupid as a half-baked yak, which is three times smarter than you could be if you had enough sense to work at it. Why don't you go back to your ice wagon?"

There's more, but by this time I've drifted off; and when the alarm clock jangles four hours later, my first thought is that if a truck smashed into the back of my car, I'd be lucky not to get a poke in the nose from the driver and a ticket from a cop for blocking traffic.

Is it that way with you? Or should I try to get a job teaching Poetry I in a passably good boys' school? THE END

VIRGIL PARTCH

A midnight fire is easy, too

Gee, Dad, you always get the best of everything ...even
Marlboro!
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked ....that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.
YOUR CHOICE OF IVORY TIPS · PLAIN ENDS · BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

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'What Hurt Was to See Us Retreat'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

of veterans of Bataan in our outfit and they knew what it was like to fight this kind of war—falling back, biting into the enemy as hard as possible, falling back but making it tough every inch of the way. We were doing that okay.

"We dug in our new position—two ridges overlooking a dry river bed. We figured that the Reds would be coming that way. We sat out the first night on these hills. We expected to get hit, but didn't. It was another good, dark night. The ground was drying up and we could catch a little sleep in our holes. We couldn't move. We might get hit by Americans at our rear, and we might expose our position to North Korean patrols which kept up a constant probing—feeling here and there. You thought you could hear them. But sounds play crazy tricks at night in your holes. Through the morning, we were tensed up, expecting to get the works anytime.

"Then we spotted them in the early afternoon. A battalion of North Koreans marched across in front of us about 1,200 yards from our lines. It was a strange sight. The North Koreans marched like they were in a parade, closed ranks and all. By this time, I was linked up by phone with the artillery. We didn't get any immediate artillery fire for some reason and we held back with our small weapons. Finally we got artillery and mortar fire. Those damned, bewitched North Koreans didn't even break ranks. Then there was a real break.

"We heard the roar first. There must have been 40 planes—our babies up there whipping across our lines. They hit the North Koreans with rockets. They strafed and banged them. There were jets and Mustangs and, brother, they looked better than a jack pot. The formations came in waves, one group on top of another. The attack made us kind of hopeful that the North Koreans wouldn't sock us that night. When darkness came, we fired occasional flares trying to pick up patrols that we knew were probing our flanks. There was some firing, but it was jumpy sort of stuff. You fire at noises sometimes, even in the Army. There was some talking from hole to hole. Usually, it was drowned out by the pot shots.

"The Red patrols were out, all right. They had our flanks marked. By dawn, we were on our toes. There was fog in the valley of a dry river bed just below our ridges. We could see about 150 yards, and there were North Koreans moving around our left and right flanks. We opened up with our automatic weapons. In no more than five minutes, the fog settled and we couldn't see more than 25 yards. The North Koreans were creeping in, and there was shellfire from the Communist tanks. They fired right through the fog and they had our positions spotted."

Foe's Artillery Was Deadly

When the fog lifted about two hours later, Smitty got on his phone. He called targets (though it wasn't specifically his job) for mortars and 105s. Our artillery started up. There was plenty of fire on both sides. "But," Smitty says, "the Reds had us good. Their mortar, artillery and tanks were on our flanks firing across us. They had been so well camouflaged that we couldn't tell where their guns were until the fire opened.

"I kept talking to our artillerymen. I didn't know it then but the fire must have knocked my line out. The artillery observer also must have been put out of action. The enemy spotted me with the phone. They must have, and I guess they considered my hole a regular observation post. One thing sure is that they thought my hole important enough to keep pegging at it. I had a very deep hole. Six feet four is hard to hide. There was a youngster with me—Roge, for Rogers, I guess, and that's the only name I know even now. I kept talking into that dead phone.

COLLIER'S — "Oh, boy, would I like to have some of the advice *he's* getting!" — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

COLLIER'S — "Men are so unreliable. Not one has called me for a date all week" — KATE OSANN

"They were shooting at my hole with rifle and tank fire. I could hear the tank shells coming, and I'd duck fast as hell. Just in front of my position, I spotted four tanks in the dry river bed—in two and two formation. They were firing at me and Roge. I hollered for artillery. I could see those tanks down in the river bed spitting at us. One tank shell hit three yards in front of our hole. That was close. Then another hit three yards in back of the hole. I kept shouting into that phone. I thought for a minute that those Reds would never hit me."

It happened then.

Sergeant Smitty had been quite right. He was going to get it this time. There was a hit on the edge of his side of the hole. Smitty didn't hear the shell that struck him: he'd heard stories that this was the case and now he knew the stories were true. He got a load of shrapnel in his right arm, mostly at the elbow, and in the right side. He was hit so hard that the mouthpiece of the phone cut a hole in his stomach. Smitty had 12 shrapnel holes in him—some two and a half inches around. He was buried hip-deep in the earth.

Smitty doesn't know how long he lay there before he finally made any sense. Roge, who had been on the far side away from the shell, was knocked out by concussion, but otherwise was unhurt.

"That wouldn't have happened with an American shell," Smitty said. "These North Korean shells are like the Japanese shells. They don't scatter. The shrapnel seems to fly in one direction. That was my direction this time."

Roge got out somehow, and our lines were falling back, Smitty told me. "All of a sudden I felt I was behind the enemy lines. I couldn't grab onto any weapon except a hand grenade. My arm was banged and hanging but didn't seem to be bleeding too much. I figured I'd better start crawling. My clothes were torn off by the shell, or nearly torn off. I had on nothing but rags."

Smitty said he crawled 150 yards to get to a rifle pit—or a slit trench—not much cover for a big man. He was pinned down. Machine guns kicked up dirt all around him. He said, "I was really stuck. I lay for another hour and a half, bleeding lightly. I had half a canteen of water and my thirst was getting to be a hell.

"I poked my head up twice and either North Koreans or Americans peppered my hole. The Americans evidently thought I was a Red. I saw a lot of the North Koreans swarming up a hill. I got my grenade all ready, but they passed my hole without seeing me, or maybe they thought I was dead or another Red. Our planes came over shortly after and I figured it was my best chance to crawl to the top of a ridge, at least in the direction of where I thought our lines were. I elbowed and pulled myself from brush to brush, and suddenly came upon the edge of a clearing."

He Saw Prisoners Massacred

Smitty got sick from anger at what he saw in the clearing. It wasn't his own wounds or his thirst. He saw a gang of North Korean Communists with two American prisoners. The Reds didn't waste any time. They tied the Americans' hands behind their backs, and shot them in the head. The Communists left them lying there and marched off to join their own advancing troops. Smitty lay there for what seemed like a long time. His heart pounded at his own helplessness.

From his place under the brush, not more than 125 yards from where the American prisoners of war were murdered, Smitty could see the flow of the guerrilla fighting all around him. The Americans counterattacked, but ran into heavy machine-gun fire from tanks. Smitty says:

"My water was gone. I was beginning to

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feel the kind of thirst you must feel before you die. My fever burned like a blowtorch against my head. I wondered whether I'd better stay under the brush and give up the whole thing. But the thirst drove me. I pulled myself down to a rice paddy—and there was a high bank between me and the enemy tanks. I threw myself into the paddy and must have drunk a gallon. I was scared stiff because I knew the Reds were at the right of me, with only the bank between me and their tank guns. But the water revived me and I decided to make a try for the American lines.

"I went toward a stream with water, (I guessed it was a river), always hiding under the bank. The stream seemed to flow south and I thought I might float downstream. I found there wasn't enough water to float. I followed a trail through the rice paddies and around a village; I saw some American tankmen covering our rear-guard forces, and then I found a three-quarter-ton medical truck trying to find our wounded, and get them out.

"The truck picked me up and an American with half his face shot off, and we got started. We found four GI's along the road making their way toward what they thought were our lines. I got a hypo and quieted down. Jeeps evacuating the area followed us, and finally had to take us on to safety after the medical truck broke down. My old outfit was trying to reorganize, but what I had expected had happened. I was out of action and on my way back to Japan. It's not the sort of thing you want when the going for your own outfit gets as tough as that fighting near Suwon was."

A doctor called Smitty from the lounge. It was time for his shots. The medics had to keep Smitty full of morphine and vitamins. They were not sure that they could prevent amputation. The morning clouds had broken and there were patches of the late summer sun on the gleaming floors of Tokyo General.

Soon Smitty was back, but he said he had done about all the talking he could do. Except one thing. Smitty thought for a moment, and told me:

"We had some boys up front who had never been in battle before, but we had some veterans, too, men who had seen plenty of action. The veterans helped steady the youngsters down, and the youngsters did all right. At least, those with my outfit. It was just the kind of fighting we were in: the fact that we didn't have much at the start and the enemy had so much more firepower and armor than we did. That, I learned long ago, is what counts.

"It was typical of a lot of Marine fighting. You either fought or you didn't get out. That's so, I know. A lot of our guys fought but they didn't get out."

I picked Smitty out of all the wounded at Tokyo General; the ones able to talk, anyway. He was a soldier's soldier, and he hadn't been rattled by what he had experienced in the wild, guerrilla war in Korea. He remembered clearly, and he remembered all of what happened to him. He was a soldier's soldier because he was calling for the artillery when he was hit. And what had happened to Smitty had happened to hundreds of our troops.

Wounded Want to Fight Again

Sergeant Smitty thinks he'll be still "sweating out his 20" when he gets his hospital discharge, but the right elbow might not be much good, if he keeps his arm. Smitty, with sharp gray-brown eyes and burned-blond hair, thinks he'll be back. And that is what a lot of young men in the big ward at Tokyo General think. They figure the Korean thing will go on, and they'll get a go at it again when Americans have enough in there to give them a chance against the Communists.

Smitty's no spectacular hero, and he'd punch you in the nose if you suggested he was one. He got out. He wants to go in again if they ever let him. He's more than wounded; he's hurt because he saw Americans retreat. He never had before, not in all the time Americans were island-hopping toward the victory ceremony in Tokyo Bay.

But Smitty should remember that U.S. soldiers in Korea have already earned a place alongside those Americans who fought our toughest battles. Korea has had the desperate moments of Bataan; it has produced the kind of stealthy, toe-hold fighting of Guadalcanal. Korea will be a proud name not because a great victory was won quickly, but because a ragged, muddy few served notice upon the Communists that they would not prevail. Americans have met tyrants before—and those first terrible days of retreat in Korea were sure to be a prelude to better times. THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Educator, New York City College	The fast reader understands much better and much more of what he reads than the slow reader.
Explorer, New York	There is more danger of being bitten by a poisonous snake in United States woods than in tropical jungles.
Bullfighter, Brooklyn	A matador could just as efficiently arouse a bull by flirting a white cape as a red one. Bulls are color-blind.
Biologist, Yerkes Laboratories	Fish aren't stupid. Even a minnow can be taught to make the proper turns in a maze to get to food quickly.
Physiologist, University of Cincinnati	There are 4 primary colors, not three. Green is a primary, because the color obtained by mixing blue and yellow is not green, but a dirty green-gray.
Ophthalmologist, American Congress of Ophthalmology	To wear dark-tinted glasses constantly does not help strengthen the eyes—it helps weaken them.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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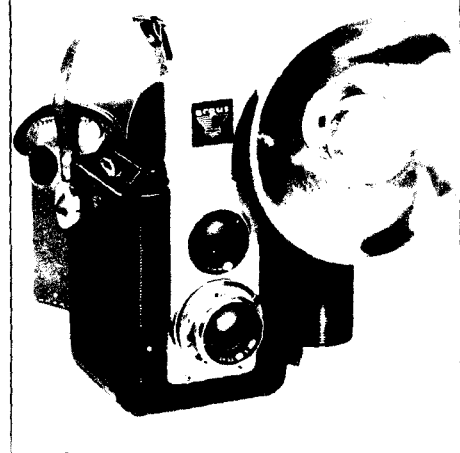

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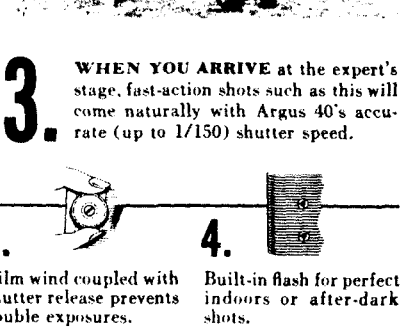

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Thanasphere

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

comfort it." His voice seemed farther away, as though he were no longer speaking directly into his microphone.

"That's impossible, ridiculous!" said Dr. Groszinger. "Check your set, Able Baker Fox, check your set. Over."

"They're getting louder, now. The voices are louder. I can't hear you very well above them. It's like standing in the middle of a crowd, with everybody trying to get my attention at once. It's like . . ." The message trailed off. They could hear a shushing sound in the speaker. The Major's transmitter was still on.

"Can you hear me, Able Baker Fox? Answer! Can you hear me?" called General Dane.

The shushing noise stopped. The General and Dr. Groszinger stared blankly at the speaker.

"Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley," chanted the radio operator. "Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley . . ."

DR. GROSZINGER, his eyes shielded from the glaring ceiling light of the radio room by a newspaper, lay fully dressed on the cot that had been brought in for him. Every few minutes he ran his long, slender fingers through his tangled hair and swore. His machine had worked perfectly, *was* working perfectly. The one thing he had not designed, the damn' man in it, had failed, had destroyed the whole experiment.

They had been trying for six hours to reestablish contact with the lunatic who peered down at earth from his tiny steel moon and heard voices.

"He's coming in again, sir," said the radio operator. "This is Dog Easy Charley. Come in, Able Baker Fox. Over."

"This is Able Baker Fox. Clear weather over Zones 7, 11, 19 and 23. Zones 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 overcast. Storm seems to be shaping up over Zones 8 and 9, moving south by southwest at about 18 miles an hour. Over."

"He's okay now," said the General, relieved.

Dr. Groszinger remained supine, his head still covered with the newspaper. "Ask him about the voices," he said.

"You don't hear the voices any more, *do* you, Able Baker Fox?"

"What do you mean I don't hear them? I can hear them better than I can hear you. Over."

"He's out of his head," said Dr. Groszinger, sitting up.

"I heard that," said Major Rice evenly. "Maybe I am. It shouldn't be too hard to check. All you have to do is find out if an Andrew Tobin died in Evansville, Indiana, on February 17, 1927. Over."

"I don't follow you, Able Baker Fox," the General said uneasily. "Who was Andrew Tobin? Over."

"He's one of the voices." There was an uncomfortable pause. Major Rice cleared his throat. "Claims his brother murdered him. Over."

The radio operator had risen slowly from his stool, his face chalk-white. Groszinger pushed him back down, and took the microphone from the General's now limp hand.

"Either you've lost your mind, or this is the most sophomoric practical joke in history, Able Baker Fox," said Dr. Groszinger impatiently. "This is *Groszinger* you're talking to, and you're dumber than I think you are if you think you can kid me." He nodded. "Over."

"I can't hear you very well any more, Dog Easy Charley. Sorry, but the voices are getting louder."

"Rice! Straighten out!" said Dr. Groszinger.

"There—I caught that: Mrs. Pamela Ritter wants her husband Harvey to marry again for the sake of the children. He lives at—"

"Stop it!"

"He lives at 1577 Damon Place, in Scotia, New York. Over and out."

General Dane shook Dr. Groszinger's shoulder gently. "You've been asleep five hours," he said. "It's midnight." He handed him a cup of hot coffee. "We've got some more messages. Interested?"

Dr. Groszinger sipped the coffee. "Is he still raving?"

"He still hears the voices, if that's what you mean." The General dropped two unopened telegrams in Dr. Groszinger's lap. "Thought you might like to be the one to open these."

Dr. Groszinger laughed quietly. "Went ahead and checked Scotia and Evansville, did you? God help the Army, if all the generals are as superstitious as you, my friend."

"Okay, okay, you're the scientist, you're the brain-box. That's why I want *you* to

COLLIER'S "I didn't know you even *had* that record! Play it again—I just *love* it!" HERB WILLIAMS

open the telegrams. I want you to tell me what in hell's going on."

Dr. Groszinger smiled patronizingly, and opened the telegrams.

HARVEY RITTER LISTED FOR 1577 DAMON PLACE, SCOTIA. G-E ENGINEER. WIDOWER, TWO CHILDREN. DECEASED WIFE NAMED PAMELA. DO YOU NEED MORE INFORMATION? R. B. FAILEY, CHIEF, SCOTIA POLICE

Dr. Groszinger shrugged, and handed the message to General Dane. He read the other telegram:

RECORDS SHOW ANDREW TOBIN DIED IN HUNTING ACCIDENT FEBRUARY 7, 1927. BROTHER PAUL LEADING BUSINESSMAN. OWNS COAL BUSINESS STARTED BY ANDREW. CAN FURNISH FURTHER DETAILS IF NEEDED. F. B. JOHNSON, CHIEF, EVANSVILLE P.D.

"I'm not surprised," said Dr. Groszinger blandly. "I expected something like this. I suppose you're firmly convinced now that our friend Major Rice has found outer space populated by ghosts?"

"Well, I'd say he's sure as hell found it populated by something," said the General, reddening.

Dr. Groszinger wadded the second telegram in his fist, and threw it across the room, missing the wastebasket by a foot. He folded his hands, and affected the *patient, priestlike pose he used in lecturing* freshman physics classes. "At first, my friend, we had two possible conclusions: either Major Rice was insane, or he was pulling off a spectacular hoax." He twiddled his thumbs, waiting for the General to digest this intelligence. "Now that we know his spirit messages deal with real people, we've got to conclude that he has planned and is now carrying out some sort of hoax. He got his names and addresses before he took off. God knows what he hopes to accomplish by it. God knows what we can do to make him stop it. That's your problem, I'd say."

The General's eyes narrowed. "So he's trying to jimmy the project, is he? We'll see, by God, we'll see." The radio operator was dozing. The General slapped him on the back. "On the ball, Sergeant, on the ball. Keep calling Rice till you get him, understand?"

The radio operator had to call only once.

"This is Able Baker Fox. Come in, Dog Easy Charley." Major Rice's voice was tired.

"This is Dog Easy Charley," said General Dane sharply. "We've had enough of your voices, Able Baker Fox—do you understand? We don't want to hear any more about them. We're on to your little game. I don't know what your angle is, but I do know I'll bring you back down and slap you on a rock pile in Leavenworth so fast you'll leave your teeth up there. Do we understand each other?" The General bit the tip from a fresh cigar fiercely. "Over."

"Did you check those names and addresses? Over."

The General looked at Dr. Groszinger, who frowned and shook his head. "Sure we did. That doesn't prove anything. So you've got a list of names and addresses up there. So what does that prove? Over."

"You say those names checked? Over."

"I'm telling you to quit it, Rice. Right now. Forget the voices, do you hear? Give me a weather report. Over."

"Clear patches over Zones 11, 15 and 16. Looks like a solid overcast over 1, 2 and 3. All clear over the rest. Over."

"That's more like it, Able Baker Fox," said the General expansively. "We'll forget about the voices, eh? Over."

"There's an old woman calling out something in a German accent. Is Dr. Groszinger there? I think she's calling his name. She's asking him not to get too wound up in his work—not to—"

Dr. Groszinger leaned over the radio operator's shoulder and snapped off the switch on the receiver. "Of all the cheap, sickening stunts," he said angrily.

"Let's hear what he has to say," said the General half smiling. "Thought you were a scientist."

Dr. Groszinger glared at him defiantly, snapped on the receiver again, and stood back, his hands on his hips.

"—saying something in German," continued the voice of Major Rice. "Can't understand it. Maybe you can. I'll give it to you the way it sounds: *'Alles gehen die Götter, die Unendlichen, ihren Lieblingen, ganz. Alle—'* "

Dr. Groszinger turned down the volume. "*'Alle Freuden, die Unendlichen; alle Schmerzen, die Unendlichen, ganz,'* " he said faintly. "That's how it ends." He sat down on the cot. "My mother's favorite quotation—something from Goethe."

"I can threaten him again," said the General.

"What for?" Dr. Groszinger shrugged and smiled. "Outer space *is* full of voices." He laughed nervously. *"There's* something to pep up a physics textbook."

"An omen, sir—it's an omen," blurted the radio operator suddenly.

"What the hell do you mean, an omen?" said the General. "So outer space is filled with ghosts. That doesn't surprise me."

"Nothing would, then," said Dr. Groszinger.

"That's exactly right. I'd be a hell of a general if anything would. For all I know the moon is made of green cheese. So what? All I want is a man out there to tell me if I'm hitting what I'm shooting at. I don't give a damn what's going on in outer space."

"Don't you see, sir?" said the operator. "Don't you see? It's an omen. When people find out about all the spirits out there, they'll forget about war. They won't want to think about anything but the spirits."

"Relax, Sergeant," said the General dryly. "Nobody's going to find out about them, understand?"

"You can't suppress a discovery like this," said Dr. Groszinger in amazement.

"You're nuts, if you think I can't," said General Dane. "How're you going to tell anybody about this business without telling them we've got a rocket ship out there?"

"They've got a right to know," said the radio operator heatedly.

"If the world finds out we've got that ship out there, that's the start of World War III," said the General. "Now tell me you want that. That's when the cold war gets hot, my boy. The enemy won't have any choice but to try and blow the hell out of us before we can put Major Rice to good use. And there'd be nothing for us to do but try and blow the hell out of them first. Is that what you want?"

"'No, sir," said the radio operator. "I guess not, sir." He sat listlessly, his hands folded in his lap.

"Well, we can experiment, anyway," said Dr. Groszinger. "We can find out as much as possible about what the spirits are like. We can send Rice out in a wider orbit to find out how far out he can hear the voices, and whether—"

"Not on Air Forces funds, you can't," said General Dane. "That isn't what Rice is out there for. We can't afford to piddle around. We need him right there."

"All right, all right," said Dr. Groszinger. "Then let's hear what he has to say."

"Tune him in, Sergeant," said the General.

"Yes, sir." He fiddled apathetically with the dials. "He doesn't seem to be transmitting now, sir." The shushing noise of a transmitter cut into the hum of the loudspeaker. "I guess he's coming in again. Able Baker Fox, this is Dog Easy Charley—"

"King Two X ray William Love, this is William Five Zebra Zebra King in Dallas," said the loud-speaker. The voice had a soft drawl, and was pitched much higher than Major Rice's.

A BASS voice answered: "This is King Two X ray William Love in Albany. Come in W5ZZK, I hear you well. How do you hear me? Over."

"You're clear as a bell, K2XWL—25,000 megacycles on the button. I'm trying to cut down on my drift with a—"

The voice of Major Rice cut in. "I can't hear you clearly, Dog Easy Charley. The voices are a steady roar now. I can catch bits of what they're saying. Grantland Whitman, the Hollywood actor, is yelling that his will was tampered with by his nephew Carl. He says—"

"Say again K2XWL," said the drawling

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voice. "I must have misunderstood you. Over."

"I didn't say anything, W5ZZK. What was that about Grantland Whitman? Over."

"The crowd's quieting down," said Major Rice. "Now there's just one voice—a young woman, I think. It's so soft, I can't make out what she's saying."

"What's going on, K2XWL? Can you hear me, K2XWL?"

"She's calling my name. Do you hear it? She's calling my name," said Major Rice excitedly.

"Jam the frequency, dammit!" cried the General frantically. "Yell, whistle—do something!"

EARLY-MORNING traffic past the university came to a honking, bad-tempered stop, as Dr. Groszinger absently crossed the street against the light, on his way back to his office and the radio room. He looked up in surprise, mumbled an apology, and hurried to the curb. He had had a solitary breakfast in an all-night diner a block and a half away from the laboratory building, and then he'd taken a long walk. He had hoped that getting away for a couple of hours would clear his head—but the feeling of confusion and helplessness was still with him. Did the world have a right to know, or didn't it?

There had been no more messages from Major Rice. At the General's orders, the frequency had been jammed. Now the unexpected eavesdroppers could hear nothing but a steady whine at 25,000 megacycles. General Dane had reported the dilemma to Washington shortly after midnight. Perhaps orders as to what to do with Major Rice had come through by now.

He paused in a patch of sunlight on the laboratory building's steps, and read again the front-page news story, which ran fancifully for a column, beneath the headline, MYSTERY RADIO MESSAGE REVEALS POSSIBLE WILL FRAUD. The story told of two radio amateurs, experimenting illegally on the supposedly unused ultra-high-frequency band, who had been amazed to hear a man chattering about voices and a will. The amateurs had broken the law, operating on an unassigned frequency, but they hadn't kept their mouths shut about their discovery. Now, hams all over the world would be building sets so they could listen in, too.

"Morning, sir. Nice morning, isn't it?" said a guard, coming off duty. He was a cheerful, fat Irishman.

"Fine morning, all right," agreed Dr. Groszinger. "Clouding up a little in the west, maybe." He wondered what the guard would say if he told him what he knew. He would laugh, probably.

Dr. Groszinger's secretary was dusting off his desk when he walked in. "You could use some sleep, couldn't you?" she said. "Honestly, why you men don't take better care of yourselves I just don't know. If you had a wife, she'd make you—"

"Never felt better in my life," said Dr. Groszinger. "Any word from General Dane?"

"He was looking for you about ten minutes ago. He's back in the radio room now. He's been on the phone with Washington for half an hour."

She had only the vaguest notion of what the project was about. Again Dr. Groszinger felt the urge to tell about Major Rice and the voices, to see what effect the news would have on someone else. Perhaps the secretary would react as he himself had reacted, dully, without excitement; or perhaps as the General had reacted, with a shrug. Maybe that was the spirit of this world of the atom bomb, H-bomb, God-knows-what-next-bomb—to be amazed at nothing. Science had given humanity forces enough to destroy the earth; and politics had given humanity a fair assurance that the forces would be used. There could be no cause for awe to top *that* one. But proof of a spirit world might at least equal it. Maybe that was the shock the world needed; maybe word from the spirits could change the suicidal course of history.

General Dane looked up wearily as Dr. Groszinger walked into the radio room. "They're bringing him down," he said. "There's nothing else we can do. He's no damn' good to us now." The loud-speaker, turned down low, sang the monotonous hum of the jamming signal. The radio operator slept before the set, his head resting on his folded arms.

"Did you try to get through to him again?"

"Twice. He's clear off his head now. Tried to tell him to change his frequency, to code his messages, but he just went on jabbering like he couldn't hear me—talking about that woman's voice."

"Who's the woman? Did he say?"

The General looked at him oddly. "Says it's his wife Margaret. Guess that's enough to throw anybody, wouldn't you say?" General Dane raised his eyebrows. "Pretty bright, weren't we, sending up a guy with no family ties." He arose and stretched. "I'm going out for a minute. Just make sure you keep your hands off that set." He slammed the door behind him.

The radio operator stirred. "They're bringing him down," he said thickly.

"I know," said Dr. Groszinger.

"That'll kill him, won't it?"

"He has controls for gliding her in, once he hits the atmosphere."

"If he wants to."

"That's right—if he wants to. They'll get him out of his orbit and back to the atmosphere under rocket power. After that, it'll be up to him to take over and make the landing."

They fell silent. The only sound in the room was the muted jamming signal in the loud-speaker.

"He don't want to live, you know that?" said the radio operator suddenly. "Would you want to?"

"Guess that's something you don't know until you come up against it," said Dr. Groszinger vaguely, his thoughts elsewhere. He was trying to imagine the world of the future—a world in constant touch with the spirits, the living inseparable from the dead. It was bound to come. Other men, probing into space, were certain to find out. Would it make life heaven or hell? Every bum and genius, criminal and hero, average man and madman, now and forever part of humanity—advising, squabbling, conniving, placating . . .

The radio operator looked furtively toward the door. "Want to hear him once more?"

Dr. Groszinger shook his head. "Everybody's listening to that frequency now. We'd all be in a nice mess if you stopped jamming." He didn't want to hear more. He was baffled, miserable. Would Death unmasked drive men to suicide or bring new hope? he was asking himself. Would the living desert their leaders, and turn to the dead for guidance? To Caesar . . . Charlemagne . . . Peter the Great . . . Napoleon . . . Bismarck . . . Lincoln . . . Roosevelt? To Jesus Christ? Were the dead wiser than—

Before Dr. Groszinger could stop him, the sergeant switched off the oscillator that was jamming the frequency.

Major Rice's voice came through instantly, high and giddy. ". . . thousands of them, thousands of them, all around me, standing on nothing, shimmering like northern lights—beautiful, curving off in space, all around the earth like a glowing fog. I can see them, do you hear? I can see them now. I can see Margaret. She's waving and smiling, misty, heavenly, beautiful. If only you could see it, if—"

The radio operator quickly flicked on the jamming signal again. There was a footfall in the hallway.

General Dane stalked into the radio room, studying his watch. "In five minutes they'll start him down," he said. He plunged his hands deep into his pockets and slouched dejectedly. "We failed this time. Next time, by God, we'll make it. The next man who goes up will know what he's up against—he'll be ready to take it."

He put his hand on Dr. Groszinger's shoulder. "The most important job you'll ever have to do, my friend, is to keep your mouth shut about those spirits out there, do you understand? We don't want the enemy to know we've had a ship out there, and we don't want them to know what they'll come across if they try it. The security of this country depends on that being our secret. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Groszinger softly, grateful to have no choice but to be quiet. He didn't want to be the one to tell the world. He wished he had had nothing to do with sending Rice out into space. What discovery of the dead would do to humanity he didn't know, but the impact would be terrific. Now, like the rest, he would have to wait nervously for the next wild twist of history.

The General looked at his watch again. "They're bringing him down," he said.

AT 1:39 P.M., on Friday, July 28th, the British liner Capricorn, 280 miles out of New York City, bound for Liverpool, radioed that an unidentified object had crashed into the sea, sending up a towering geyser on the horizon to starboard of the ship. Several passengers were said to have seen something glinting as it fell from the sky. Upon reaching the scene of the crash, the Capricorn reported finding dead and stunned fish on the surface, and turbulent water, but no wreckage.

Newspapers suggested that the Capricorn had seen the crash of an experimental rocket fired out to sea in a test of range. The Secretary of Defense promptly denied that any such tests were under way over the Atlantic.

In Boston, Dr. Bernard Groszinger, young rocket consultant for the Air Forces, told newsmen that what the Capricorn had observed might well have been a meteor.

"That seems quite likely," he said. "If it was a meteor, the fact that it reached the earth's surface should, I think, be one of the year's most important science news stories. Usually, meteors burn to nothing before they're even through the stratosphere."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted a reporter. "Is there anything out beyond the stratosphere—I mean, is there any name for it?"

"Well, actually the term stratosphere is kind of arbitrary. It's the outer shell of the atmosphere. You can't say definitely where it stops. Beyond it is just, well—dead space."

"Dead space—that's the right name for it, eh?" said the reporter.

"If you want something fancier, maybe we could put it into Greek," said Dr. Groszinger playfully. "*Thanatos,* that's Greek for death, I think. Maybe instead of 'dead space' you'd prefer 'Thanasphere.' Has a nice scientific ring to it, don't you think?"

The newsmen laughed politely.

"Dr. Groszinger, when's the first rocket ship going to make it into space," asked another reporter.

Dr. Groszinger waved his hand impatiently at the newsmen. "You people read too many comic books. Come back in twenty years, and maybe I'll have a story for you." THE END

DICK STROME

The Conversationalists

I—The Wanderer

THIS fellow needs a compass. Or a road map. Or maybe even an Indian guide. Once he gets started on a conversational subject there's no telling where he'll wind up. Chances are he'll never get back to it—except by accident.

"Speaking of Russia," he starts out, "I'm minded of what my brother-in-law said once . . . he was in the Navy, you know, for three years and ten months . . . no, it was *eleven* months . . . that's right, *eleven* months because he was let out in June of 1946 just when I went to work for Atlas Drop Forge where I got laid up for seven weeks after a crane hit me on the head with a grappling hook like I told Jim Harper it would happen if he didn't . . . Jim is Beth Miller's cousin, you know . . . she's the one who ran off with that fella from Minneapolis who came here to survey that land northeast of town where they were going to build the airport but the whole thing fell through when the government in Washington decided to move it to Chester county . . . something to do with Russia, I heard . . . which reminds me of what my brother-in-law said once . . . he was in the Navy, you know, for three . . ."

This is where I came in.

—BY PAUL RITTS

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A Thousand Summers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

to younger men, and she wasn't sure whether the idea pleased her.

She looked up from the still unopened letter and then quickly lowered her eyes again. It was early in the season, and only a few other diners were present. One of these was a tallish, lean man, whose deep tan made it difficult to guess his age. He had been staring at Angela, without any intention of being rude; and, like her, he now lowered his eyes. Once more Angela looked up.

He caught her look, a second more than a passing glance should be, and bowed slightly, but did not smile. Raised, his face showed oblong in shape, and Angela noted the contrast between the firm chin and jaw and the wide, sensuous mouth.

She ate the chop and when Mr. Herrmann returned to grow ecstatic about the lemon sherbet, with which he recommended yellow chartreuse, Angela asked who the lean man was. Herrmann raised his fat hands off the table in the least of deprecating gestures. "Ah, he. That is Professor Evan Gallishaw." He smiled as though to say: You know how such people are, but after all this is a public hostelry.

"Professor? Of what?"

"Something or other at some big school in the north." His accent deepened faintly as she pressed him. "He was here once before when I was not here—with his wife. She is dead now and he is back doing some kind of writing or other. Can I then have the boy bring you the lemon ice and the chartreuse?"

"Something with more contrast," she said. "Or no. Maybe just the ice. Is the professor staying here?"

"Oh, no," Herrmann said, again as though that was one caste not permitted in the hotel. "He is in one of the cottages at the other end of the island. He comes here for dinner. Sometimes, too, for lunch."

Angela looked away to dismiss the manager. She had already displayed more than a seemingly interest in the professor. She rose and wandered off along the wide terrace. The other end was deserted and almost dark. From it she could see the harbor below and the green blinker. She realized that she was lonely. The feeling had occurred here before, but always after a week or so on the island.

It was easy for Angela to think of herself as abandoned, not by anyone or any single thing in particular, but by something vague and indefinite, shapeless and unnamed. It became a source of sad, pleasant emotion. She did not try to name what oppressed her; she did not dare to. If by some chance she did succeed in naming it, the emotion would vanish. There was, too, the odor of night-blooming jasmine.

She walked back along the expanse of grained marl blocks and was reminded of a pillared and interminable Hollywood set through which she had once wandered in a costume picture. Tomorrow, she decided, tomorrow she would get some much-needed exercise. Tomorrow she would walk to the other end of the island on the bridle path.

NEXT day, the sun was hotter than she remembered it, and after she started her walk she wished she'd worn a hat with an even wider brim. Two years had passed since she had come this way and she had forgotten how much of the path was not shaded. It ran near little bays and inlets, crossed one or two of the latter on wide, railingless planking, got almost lost in patches where marl became sand. In one of two inlets crawfishermen probed with their lances in the rock, and in shallow water under the planking she saw where three barracuda had herded a school of mullet into a little *boca*. The mullet milled slowly around, half paralyzed with fright, some of them marked by teeth, while the fed barracuda lay in the pass. Thirsty, Angela could not remember where the single clear available spring bubbled up.

In the shade of the palm she paused and sat on a corally outcropping. Two native girls came along, chattering in the heat. When they saw her their voices dropped. They wore orange kerchiefs spread loosely over their hair and one of them carried a basket, covered with an aquamarine cloth. When Angela greeted them, the elder one curtsied while the younger hid her face in her hands and giggled.

When Angela asked where the spring was they told her it was half a mile back on the road. Did they know then, which cottage was Professor Gallishaw's?

"That's where we're going," the older girl said. This was more than Angela had bargained for, but she walked along the soft marl, a pretty colored girl on either side of her.

Cockatoos squawked in palms. Far out over the sea, against a sky turned pale with heat, a man-o'-war hawk soared, black and white, so still that with its forked tail it seemed more like a child's kite than a bird. Whitewashed concrete flashed in a flat brightness, and then she saw the red-tile roofs.

THERE were three cottages and the two girls went directly to the farthest one. Near it, they hung back as though expecting Angela to precede them. A sort of panic overtook her, tempered by amusement at the situation she had got herself into. She had had no intention of telling anyone she was on her way to Gallishaw's cottage—indeed, she had scarcely told herself—and had been betrayed by thirst into telling the native girls. Noticing her own hesitation they grew first puzzled, then amused.

"Go ahead and knock, ma'am," the older one said. "He always finish for the morning by twelve. That's why we come then." The younger again began to giggle in her hands.

"I don't really know him and—" Angela said. The cottage door opened and Gallishaw appeared in it, clad in tennis shorts and white T-shirt. Behind him the cottage interior was dark and cool. He stood blinking into white light.

"Good morning, Miss Rayne," he said.

"I met the girls on the bridle path," Angela said. "I was looking for a spring I thought I remembered from two years ago, but I'd passed it. They seemed to feel that your cottage was the next nearest place to get a drink of water."

"Fortunately, yes," he said. "Won't you come in?"

She stepped inside and instantly welcomed the cool air of the cottage. She saw a table, littered with papers and books; she noted the wicker furniture and the prints on the wall. Turning toward the door, she watched Gallishaw paying the girls for the clean laundry they had brought and the loaf of new bread. Over his shoulder she saw the girls depart, again giggling.

He, too, watched them, probably, Angela thought, to give himself time to adjust to her unexpected presence.

Then he turned quickly, as though he had been remiss. "I had almost forgotten," he said. "You're thirsty. I like to watch them go after they have been here."

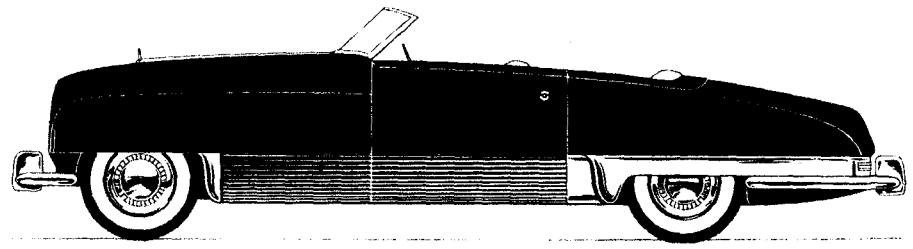
"You mean the light on those colors they wear?"

"Yes," he said, a little surprised. He went to the kitchen, and she heard him opening an icebox. "You wouldn't want a stick of rum in it?" he called. "It's blackstrap, the real thing."

"N-no," she said. Her uncertainty puzzled her. "It's a bit early in the day. I should be starting back to the hotel for lunch."

He came out with a high glass of limeade. "You can stay and take potluck here, if you'd like."

She drank thirstily before answering. Then she said, "I hesitate because from my



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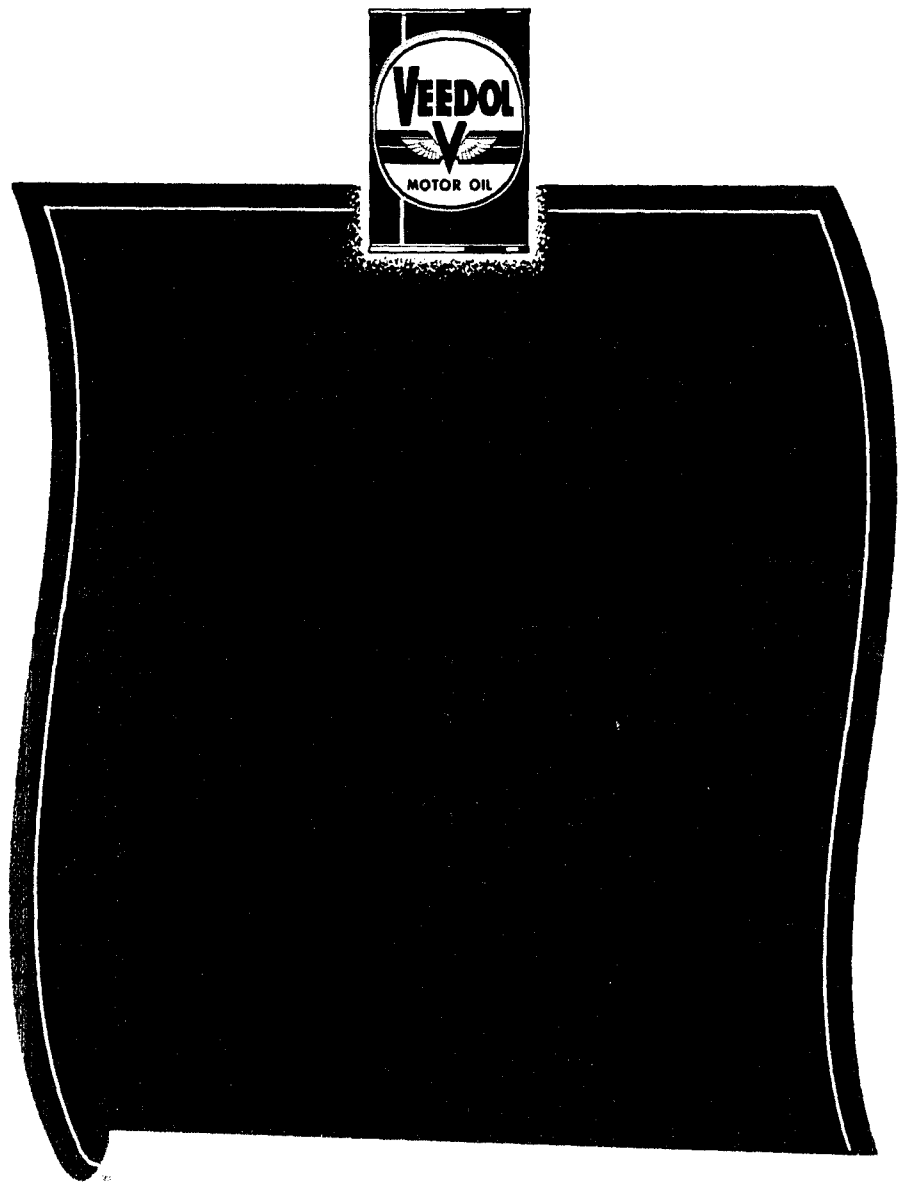

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Greenwich Village days I know what heavy going a man can make of his cooking."

"Oh," he said, "I have a gas icebox and all sorts of things delivered from the hotel. Vichyssoise, crawfish, steak—and lots of odds and ends."

"Somehow I'd thought you were leading a Spartan existence here. The legend of the shy and frugal scholar—"

He laughed. "Not I. I've been on a sabbatical since February and here for the past two months, finishing my doctor's thesis. You will stay then?" He rose.

"All right. If you'll let me help."

ANGELA began to set a table that stood on a flagged terrace on the farther seaward side of the house. She found bright linen mats and the silver.

An awning shaded the terrace, and when he had brought out the food he suggested she sit with her back to the house so that she could see the water. When he sat opposite her, Angela impulsively said that there was no reason to deprive himself of the view. She helped him silently move the place setting around to her side of the table.

The silence persisted after they were sitting side by side and Angela—much of whose life had been dedicated to overcoming such silences—was puzzled by it. She decided it was a combination of things, the sun beginning to wester slightly on their right, its dazzle on the water catching the edge of her eye; the sound of the small waves; the heat. Yet other things, too, less namable. She sighed inwardly and said, "Your work must be very exacting."

"You mean what I'm doing here, or the teaching?"

"Both, I would think. Isn't that why you're here—so that you can concentrate better?" Even as she asked the question, Angela suspected her own innocence in making it. He smiled faintly but did not turn to her. He was a year or two older than she, she decided—about thirty-six. The play of the water apparently fascinated him. "I suppose I can concentrate here," he said. "I came for other reasons, too."

After a brief hesitation, Angela said, "Your wife—?"

He still did not turn to her, although she thought the reference might have made him. "How did you know?"

"Someone at the hotel mentioned her—your having been here before with her."

"The world is full of sentimentalists," he said.

"I don't think any harm was intended—or done."

He nodded tightly. "I suppose not."

She was touched by his sudden tension, by the momentary break in his aloofness, and she put a hand lightly on his wrist. He turned to her more in gratitude than surprise. For an instant she thought that he was about to embrace her. A gust of warm breeze blew a strand of her pale hair across her lips. Gallishaw looked at her uncertainly, and then they heard a loud splashing offshore.

Glancing outward they saw a flat silver cloud rising like a shallow dome over a nearby reef of the marbled blue water. It fell and rose and fell and again rose, each time a little farther to the east. "Something's cutting into the balao," Gallishaw said. "Probably barracuda. Do you fish?"

"Sometimes," Angela said.

"Good," he said. "We'll go fishing. Tomorrow—the next day?"

"All right," she said. They watched the balao, small bait fish the natives called ballyhoo, rise once more in terror in a flat, sounding silver cloud. Then the waters were still again in twenty shades of blue. Gallishaw said, "I've often wondered how many shades of blue and green can be seen offshore. Some of the natives can tell the depth by the shade."

"It's too bad we can't tell as much about people by some surface difference," Angela said.

"Oh, do you really think it would be a good thing?" he asked.

"I suppose not," she said. Now Angela looked away but was aware of his eyes, blue in that tanned face, watching her in a kind of polite amusement. She felt that the situation had got out of hand and in a small panic rose and said she must return to the hotel.

He murmured polite regret and asked if she would be having dinner on the terrace that evening. She said she didn't know. . . .

Walking back to the hotel, she felt disturbed and faintly nettled; he had managed to take the initiative from her and somehow place her on the defensive. Exactly how, she didn't know.

The walk tired her and as she undressed to nap, she noticed the letter from the Corliss boy on her dresser, still unopened. She picked it up, then laid it on her night table. The Venetian blinds made a twilight in the place and she went to sleep almost at once.

Waking too early to go down for dinner, she reached for the books the management had placed on the night table for her: two new novels, a biography of Fanny Kemble, and an anthology of English verse. Angela reached for it and flicked the pages aimlessly. When she came on a poem by Swinburne, her heart lifted in a joy she felt could be due only to her having some of his same pleasant anarchy in her own breast.

From her room, by looking slantwise to the east, Angela could see the diners on the terrace. Then she saw Gallishaw come ambling along, and she began to dress. Hurriedly she marked the Swinburne page in the anthology.

When she reached the terrace, carrying the book, she found that her corner table was decked with flowers, a single huge, late magnolia bud opening in a silver dish, a few tuberoses and begonias. Gallishaw was standing as though expecting her to sit with him and the table had its usual attendance of waiters and assistant managers about it. Making a gesture of mock despair to Gallishaw she sat at her own table. He nodded in understanding; when he had finished his meal, he came over and sat with her.

"They do think well of you here, don't they?" he said.

"They do most places." She said it quietly and did not look up from the magnolia bud.

"I can well believe it." He sounded more pleased than amused. "When would you like to go fishing?"

"Tomorrow? Almost any day."

"Tomorrow we could go out in the channel in a rowboat. But some other day we should hire a boat and crew and troll for big ones."

He seemed relaxed, assured, more expansive than Angela had expected he might be. She gave him the book, open to the Swinburne page; he glanced at it briefly and without comment. In silence, they walked to the far end of the terrace. The night-blooming jasmine had unfolded once more and the heady odor hung in the air.

Diffidently, she asked about his work on the thesis.

"It's a study of the Romantic poets," he said.

"Them as people—or their work?"

"The work, of course." They were both silent and then he said, "I see why you asked that. You'd naturally be more interested in people, I more in ideas. Your interest is much the more healthy, I'm sure."

"Really?" she said with gentle mockery. Even in the half-light she could see the color rise on his face.

She smiled, to take the sting out of the mockery, and gave him her hand. He pulled her to him and kissed her. His lean arms were wiry, and when he released her it was only because he and not herself had decided that was best for the moment. She nodded slightly. "Dear—"

He glanced away. "I suppose it's the jasmine," he said lightly.

"If you think these are cute, wait until you see the ones we took later . . . when she was three weeks old!"

COLLIER'S — MARTIN GARRITY

"How flattering," Angela said. They walked back to the wide stairs that led down among the narrow cedars and eventually to the little harbor.

"I'm tired," she said. "What time shall I meet you tomorrow and where?"

"I have a skiff near the house," he said. "Here the fishing doesn't seem to depend as much on tides as it does in the north. You could come for lunch again—or earlier."

"I want to sleep late," she said. "I'll come after lunch. Good night."

He left and she went back to her room. She looked for the letter from the Corliss boy; then she remembered she had used it as a marker in the anthology. Probably it had slipped out and was lost. She didn't sleep well that night.

THE next day Evan Gallishaw and Angela rowed off from the little landing before his cottage; they dropped anchor in the channel a quarter mile offshore.

Angela could see the baited hook and sinker go into the clear water, ten, fifteen feet, only to disappear in the blue murk of the channel. Angela was enchanted by the bright colors of the fish—the pink hogfish, the striped sergeant fish, mangrove snappers with mulberry stripes and yellowtails aping in yellow the snappers.

Angela had fallen into the habit of wrapping the line around her wrist, for some of the fish ran moderately large. She had caught a seven-pound grouper and a six-pound bonefish. The action was so quick that they had little chance to talk of anything but the fishing.

She was pulling in another good-sized fish when the line stopped and went taut. Angela stood and braced herself hard against the planking. For a moment the line moved neither way. Evan looked over the side and called out that a shark had seized the fish she had hooked. By looking precariously over the side she could see the small shark about five feet long. She had barely glimpsed it when the line began to draw downward slowly. In quick fright she tried to release it only to find it bound tight about her arm by the shark's downward pull.

She would have fallen into the swift tide that passed through the channel if Evan had not seized her about the waist. For a moment nothing happened. He managed to stop her going over the gunwale, but she hung in precarious balance until the downward pull suddenly ceased and she fell backward across Gallishaw onto the cover of the live-box amidships.

They both began to laugh and as she tried to turn and rise, facing him for a moment; once again he pulled her to him and kissed her. Her wide-brimmed hat had fallen off and Angela felt the sun against her cheek. Its heat seemed to possess weight but that didn't seem to matter.

They rose and pulled in their lines. On hers was the head half of a four-pound gray snapper. It gave a little grim note to the moment; they were silent as Gallishaw rowed toward shore. The sun was lowering and a fresh breeze blew across the boat, so that when Gallishaw beached it he was forty or fifty yards down from where they had pushed off. He pushed a fluke of the anchor into the soft marl of the beach, and, taking Angela's hand, walked with her back to the cottage.

LATER, walking to the hotel in the quick-darkening tropical dusk, Gallishaw said he rather thought he loved her. His voice was quiet and a little unsure. "Of course," he added quickly, "we haven't known each other long."

"No," Angela said. "Two days—three—isn't much, is it? You've been rather lonely here, too—" Her voice had taken on a speculative note: there was even a hint of amusement in it.

Glancing obliquely at him, she saw him nod ruefully. "You're amused," he said. "I suppose it's as much as I deserve."

"Well," she said, "I've also been properly grateful for your saving me from going overboard."

He stopped and put his arms around her. She freed her arms and put a hand on either side of his temples. It was a good gesture and one she had used often, on and off the stage. It was, she realized, largely unnecessary now. Her eyes were quite open and over his shoulder she could see the lights of the hotel glimmering through palms.

Walking toward it again, she asked what he thought of the book she had given him. "It's standard," he said. "I notice you marked Swinburne. No one reads him any more. I'm sorry I forgot to bring it."

She was silent as they came up the steps to the hotel terrace. Herrmann greeted them. If he smirks, Angela thought, I will throw something at him. But Herrmann had been in the hotel business a long time. He made perhaps a little more fuss than was necessary in supervising the setting of an extra place at her table.

Angela and the professor were subdued during the meal. The red mark of the fish-line on her wrist still showed and Gallishaw put a finger on it. The few diners at other tables watched them.

She said good night to Gallishaw at the head of the wide stairs. Tomorrow he would come to the hotel for lunch and later he would show her another walk on the island. She went up to her room, puzzled by a jumble of emotions. The sense of abandonment, of loneliness had gone, yet so also had her delicate amusement. . . .

Gallishaw arrived the next day and during lunch showed her pictures of his two young daughters. Angela grew preoccupied and concerned; this was a direction she had not expected a pleasant affair to take.

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On their walk around the west side of the island she was silent, still disturbed by the complexity of her feelings toward Gallishaw; always before, things had been so simple. When they reached his cottage she was grateful for the shade and coolness. Angela let him make love to her, but she tried to plead her doctor's orders for rest as an excuse not to see him the next day. Yet she saw him every day for a week and after that he asked her if she had ever thought of living at a university. He spoke lightly, with laughter in his voice; but the question was clearly not meant for a joke.

She could not understand the feeling of panic that rose in her, although she was able to conceal it. It wasn't quite a proposal, but she put her arms on his shoulders impulsively and without any of an actress' guile. "Look," she said, "you're very sweet, but honestly—"

When she hesitated he said, "Honestly what?"

"Well, just how well do you think I'd fit into a university community? And what about your children? Would they like me? Do you think an actress is the proper person to bring them up? After all, I've been in love a great many times. I might even be in love now. But none of the others worked out—why should we think this one would?"

He shook his head slightly; the expression in his eyes might have been hurt, or it might have been relief. She reached up and kissed him and he said, "How odd that you should be the sensible one about this."

In her room later on she had a passing regret that she had lost the Corliss boy's letter. If she could read it now it might be a kind of lesson to her, a proof against temptation. She should never have told Stanley that she loved him. For Angela knew now that she loved Evan Gallishaw a good deal.

Lying awake that night she discovered within herself—or thought she discovered—unexpected capacities and likings. She had always liked children, had even wanted some of her own, and here were two, ready-made. Evan's school was not a great distance from New York; she might even be able to take a part now and then, spending week ends at home. She might even teach in the drama department of the school. A pleasant way to mature and grow old, she thought wistfully.

HER phone awakened her in midmorning. Evan sounded upset although his news was good. A cable had come, telling him he was to be acting head of his department for the coming year. He would have to return early. His plane was leaving in half an hour; he wanted to see her but didn't know if there was time. She said she would hurry to the little seaplane base.

The sense of separation and even of loss was strong in her as she dressed: far stronger than she could ever have guessed when she lightly decided to flirt with a man who wore a bow tie at dinner in the tropics.

Evan seemed more reserved than at any time since that first night she saw him. Perhaps it is his clothes, Angela thought hopefully: the hat of fine cocoa straw, the seersucker suit and dark tie. The little plane's engines were idling and they had to talk against the noise.

She gave him her hand and said that she would write to him. He nodded, looking at her rather guiltily, she thought, as though bothered by something he had done—something out of character. The steward told Evan politely that the plane was ready to take off. Evan gave her back the book of verse; for a moment her heart lifted as she thought it might be something else, a farewell gift. Once more, loneliness—now an actual desolation—overwhelmed her as she watched the plane taxi out into the yacht basin, then disappear, the pale blue-and-yellow lost quickly in a sky white with heat.

Angela walked slowly back to the hotel and went to her room. In its coolness she sat by a window and idly opened the book. It came open to the place she had marked for the letter from the Corliss boy. The letter she had thought lost—how strange to find it now of all times. A vague, unreasonable sense of personal disaster stirred inside her as she read the four lines of Swinburne Evan had bracketed.

Swallow, my sister, O sister Swallow
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?

The letter had come unstuck in the moist heat, not only the flap but each gummed edge of the paper. There was no evidence that Evan had read it, but it had been there open for him if he wanted to read it. She wondered if his discipline had been proof against reading someone else's letter stuck in a book? Whether it had been or not, she was now forced to read the letter herself. It was quite short. Stanley wrote that he loved her and could neither work nor live if she could not meet him in New York. The date given was two weeks ago. He knew many others loved her; but, after all, she had said she loved him. Almost idly, Angela wondered if Evan knew her reputation but had decided it didn't matter until he had read the letter?

IT WAS not the first letter of its kind Angela had received. *Nor will it be the last,* some inner voice insisted. Could Evan's bracketing of the four lines mean he had read the letter? Whether he had read it or not, the bracketing looked like a polite way of telling her that their lives were too divergent ever to meet and run together for any length of time. Perhaps this sudden call back to his real and permanent work had sobered him. Or was she merely reading more into these things than was there?

The sense of loss grew, and with it a hunger; if the loss was real, if the hunger was honest, then very soon what she would feel in her breast would be pain.

Angela hated pain: she was afraid of it. "I won't wait to find out," she said aloud. "I'll follow him home."

And then there was a knock at the door, and Herrmann, the hotel manager, stood before her, bowing and grinning like a cat. He was so pleased to see madam herself again, and to come down for lunch. There was young pullet *en brochette.* There was also red snapper cooked Mexican style in a batter of garlic and egg. Nodding absently, Angela followed him to her table.

There were also, the manager said, more guests. One of them a young senator from the States, had expressed a wish to meet her. Would she, could she, give Herrmann the pleasure of later introducing the senator to her? There, the senator was arriving now alone.

Angela glanced up. The man was scarcely forty, sturdy, sunburned, with a kind of rough, irregular good looks—a slightly crooked nose, a strong, well-shaped mouth. "Yes," Angela said, "yes."

The senator nodded politely and seated himself. Evan couldn't have been serious, she thought. Probably he had not even read the letter but had been distracted easily by the call back to school—distracted and sobered.

"And your appetite, madam?" Herrmann said.

"Is fine. I want a good lunch, a big one—Vichyssoise, the chicken, the red snapper."

Angela looked up and smiled across at the newcomer. She had often wondered what it would be like to live in Washington, to be hostess to the famous and the great. Or perhaps simply to visit the capital occasionally with someone who was well-connected.

Well, she was certainly herself again. She might even forget diet for a while. They had brought her a whole bowl of the Vichyssoise packed in ice. It was perfect. The right amount of chives, the right consistency. The senator was already talking to Herrmann, who gestured amiably. Then they were walking together over to her, and Angela dropped her eyes demurely to the table.

THE END

July READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with

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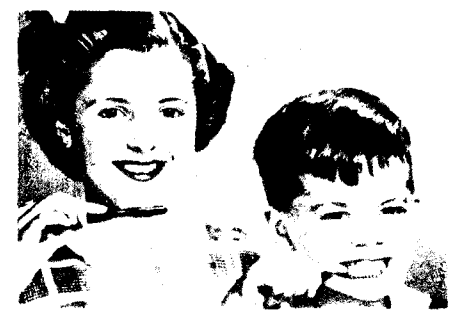

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They Get Away with Murder in Pittsburgh

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

home on Brushton Avenue the evening of December 10, 1948. In her red T-shirt and pink apron, the child had been mixing a cake for her mother and father, who were due home shortly from an outing with their neighborhood bowling league. After the attack, with blood pouring from her body, she crawled with her last strength to the dining room and was found there—her hands clutching out for the telephone.

The tragedy is over. But Pittsburghers don't like the thought that the sadistic killer at this writing is still at large.

Last March 26th, just four months after the Brusco murder, another young woman, Josephine San Filippo, was shot to death in a mysterious assault as she walked down Reedsdale Street, just a block from her home. Police have no idea who fired the .32 bullet which smashed into the right side of her head.

That killer is still at large, too.

But murder tells just part of the story.

Last December 13th an employee of Pitt University's Psychiatric Institute and Clinic was shot down (fortunately not killed) by a hoodlum who accosted her as she went for her car in a parking lot behind the institute. Eight days later a woman was assaulted on the street in East Liberty by a gunman who choked her, and rasped, "Keep quiet—or you'll get what the Brusco girl got!"

On January 3d a woman was slugged in her own house in Squirrel Hill, then held captive while two hoodlums pillaged her home. A week later an eighteen-year-old girl was beaten over the head, her scalp laid open, as she walked near her home in Mount Washington. Four days after that a young mother with a three-month-old baby in her arms was grabbed in the hallway of her home in Oakland. "If you scream, I'll kill the baby," her assailant threatened.

On April 8th a mother of four children was set upon as she was returning to her Mount Washington home from a shopping trip. A man dashed out of an alley, yoked her from behind, then—in a mad, psychopathic attack—rammed a wood chisel into the back of her neck. He darted off as she collapsed to the sidewalk.

So goes Pittsburgh's calendar of crime.

Storekeepers in some parts of town have taken to closing up early. They remember, with an icy chill, the attack on Harry Friedman, a sixty-seven-year-old tailor, and his wife on February 23d. Five hoodlums invaded Friedman's shop on Dinwiddie Street, beat him over the head with an iron pipe, stripped and threatened to attack his sixty-six-year-old wife, then tied and locked up the aged couple while ransacking the shop.

Mrs. Anica Macfarlane, who runs a children's apparel store on South Highland Avenue, started something new in shopkeeping. After a thug invaded her store, knocked her down and locked her in the washroom, she decided that if the police couldn't protect her she'd protect herself. She kept the door of her shop locked all day long, unbolting it only for customers.

"A fine way to do business in a big, modern city," one Pittsburgh merchant remarked.

Pittsburgh, for the year 1949, reported to the F.B.I. a total of 23 murders, 587 robberies, 322 aggravated assaults, 2,528 burglaries, 945 grand larcenies and 1,506 auto thefts. These figures—as figures—do not shape up badly. In fact, if one ventured a comparison with other cities (which one should not venture) they would reflect a pretty pure town. But it is best to read these figures in conjunction with another document of the F.B.I., to wit, a report on the record keeping of the Pittsburgh Bureau of Police, made by F.B.I. investigators:

"There is no headquarters control over police business," states the F.B.I. report. "The recording of complaints is scattered throughout the precincts and various divisions of the bureau. There is no method of insuring that all complaints and requests for police service are recorded. As a result of this decentralization and lack of administrative control, the tabulations and recapitulations prepared from compilations forwarded to the headquarters records room do not present to the administering officials or the public a true or complete picture of the police problem of the city . . . For example, only 60 per cent of the crimes were reported by one precinct (picked at random) whose records were examined. The city crime reports are 40 per cent incomplete on this basis."

"Ah—those were the good old days"

COLLIER'S — G. W. CRENSHAW

Later the F.B.I. report was specific:

"Officers assigned to complaints or requests for police service report verbally to their precinct desk officer, who either prepares a letter-size complaint report for furnishing to headquarters or enters the information in a miscellaneous book. Crimes are apparently listed in the miscellaneous book when it is 'thought' there is nothing to the crime. However, an examination of the miscellaneous book (variously referred to as the 'butcher book' and the 'undercover book') will show that, when an arrest is made, an entry in the miscellaneous book then reaches the dignity of a matter worthy of reporting to headquarters and the item is crossed out of the miscellaneous book and a complaint report prepared."

In bygone days it was common fakery in police departments to hide crimes in the bottom drawer and pull them out only when an arrest was made. The F.B.I. has worked hard to change this and so has the International Association of Chiefs of Police. So have the people who pay the salaries of policemen—you and I, the citizen taxpayers.

At a citizens' meeting in Pittsburgh's Liberty School last October, Kennedy Smith, an attorney, rose to his feet and asked Police Superintendent Harvey J. Scott how he could justify the hiding of crime reports—the "butcher book" procedure. Scott's reply was that other cities do it too and he didn't want to give Pittsburgh a black eye.

"I don't care about other cities," Attorney Smith persisted. "Is it good police method?"

There was no reply.

One after another, our major cities have overhauled their crime reporting in recent years and most of them today are giving the citizens an honest count. Today the bigger "black eye," as Scott called it, is to phony up the statistics. For we live in a new era of *crime against people*, wherein the depredations of the hoodlum, the rapist, the child molester, the mugger, cutthroat and slugger are visited upon our own neighborhoods. The terror in our cities cannot be hidden away in "butcher books" or bottom drawers—it is in the streets. The people know about it, feel it.

Two hundred Pittsburgh women marched on the City Council last December 13th in vociferous protest against street terror. Their leader, Mrs. R. Templeton Smith, president of the Allegheny County League of Women Voters, declared:

"The women of the city of Pittsburgh are afraid—and mad. They're afraid to be out alone at night on the streets of Pittsburgh; they're afraid, not only for themselves, but for their children . . . We want no more clutching hands to reach out and grab us when we step out of our doors at night."

Nurses at West Penn, Shadyside, and Mercy Hospitals have been accosted, molested and terrorized going to and from evening shifts. Girls from Carnegie Tech and Pitt—even while riding in streetcars—have been affronted by exhibitionists driving in automobiles alongside. At Carnegie Tech's Morewood Gardens dormitory, 450 coeds voted in their council to go abroad after darkness only in groups of three or more. Saleslgirls in department stores, afraid to go home alone, dipped into their hard-earned funds to take taxis. In the East End and North Side, car pools were formed—as in war days—to take women to and from streetcar stops.

Girls who came to wait on table at Shadyside Presbyterian Church dinners were afraid to walk home. They had to be sent home in cars. The Help of Christians Church, which customarily held a two-week Easter mission—one week for men, one week for women—condensed it to one week this year because women wouldn't attend without their men for protection. The Sts. Peter and Paul Roman Catholic Church curtailed all evening activities, except on Fridays, after street attacks upon its parishioners.

How great was the feeling of insecurity?

The Rev. Wilburn C. Campbell, then of Pittsburgh's Episcopal Church of the Ascension, and now Bishop Coadjutor of West Virginia, epitomized that feeling when—in an admittedly unusual request—he called upon Pennsylvania Governor James H. Duff to turn out the National Guard. "The National Guard should be used to patrol the city and pick up criminals running loose on our streets," he exhorted.

It was probably too drastic a move to be considered seriously. But off in Washington, D.C., Pennsylvania Congressman Harry J. Davenport also felt that the situation was probably too much for Pittsburgh to handle alone. He pressed for national legislation—something like the Lindbergh Law—to protect women and children from attack and ravishment. Congressman Davenport knew the score. His home is in Shadyside, just a block from where Jean Brusco—one of his constituents—was murdered. It was also in his district that little Carole Kensinger was done to death.

What's wrong in the fine, outstanding city at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela? You don't have to go further than the nearest Pittsburgher to find the answer. The cabdriver will tell you. So will the lawyer, merchant, teacher and newspaper reporter. In fact, a good many honest cops will tell you too—if you don't quote them.

Mrs. Smith put her finger on it the day she and her Women Voters marched on the City Council. *"The only way that this problem can be solved is for the mayor and the council to remove politics from the police force. If you are going to make the streets of Pittsburgh safe for women and children, this is a MUST,"* she said.

To get the impact of this statement you have to know something about the Pittsburgh Bureau of Police. You have to know that police promotions are made without regard to standings in civil service examinations, that a man who makes a miserable 75 on a lieutenants' exam can get the job over a man who makes 98. You have to know that the job of detective in the Pittsburgh Police Department is like those jobs Grandma took during World War II—"No experience necessary." A man doesn't even have to be a cop to become a Pittsburgh detective. You have to know, too, that no one above the rank of lieutenant is protected by civil service. The detectives, inspectors and Superintendent Scott himself can be sacked at a moment's notice by the same political satraps who okayed their jobs in the first place.

To knowledgeable observers of American police systems this is what is known plainly and simply as a political police department. There are a few of them still around. Most have long since been fumigated.

Bosses Ruin Police Morale

As Mrs. Smith put it to the City Council—"It is common gossip that if you wish to be on the police force, a ward chairman or someone powerful in politics has to be your sponsor . . . We realize that the largest police force in the world would continue to be inefficient as long as ward chairmen are permitted to exercise any control over the police department.

"When ward chairmen abuse their political power by bringing pressure to bear on policemen, forcing them to toe the line or be relegated to undesirable beats or shifts, forcing them to pitch in and round up the vote at election time, demanding that they turn a deaf ear to the rackets profitable to political bosses—then only a hard-hitting cleanup campaign, backed by the administration and citizens, determined to strip unscrupulous ward bosses of all control over police, can give us efficient, dependable police protection in Pittsburgh."

A number of police, in past years, have gone in for politicking on their own. It was common to find members of the police force doubling as ward chairmen, city committeemen or constables. A count early this year showed that 47 police officers were also members of the powerful Democratic City Committee. Four detectives doubled in the elective job of constable, and two detectives and an inspector were ward chairmen.

In April, red-faced at the political involvements of its police force, the City Council passed an ordinance forbidding policemen to hold political office. While this would seem elementary and obvious in most cities, in Pittsburgh it qualified as "reform." Cops couldn't run for office any more; all they could do was finish out their terms—which in the case of some cop-constables meant nearly six more years of political tenure.

I visited the headquarters of a combination cop-and-ward-chairman on primary day. He wasn't in.

"Where is he?" I asked another officer.

"He's out electioneering," the officer replied.

"But I thought cops couldn't hold office any more—"

The officer laughed. "Don't worry about that."

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"But the cops are out of politics," I persisted, quoting a line Mayor David L. Lawrence had said to me that morning.

"Yeah, sure," the officer replied with a grin. "If they're out of politics, they're out of a job."

When the Citizens Crime Committee was organized last winter two of its leaders went to Mayor Lawrence, the generalissimo of Pittsburgh's Democratic machine, and asked him some straight-from-the-shoulder questions. The interview was not recorded nor was either of the Crime Committee representatives able to take it down verbatim. But both of them are ministers of the gospel, and they transcribed the proceedings immediately afterward.

The Mayor Answers Questions

Here is a revelatory selection:

"Question: The ward chairman sponsors the men to be appointed or promoted in the police force. Do you believe that is right?

"Answer (by Mayor Lawrence): Yes. They know the needs of their direct community and the men who could most ably do the job.

"Question: Would you be willing to make the (position of) superintendent of police a nonpolitical job?

"Answer: No. The present system is more in keeping with the democratic process. A mayor should have the right to place men in positions that will help carry out his program."

Perhaps this is what the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette meant when it referred to the Bureau of Police as "a political auxiliary of the Democratic party."

Certainly Mayor Lawrence knows that under the American system political parties *do not have police auxiliaries*. True, Lawrence is the Democratic national committeeman for Pennsylvania—but that doesn't make him the gauleiter for Pittsburgh!

What kind of police service do the taxpayers get from Mayor Lawrence's "political auxiliary"?

One Pittsburgh woman tells of a bottle being thrown through her bedroom window at night, apparently by a prowler. Badly frightened—as any woman would be—she called the police. In an utter travesty on police work, they told her, "As soon as you find out who did it, we'll go out and arrest him."

Waiting lengthily for Pittsburgh's cops to show up, once they are summoned, is a common and rankling experience. The dilly-dally and delay in the Brusco case brought the matter to a shocking climax, and there was an ephemeral change for the better. But three months later, Ray Sprigle, hard-hitting reporter for the Post-Gazette, again wanted to know, "Why does a citizen with murder on his doorstep, or armed prowlers breaking into his home, have to wait interminably for police to answer his call?"

Fed up with the police, some Pittsburgh citizens have hired their own private protection. In the fine neighborhoods of Schenley Farms and Point Breeze, residents pay special guards to give their homes and families some measure of security. A businessman and member of the Citizens Crime Committee, living in Squirrel Hill, remarked, "If I were to leave my home on vacation, I would inform the private guards. But I wouldn't bother telling the police—I don't think that would do any good."

The detective division, which Pittsburghers depend upon to solve their crimes, hardly adds to their confidence. The fantastic fact that "no experience is necessary" has resulted in a force of headquarters detectives in which only 12 men out of 35 have had any previous service whatever on the police force. Others have been appointed smack out of civilian life, their previous vocations including that of truck driver, barber, pugilist, hotel clerk and sidewalk pitchman.

Sprigle reported in the Post-Gazette, "Neither Superintendent of Police Harvey Scott nor Director of Safety George E. A. Fairley ever has had a hand in appointing a detective. Appointments come directly from City Hall at the behest of ward chairmen."

Inspector Adam A. Geisler, Pittsburgh's new chief of detectives, instituted a few reforms since his appointment in February. He will suspend any man who is caught drinking while on duty. What's more, he doesn't want detectives pursuing criminals by streetcar any more—he thinks it's high time they use automobiles. In Pittsburgh, this too is reform.

Willard Schauer, formerly a sergeant of the Pennsylvania State Police and now a reporter for the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, is constantly agog at local police operations. Well trained by the troopers, he marvels at the city's Keystone coppery. Schauer recalls the murder of a jeweler in 1948 which, despite the fact that six shots were fired, the police at first labeled a suicide. Apparently they went on the theory that the jeweler was a bad marksman—he missed himself four times, then hit himself twice.

When eventually they agreed that this had obviously been an exchange of bullets with a holdup man (the showcases were shot up and there was a blob of blood near the door), Schauer suggested, "Why not cut out this strip of linoleum with the blood on it? That's the blood of your murderer. It should be tested."

A police official replied, "I can't test it. I don't have the facilities."

The Pittsburgh Bureau of Police has neither of the two essentials of modern crime detection—a crime laboratory and a ballistics bureau. Recently, in response to popular clamor, it was announced that the county chemist's laboratory, wherein a major activity has been the testing of cement, would do some lab work for the police. And as for ballistics, Inspector Geisler said, "I use the ballistics man at the district attorney's office—*when I can*."

When he *can't*, Geisler has to pack a man off to Washington to get ballistics help from the F.B.I. Recently *two* men—an extra one from the coroner's office—went to Washington as escorts for two bullets. (Keep this up and the costs of transportation alone could equip a ballistics bureau.)

The police record bureau operates on what one official described with a straight face as "the one-man system." Edward V. McFadden, a civilian carried on the police payroll as a "messenger," does all the work singlehanded for $2,538 a year. Lucky that McFadden is a competent, hard-working citizen or Pittsburgh crime recording would be even more miserable than the F.B.I. found it.

From top to bottom, the Pittsburgh Bureau of Police is run on a pinchpenny basis. Its 1950 budget is $4,606,639, which even Director Fairley acknowledges is "extremely small." Compare it to other cities' budgets—San Francisco $6,500,000, Boston $10,268,000, St. Louis $8,526,000, Washington $7,420,000. All you have to do is ride in a Pittsburgh police car to know how run down the bureau's equipment is. I rode in one car in which it was almost impossible to shift gears. I was glad we weren't chasing any bandits when the perspiring cop at the wheel tried to put it in high.

A New Car—but Not for Cops

Next morning I learned that the city of Pittsburgh had just bought a new car. For the cops? No, for the mayor. It cost $5,384. When a newspaperman compared it to the "personal carriage of the King of England," Mayor Lawrence delivered the classic retort, "It's just a regular custom-made machine."

The police radio station, WPIM, is in the dilapidated garage of the old Municipal Hospital. It is on top of Herron Hill, remote from any police station, and is manned by two dispatchers who are not policemen. They spell each other at the microphone. "Once I dozed off and woke up to find a rat staring me in the face," one of them related.

When I visited WPIM, late at night, the door downstairs was open and there wasn't a soul in the old garage except the two dispatchers upstairs in what is called the "hayloft." Neither of them was armed. Suppose the visitor had been a thug? With just a sawed-off shotgun he could have held the dispatchers at bay, ordering them to send the radio cars on wild-goose chases while his buddies looted the town.

There is another horrifying consideration. Pittsburgh, called the "industrial heart of America," would be a prize plum for wartime saboteurs and subversives. Page one of the Nazi-Communist handbook reads, "Seize the radio stations—spread confusion." What a job could be done in that dilapidated old hayloft!

Upon the insistent demand of its newspapers and its Citizens Crime Committee, Pittsburgh has gone through some motions of "reform" in the past nine months. Mayor Lawrence, a big gun in Pittsburgh politics long before he donned the robes of the mayoralty, knows just how to lower the public's temperature.

With much éclat, 100 policemen were added to the force after the Brusco murder. But the city still is 400 cops short.

Dramatically, the mayor doubled the night foot patrol. But what kind of patrol is it? At one police roll call, I heard a cop gently chided for *selling newspapers* on the corner when he was supposed to be walking a beat.

The city has been promised a new police communications center, modeled after the one in St. Louis. But a mere $45,000 has been appropriated—and the St. Louis center cost at least a quarter of a million. Anyway, politicians have been promising Pittsburgh a modern police communications system since 1937.

Officials Are Bawled Out

As a final blow for reform, Mayor Lawrence personally read the riot act to Director Fairley, Superintendent Scott and all the inspectors and lieutenants on the police force. "We will not tolerate any further slovenly work anywhere in the department," he said in well-publicized bawlings out. Pittsburgh insiders chuckled.

"Here was the puppeteer, bawling out the puppets," one of them remarked.

The Post-Gazette called it "window dressing" to obscure the main job—the need for top-to-bottom excision of politics out of the Police Bureau. The citizens want a *responsible* police department. They want a police chief with the power to run his own department, to win praise if he runs it well, to get the ax if he botches it. They don't want the hidden hands of politicians pulling the strings.

A nucleus of "good cops" within the department are up in arms themselves. They are fed up with browbeating from cigar-chewing politicos. As one of them put it, "I'd give anything in the world to throw a ward chairman in the clink—instead of having to lick his boots."

The Fraternal Order of Police has sponsored legislation, vainly so far, to get what any self-respecting police department must have: promotions in order of merit, appointment of detectives from the ranks, and independence from politics. Only then will a policeman put his heart in his work—and make Pittsburgh safe.

The Citizens Crime Committee, proceeding with delicacy, wants to give Mayor Lawrence himself a chance to free the Police Bureau before the citizens unlimber any big guns. "Our first objective is to get the city administration to do its own house cleaning," Dean Moor stated.

Less delicately, but to the same purpose, the Post-Gazette declared, "The Police Bureau will never be worth a darn until its members know . . . that their assignments and promotions will be based upon merit alone, and that they and their superiors will not be subject to the dictates of the city's 32 ward chairmen. The mayor and only the mayor has it in his power to make these reforms."

It would seem—if you want to take Pittsburgh's word for it—that Mayor David L. Lawrence has his work cut out for him.

THE END

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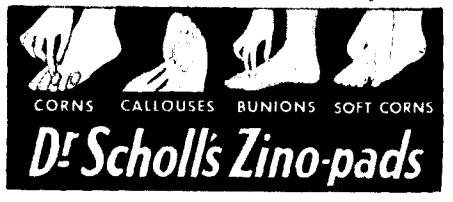

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The Great Potato Scandal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

in our Reciprocal Trade Agreement with Canada, to insist on a revision of the duties and import quotas established on any commodity, if it can be demonstrated its importation is materially damaging our own producers of the commodity.

(2) The Secretary of Agriculture possesses the power, under Section 22 of the long-standing Agricultural Adjustment Act, to impose additional duties and limitation quotas on agricultural imports if it is found such imports are rendering ineffective or materially interfering with any Department of Agriculture price-support program.

(The Canadian government makes no bones about placing the welfare of its own producers first. Although Canada imports early-grown fruits and vegetables from our Southern states, when her own fruits and vegetables are ready for market she consistently shuts out American competition by placing a quota or an embargo on such imports.)

Why, then, has neither the Secretary of State nor the Secretary of Agriculture acted under these clearly defined powers to curb the vast influx of Canadian potatoes—which has proved so damaging to Maine, and which, since 1947, by increasing the surplus our government must buy, has handed Canadian growers $60,000,000 of U.S. taxpayers' money?

Plot Against Maine Charged

The answer, according to Maine's representatives in Congress—and many other Republican congressmen agree—is that the administration is intentionally making Maine the "scapegoat" of a well-conceived plot, hatched by Secretary of Agriculture Brannan and abetted by the State Department, to discredit completely the existing farm price-support program.

These Republican leaders point out that both the Secretary of Agriculture and the State Department have reasons for wanting the entire present price-support program scrapped.

"Secretary Brannan," Senator Brewster charged angrily, "wants to substitute his Brannan Plan, his 'Brannan Scheme' to put the nation's 27,000,000 farm population completely under the political control of one man—himself.

"And the State Department, of course, wants to wreck our protective tariff structure—abolishing or drastically slashing import duties on a whopping 2,500 items—to launch the U.S. on a wholesale free-trade program. It has scheduled a meeting on September 28th at Torquay, England, with representatives of 22 other nations, to draw up the necessary reciprocal trade agreements. And Secretary of State Dean Acheson has blandly proposed that Congress set up a fund to train for 'new jobs' the millions of American workers, and to pension off with cash grants the thousands of manufacturers who are expected to lose their jobs and businesses as a result of the flood of competitive goods produced by cheap foreign labor!

"Our imports—not including items we have recently begun to stockpile for our rearmament effort—now total $7,000,000,000 annually, of which about $4,500,000,000 are noncompetitive and duty-free, and $2,500,000,000 are competive and dutiable," Senator Brewster went on. "In raising imports to the $15,000,000,000 a year demanded by the State Department, there naturally will be very little increase in the already duty-free, noncompetitive commodities. We will be increasing imports of foreign goods competing with our own from $2,500,000,000 to $10,000,000,000 a year!"

Senator Brewster paused tellingly.

"With these imports now totaling 'only' $2,500,000,000 a year, we have nearly 3,500,000 unemployed. Just how many million unemployed will we have—unless our rearmament program absorbs them—when our competitive imports total four times as much?"

Eighteen large labor unions already have voiced fear of this future.

And Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith told me:

"I'm not against reciprocal trade agreements. But we want *real* reciprocity, not a one-way street. I'm in favor of helping the rest of the world, but we must look after our own economy first. If we don't, we soon won't be able to help anybody!"

Senator George Malone (R-Nev.) was more damning in his criticism of the plan. Charging that the State Department has "deliberately selected" U.S. industry "as the victim in the cold war," he warned: "Such action will result in complete elimination of the floor under wages and investments in this country! . . ."

Congressman Hale reminded me the government long has maintained an absolute embargo on imports of cotton, exempting only an annual 90,000 bales of Egyptian long staple cotton which we here are unable to produce in adequate supply. "However, cotton is a horse of a different color," he added. "Our Southern states' cotton growers are all good Democrats.

"The Brannan crowd," he went on wryly, "has furthered the idea that of all beneficiaries of price-supports, the wickedest are the potato people. And it has skillfully conveyed the impression that of all potato people, the wickedest live in Aroostook!"

To smear Maine, Senator Brewster asserted, a flood of "inspired" newspaper and magazine stories appeared last summer spotlighting large government checks paid 31 Aroostook potato growers for surplus potatoes. He was particularly incensed at a series of syndicated newspaper articles which appeared last fall, attacking the potato price-support program and especially Aroostook County.

"These articles," the senator said heatedly, "reported the large sums paid to a negligible 2 per cent of Aroostook's growers—without disclosing that nearly every check represented the crop of not just one grower but a number of growers. Individual growers received only a fraction of the reported amounts, and of course even this wasn't 100 per cent profit. Production costs were completely ignored.

COLLIER'S

"He turned out to be an awful dope . . . believe me, that's the last time I rush around trying to get an introduction to somebody I don't know!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"To prove that the simultaneous propaganda attacks on the potato-support program were no accident," he snapped, "its cost is dwarfed by the $6,000,000,000 the government has invested in supporting other farm-crop surpluses—but you hear practically nothing about those.

"Far from trying to rob the Treasury," Senator Brewster concluded, "Maine potato growers as far back as early 1948 asked for a *reduction* of their support price from the then prevailing 90 per cent of parity to the present 60 per cent—a year before the reduction was made.

"And what was their reward? This year Maine acreages were cut an additional 15 per cent, while potato acreages of the country as a whole were cut an average of only 7 per cent! This is certainly positive proof that the administration is deliberately making Maine its scapegoat."

The surpluses cursing U.S. agriculture have been due to two principal factors: In meeting the government's demand for maximum food during World War II much marginal and submarginal land was brought into production; also a virtual second industrial revolution hit U.S. agriculture, enormously increasing acreage yields. And no crop has been more affected than potatoes.

Much new potato land was developed during the last war. Commercial fertilizers came into almost universal use. Most important, the new DDT proved 100 per cent effective against aphids, the parasitic scourge of potato vines. Combined, these factors more than doubled potato yields, though not without a steep rise in production costs. (Herbert Moore, secretary of the Potato Industry Council of Maine, at Presque Isle, estimated that Aroostook growers' production costs average $386 an acre.)

"Rewarded" for their more efficient production by government-enforced acreage cuts, potato growers in addition suffer from shrinking markets. Per-capita consumption of potatoes has steadily declined, from 205 pounds in 1900 to only 103 in 1949. (Fashion's insistence on a slender feminine figure, fewer people doing hard manual labor and therefore a decrease in the number requiring "heavy, substantial" food, and new competition from frozen vegetables are held responsible.) And in Maine, of course, the growers also suffer from markets completely lost to Canada.

But in striking contrast to the widespread unemployment, mounting relief rolls, abandoned farms and impoverished citizenry in Aroostook County, on the Canadian side of the border, everyone connected with the potato industry is enjoying prosperity.

Canada's present huge potato exports to the U.S. contrast sharply with her normal yearly total of 500,000 bushels before the era of our price supports. At that time the 75-cents-a-hundredweight tariff on potato imports, established by a Republican Congress in the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930, was adequate to protect U.S. growers. A clause allowed Canada to ship into the U.S. 500,000 hundredweight at half the usual duty, or 37½ cents. Our State Department has steadily widened this concession, until our present Reciprocal Trade Agreement with Canada allows her to ship in at the reduced duty an annual 3,500,000 hundredweight. Above this, the duty returns to 75 cents.

Canada Has Every Advantage

However, with the U.S. support-price on potatoes at $2.20 a hundredweight in March, for instance, with the Canadians' advantage in shipping rates in effect canceling out the tariff and even the full 75-cent duty has become a farce. And there is no limit to the quantity Canada can ship into the U.S.

In Grand Falls, New Brunswick, I talked to a young grower and shipper, W. W. (Bill) Mulherin. He told me he shipped 1,100 carloads of 1949-crop potatoes to U.S. markets. He'd bought them chiefly from local growers, but he also grew potatoes on 225 acres. He said his over-all production cost was $1.23 a barrel. He pays laborers the prevailing New Brunswick wage, $4 a day, for field work—only half the prevailing Aroostook wage of $8 to $10 a day. (He also told me wages in Prince Edward Island were even lower. Mulherin commented on the U.S. tariff setup:

"I made $50,000 last year. This year, so far, I've made more than $100,000."

In Maine, the lowest figure on production costs was given me by Clifford McIntire, a grower and assistant manager of Maine Potato Growers. He estimated his cost at from $2 to $2.25 a barrel and said

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he was convinced that it was Aroostook's minimum.

"This difference of more than $1 a barrel in growing costs is only a part of the Canadians' advantage," McIntire said. "Since their wage scale is only half ours, their handling costs also are proportionately less. I'd estimate the total difference in costs, completely ignoring their much cheaper shipping rates, at nearly 75 cents a *bushel.*"

Facing an Even Worse Threat

This year Aroostook is threatened with an even more severe blow, which its leaders fear may be the final straw that will break its economic back. It is the so-called "20 per cent gadget" incorporated in the Potato Control Bill governing 1950 crops. The bill has been approved by the Senate Agricultural Committee and is scheduled soon to be brought before the Senate. The bill is the strictest set of controls yet drawn, for it not only would limit acreages, but for the first time also would set quotas on the number of bushels which may be marketed. And the "20 per cent gadget," requested by the Secretary of Agriculture, would give him authority, if he finds a surplus exists, to cut back marketing quotas *by areas or regions* as much as 20 per cent—even after the farmer has complied with acreage limits and the new limits on the bushels he markets.

Manager Bryant, recently warned members of Maine Potato Growers, Incorporated:

"Under this provision the Secretary of Agriculture can deduct the entire 20 per cent from the production of a single growing area. The penalized growers must take a total loss on all their potatoes thus belatedly declared excess. For if they try to sell them, they're fined three quarters of the parity price—15 per cent more than the potatoes sell for at the government support or market price."

Bryant pointed out that since accurately estimating the size of a national surplus is impossible until most of the crop has been harvested, Maine, being the most northerly growing region and the last to harvest its potatoes, would inevitably be the state annually penalized *for the entire nation's surplus!* For all other states already would have harvested and disposed of their potatoes. "This," Bryant told his members despairingly, "is premeditated murder!

"I am convinced," he went on, "the complete abandonment of price supports is the only road left open to Maine's growers—rocky and dangerous a road as that may be. I predict wide-spread farm bankruptcies, decreased land values, and lean, hard years ahead if we take it, but"—he paused, to conclude emotionally—"at least it promises freedom from strangling controls!"

George Hamilton of Limestone, a dealer in commercial fertilizer and a former grower, was even more pessimistic.

"In the depths of the depression," he said, "when potatoes were selling for only 35 cents a barrel and many a farmer's entire season's crop brought him no more than $6, when farmers were two years delinquent in taxes and had third and fourth mortgages on their farms, when I had two years of unpaid fertilizer bills on my books, I nevertheless continued to give credit, for I knew Aroostook would come out on top eventually.

"But today"—he shook his head sadly—"with the 1950 crop controls cutting potato acreages of over half our farms to less than 20 acres, and then this incredible new 20 per cent penalizing clause, on top of the way the administration is letting the Canadians steal all our customers, Aroostook is doomed. Why, I don't dare risk giving an Aroostook farmer credit!" THE END

Next Week

MUST WE REARM JAPAN?

By John Denson

Mighty Sperm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

way, for nine or ten inches, through the uterus and the tiny Fallopian tubes before it can find and fertilize its mate, the ovum or female egg.

And during that trip, its progress is being fought by millions of tiny hairlike cells which waft a current down the Fallopian tubes. The sperm that finally makes the grade is a mighty sperm indeed. Nine or ten inches may not sound like a long distance to travel. But if the sperm cell were actually a trout, this less-than-a-foot distance would be the equivalent of a good 150 miles of boiling rapids. To put the sturdy trout further to shame, the sperm cell scorns to take the easy path straight up the middle. It stretches its course by ambling from side to side a few dozen thousand times.

All of which makes it pretty miraculous that any of us ever get born at all. In fact, what keeps the human race from dying out is the happy circumstance that the average healthy male can contribute 150,000,000 or more swimming sperm at a time.

Trouble enters the picture when none of the sperm can make the grade. And that is where MacLeod and his fellow experts come in. For if they can solve the problems of the lazy sperm or the relative lack of sperm, they will make it possible to eliminate from 40 to 60 per cent of all infertile marriages—an exciting goal.

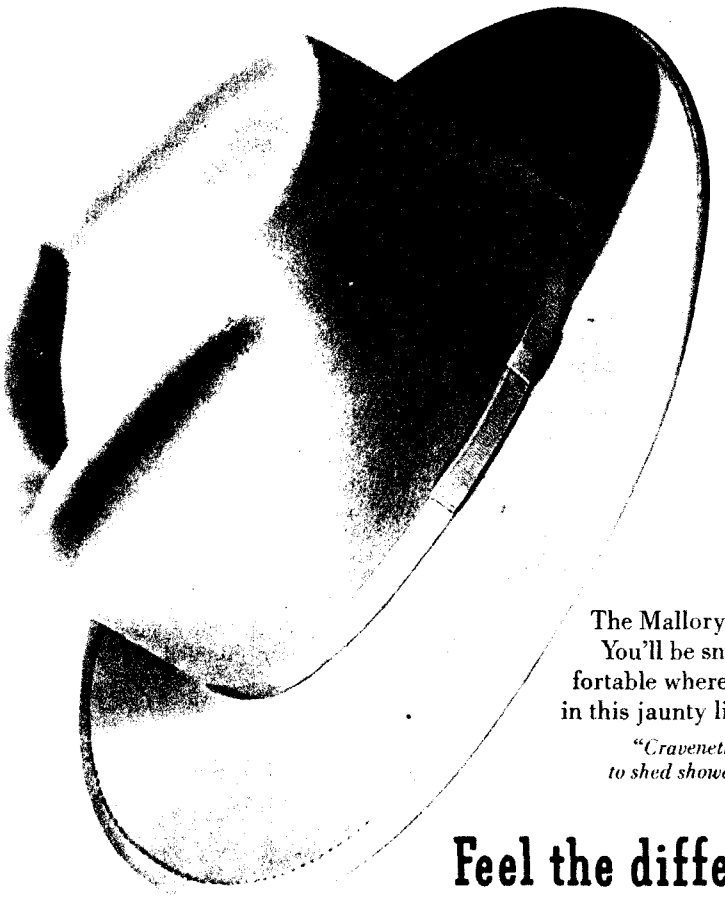
How little is known about the sperm cell is illustrated thus: Last year MacLeod was appointed chairman of a committee of the American Society for the Study of Sterility. This committee was to set up semen standards, so that physicians and hospital laboratories, confronted with infertile couples, could judge whether the husband was capable of contributing toward conception.

It sounded like the simplest of assignments. The committee met. Then it met again. And the more it met the more the committeemen found that they were not sure what they were talking about. Not that they were stupid fellows, but no one had anywhere near enough data on which to base any sort of judgment. Lots of people had studied the semen and the sperm of infertile men. They knew a lot of things that could be wrong or seem to be wrong when a man discovered he couldn't become a father.

But practically nobody had ever got down to studying the male contribution to procreation among *fertile* men. For all the professors knew, a lot of the things they thought wrong in the sperm samples of infertile men might have been just as "wrong" in the sperm samples of every man on earth. MacLeod's committee adjourned for one year until the scientists could get around to learning something about the problem.

Up to that time, most of MacLeod's work had been concentrated, like everyone else's, on the study of infertile men. To date his records represent probably the largest series of specimens ever collected by a single laboratory, more than 5,000 in all.

He had also made a study of 500 pre-



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sumably fertile young men, healthy medical students of an age group at which fertility had always been assumed to be highest. But this research had raised a very significant warning flag. Ten per cent of the sperm samples contributed by these vigorous young men showed all sorts of defects. Despite their youth and their good health, you could spot almost with certainty the men who were going to have real trouble when they married and eagerly sought fatherhood.

You could spot them, that is, if you were really judging their sperm samples by any exact standard. But the only way to develop that standard was to get sperm samples from men whose fertility was definitely established, and to get thousands of such men.

Here MacLeod was in a particularly fortunate position. His medical school operates as a part of the great New York Hospital, Cornell Medical Center. And in that center is a clinic which cares for and delivers 3,000 pregnant women every year. It's a wonderful clinic where women of every age group go during the months of their pregnancy to receive every imaginable sort of medical attention. Their husbands are encouraged to and do attend instruction classes with their wives where they are taught the niceties of prenatal and infant care. MacLeod had the opportunity to study many of these husbands; up to now, 1,000 men of demonstrated fertility have been investigated.

Fertile Cell Counts Vary

The 1,000 sample studies to date have developed remarkable and unlooked-for information. It has been shown that the sperm samples of fertile men vary greatly, one from another. In some cases the count of sturdy, motile cells will run as high as 200,000,000 per cubic centimeter. In others—and remember these are still fertile men—the count runs as low as 10,000,000.

In at least 5 per cent of the cases, the cell count is so low, or the number of malformed or nonmoving cells so great, that even MacLeod himself can't understand how these couples achieved conception. The odds seem all against it.

One traditional belief among physicians and scientists has centered around the idea that fertility falls off rapidly during the thirties and even more rapidly among people who have passed their fortieth year. But MacLeod's studies have cast serious doubt on this belief, at least so far as men are concerned. For, when his cases are separated by age groups, the reports on men between forty-five and fifty-five are just as good as those of the newly married young men.

MacLeod is careful to point out that the men he is studying here are a selected group. Every one of them has already demonstrated his fertility. Yet, despite all this, the surprising fact seems to be that vigorous fertile men are just as fertile in their later years as they ever were in their youth. MacLeod's research program had barely got under way when World War II started. The war interrupted the project as it did most such programs. But, by a curious circumstance, this sidetracking proved a help rather than a hindrance.

The Army's Chemical Warfare Service was deeply concerned about the possibility that the Germans would resort to gas warfare when our major effort to invade the Continent began. From a study of the German chemical industry we were almost certain that the gas the enemy would use was lewisite. In laboratories all over the U.S., a desperate search began, to discover and test compounds that could be used as an antidote to this lethal, arsenical poison.

MacLeod was able to provide one of the most beautiful demonstrations of the unsuspected and unforeseen practical values that pop up from seemingly impractical long-term research efforts. For sperm cells proved a perfect instrument for studying the mechanism by which lewisite attacked the body, and equally useful for investigating the way in which antidotes functioned.

From the Army labs MacLeod and his assistants received sample after sample of poison gas compounds, numbered and coded to hide their exact composition even from the scientists who studied them. When these were introduced into sperm-cell packs, the little wigglers stopped wiggling. You could measure the strength of the poison with amazing accuracy by the speed with which the cells were rendered immobile.

Then came the antidotes. Introducing these, the whole process could be reversed. The seemingly dead wigglers would start flailing their tails like so many happy puppies. The scientists thus could measure the speed and the efficiency of the antidote accurately. The possibility of saving hundreds of thousands of lives, a possibility which fortunately never had to be put to the test on the field of battle, thus was vastly enhanced.

MacLeod has pursued other bypaths as well. One of the most fascinating arose when Professor Edmund Newton Harvey found time to get back to it. Yet their calculations and experiments have served as the basis for further promising theorizing now going on at a privately endowed veterinary laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin.

Another scientific bypath has converted MacLeod from a cloistered laboratory man into a much-traveled equine expert. The professor's adventures among the thoroughbreds began when former Undersecretary of Commerce Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, who provides much of the funds which support MacLeod's research, became concerned over the failure of his outstanding thoroughbred, Boojum, to achieve an equally outstanding record at stud. Boojum's foals were of top quality. But they were few, indeed. And thus MacLeod found himself journeying to Lexington, Kentucky, to apply to a horse the same methods of sperm analysis that he had been developing for humans.

Soon the project began to burgeon. Louis Beard, secretary of the Grayson Foundation, turned MacLeod loose on whole swarms of thoroughbreds. John Hay

COLLIER'S **"Just remember you're crowding sixty— no matter *what* any blonde tells you!"** CHON DAY

of Princeton sought his aid in an attempt to predetermine sex. Harvey had observed, as others had, that there were two kinds of sperm cells: one that produced female children, another that produced males. The difference is centered in a single tiny chromosome, one of 24 located in the head of the sperm cell. It is a virtually infinitesimal difference, but large enough to establish a difference in weight or mass. The X chromosome—the one that accounts for a girl baby—is definitely larger and heavier than the Y chromosome that destines a child to maleness.

Sex Might Be Predetermined

Working together, Harvey and MacLeod devised a scheme to separate X cells from Y cells by whirling them in a centrifuge—the scientists' hopped-up version of a cream separator—at 15,000 or more revolutions a minute. If their calculations were correct, the cells would separate in layers. And thus it would become possible, by artificial insemination, to make certain, in advance, that only a male, or only a female, would be born in any given instance.

The scheme actually was not planned for human use. Its real importance was seen for animal husbandry. Cattle breeders, for instance, would find it desirable to secure a preponderance of steers if they were breeding for beef. Dairy farmers would benefit tremendously if they could be certain that all except a selected few cows would never give birth to any except females.

This project was sidetracked by the war, and neither Harvey nor MacLeod has since Whitney had him investigate the stud failures of Twenty Grand.

Many of these investigations produced no tangible results. But in the case of Boojum, the horse proved a perfect parallel to the very common human examples in which the semen seemed more than adequate, with a high number of sperm cells, all active and apparently normal.

Cases like this, when they occur among humans, usually end up with the diagnosis, "The wife is at fault." But here, since horses are not monogamous, there was no question but that the fault lay with the stallion. MacLeod, on the theory that Boojum's sperm cells were not surviving their long swim and thus not achieving fertilization, put the horse on a high vitamin-B complex diet. He followed the same course with St. Germans, the sire of Twenty Grand, who likewise never had been a sure breeder.

In St. Germans' case, the treatment seemed to work. Until his death recently, he produced eight foals from a limited number of mares.

MacLeod's hobby has had him hopping all over the country. Recently, for example, a Kentucky syndicate planned to pay half a million dollars for Louis B. Mayer's outstanding stallion Alibhai. His racing days were over and his value, if any, would be in his ability at stud. But no one puts up $500,000, if he can help it, on a blind deal. So MacLeod journeyed to Hollywood to assay Alibhai's sperm. His favorable report clinched the sale and Alibhai is now happily raising a growing family in the Bluegrass country.

There are scientists who view such side excursions with a soured eye, as slightly undignified and thus not worthy of a serious disciple of the microscope and the test tube. But MacLeod, taking a broader view, insists that it is not only good fun to follow the horses, it also produces scientific data that has already proved helpful in the study of human sperm.

His adventures among the thoroughbreds have had another desirable scientific by-product. For the wealthy men who raise horses are, many of them, the same people who could support scientific research. And it is a lot easier to sell your story of the need for financing a study of the human sperm, when you've demonstrated its tangible advantages in the case of a horse.

Other Phases of Research

MacLeod is careful to emphasize that his projects are only a small part of a larger picture. At Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, Professor Earl Engle and a substantial group of junior scientists have for years been developing our knowledge of the organs that create the sperm cells. At Iowa University similar work has been going on under the direction of Professor Warren Nelson. At the University of Oregon, Dr. Carl Heller has been doing important work on the relationship between the testes and the pituitary glands. In Boston, Drs. John Rock and Arthur Hertig have been carrying on far-reaching experimentation in the earliest stages of the human embryo and in the timing of the period of ovulation, when conception is most likely to occur.

All of these scientists work independently. But as MacLeod puts it, "We're always arguing with one another through the mails." Several times a year they lock horns in scientific meetings, discuss and sometimes denounce one another's experiments with the utmost dignity, and return to their labs full of bright new ideas.

All of these ideas, up to now, have not produced too much that can immediately aid the infertile male. For a small group, surgeons have devised operations which, when successful, can clear up mechanical blockages that cause sterility. For the majority of infertile men, there have been developed numerous treatments. But many of these have proved of limited value.

Failures have occurred with vitamin E, with vitamin C (which may work on bulls but not on humans) and with pituitary hormones. Yet thousands of men are still taking these expensive compounds in the all-too-often vain hope of achieving parenthood.

All this, however, MacLeod points out, should not lead the infertile man to despair. For treatment, good treatment, does work, often enough to make it well worth while. The important thing, he asserts, is to make sure that the treatment *is* good, that it is rendered by physicians who are really up to date on the status of our scientific knowledge of infertility.

There are a number of centers throughout the country at which such treatment is available for patients of limited means. Three of the best are the clinics of The New York Hospital, the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Sanger Clinic of the Planned Parenthood Association. Outstanding work is also being done at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, at the hospital of the University of Oregon, at the Duke University Hospital and at the University of California in San Francisco.

In the short run, the infertile man can hope for aid from institutions such as these. In the long run, the real hope for an end to the blight of human infertility lies in perhaps half a hundred scientists like John MacLeod in an all too neglected corner of research, who are slowly hacking away at the mystery of how we ever get born at all.

One of these days, and it may be sooner than even the MacLeods dare predict, they're going to find the answer. When that day arrives, it will be a wonderful thing to be in the baby carriage business. THE END

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High Cost of History

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

the assistant surgeon of the Bonhomme Richard, to tea from the Boston Tea Party, to John Hancock's front door key. In Boston, he sees resting casually on a stand in the Statehouse Library one of the earliest, rarest and most valuable manuscripts in the United States: William Bradford's History of Plimoth *(sic)* Plantation (1602-1647). Of inestimable worth, it is kept in a vault at night and chained to a post during the day.

The Bay State's passion for preserving shrines and relics of the past is largely responsible for its 250-million-dollar annual tourist business, according to Powell M. Cabot, chairman of the Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission, and Amico J. Barone, its executive secretary.

Behind the relics and monuments which the traveling public takes for granted is a history of large sums of money generously given and the personal sacrifice and devotion of several generations. Determined effort has been required to keep monuments standing, to prevent old houses from being torn down or sold for taxes and to save historic relics from the auction block.

Into Plymouth, a small coastal county seat on the shores of Cape Cod Bay, pour more than 500,000 tourists annually. Few of them are aware that more than $3,000,000 has been spent to preserve it as one of the most famous shrines in America. Long conscious of its position as one of the first successful colonies of the New World, Plymouth as far back as 1820 organized the Pilgrim Society to collect and guard the possessions of the early settlers. Pilgrim Hall, the society's fireproof museum, displays Pilgrim life from cradle to grave, with everyday personal belongings that convey more than a thousand chiseled inscriptions: the chairs the pioneers sat in, the letters they wrote, the sermons they listened to, and rare relics such as Miles Standish's sword.

The Rock onto which the Mayflower's landing party leaped to keep their feet dry as they came ashore on December 21, 1620, has been orated and fussed over ever since. During the Revolution, it was hauled up into the town square and used for recruiting rallies. In 1864 the Pilgrim Society moved it back to the water front and erected a granite canopy over it at a cost of $35,000. Preparations for the Tercentenary Celebration of 1921 touched off a drive that resulted in clearing nearby wharves for a $700,000 memorial park and a $75,000 monument for the Rock. Another $200,000 has since been spent to maintain the park and monument.

A Farmer's Indignation

Ever since the Revolution, the ground around the Old North Bridge at Concord (where the Minutemen started the British on their bloody retreat back to Boston) has been treated as a historic spot. But the present memorial park and bridge are directly creditable to the long-lived indignation of a local farmer named Ebenezer Hubbard.

By 1800 the remains of the original bridge had been removed and the road shifted to preserve the site. Later a granite monument was erected, but because of the absence of a bridge it was placed on the near side of the river. Living nearby in a house in which his grandfather had entertained John Hancock, farmer Hubbard fumed because the monument stood on the spot where the redcoats had been drawn up rather than on the American side of the river. For years he proclaimed this a public disgrace and tirelessly sought to rouse Congress to remedy the matter. When he died no action had been taken, but when his executors opened his will they found the old man still unsilenced.

Although not a wealthy man, Ebenezer Hubbard had bequeathed $1,000 to be used toward the construction of a monument on the Minutemen's ground and $600 more toward a footbridge to reach it. This plea from the grave finally broke local apathy. A grandson of one of the Minutemen deeded part of his meadow. Daniel Chester French, then an unknown youthful Concord sculptor, was commissioned to design and cast a statue. The town appropriated $1,000 more to reproduce the original bridge on its proper site.

On the 100th anniversary of the Fight, April 19, 1875, the bridge and statue were dedicated with a celebration surpassing Ebenezer Hubbard's wildest dreams. President Ulysses S. Grant and his cabinet came up from Washington. Fifty thousand people poured into Concord for parades, speeches and costume balls. French's statue of the Minuteman, depicting a young colonial farmer leaving his plow, musket in hand, has become one of the most famous in America. The lines of Ralph Waldo Emerson's hymn inscribed on its base are among the most familiar in American poetry:

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

When the wooden Hubbard bridge was worn out, Concord replaced it with a concrete span at a cost of $3,000. The statue, bridge, the placid river and the meadows—almost unchanged since the day of the Fight—have made a visit there a moving experience for millions of Americans.

Other monument champions have not been as successful. Hard luck dogged Daniel Webster and friends when they began a drive in 1823 to build a monument on Boston's Bunker Hill. Business panics hindered fund raising, construction costs mounted, and although the cornerstone was laid in 1825, almost 20 years elapsed before the necessary $200,000 was raised. All but $7,000 represented public subscriptions. Toward the end, the women of Boston collected $30,000 in one week through a fair in Faneuil Hall.

Webster lived to dedicate the tower with a stirring oration, but the triumph was brief. Concentrating on the monument, the sponsors had neglected Bunker Hill itself. Some ten acres of ground surrounding the hill almost to its crown had been sold. Although the Bunker Hill Monument Association numbered the wealthiest of Boston's first families among its members, the sum needed to buy back the lost ground was never found.

Today the jumble of houses crowding around its base has given the 221-foot obelisk a squat and unattractive appearance. Shunned by Bostonians and made the butt of jokes because of the murderous climb up interminable twistings of poorly lighted stone steps, it has been described as one of the major tourist hazards in New England. The state maintains it at a cost of $10,000 a year.

Far more fortunate with his cause was seventy-two-year-old Captain J. Henry Sears of Brewster, Cape Cod, who, on a hot summer night in 1901, arrived at a meeting of the local Pilgrim Club primed for action. For years Captain Sears, a clipper-ship captain turned prosperous businessman, had felt growing outrage about what seemed to him an unforgivable historical oversight. While across Cape Cod Bay, Plymouth basked in the limelight as the first New England colony, scant attention had been paid to Provincetown at the Cape's tip, despite the fact that the Mayflower colonists had spent a month there before they ever set foot on Plymouth Rock.

A drive to collect funds for a memorial at Provincetown had been stalled for almost a decade. It was time, cried Captain Sears, that something was done. When other club members agreed, another drive got under way, the objective, a stone tower to be erected on a hill overlooking Provincetown; the cost, about $90,000.

It was an ambitious undertaking. The total population of Cape Cod was less than 25,000. But soon the Cape from Provincetown to Woods Hole was engaged in a dizzying round of fund-raising balls, suppers, whist parties and lawn fetes. The state legislature appropriated an amount sufficient to swell the fund to $40,000.

Lobbying for Provincetown

Captain Sears began to spend his winters in Washington. Even congressmen from the Midwest became familiar with his dramatic account of how the Mayflower, falling "amongst deangerous shoulds and roring breakers" off Cape Cod, had turned back and found shelter in Provincetown Harbor. Furthermore, the captain reminded Congress, it was in Provincetown Harbor that 41 able-bodied males aboard the small ship had bound themselves together in the Mayflower Compact.

In 1906, Congress voted $40,000 for the project, and on August 20, 1907, still the biggest day in Cape Cod history, President Theodore Roosevelt, escorted by two squadrons of battleships, sailed into Provincetown on the appropriately named Presidential yacht Mayflower, to lay the cornerstone.

In 1910, President William Howard Taft dedicated the Pilgrim monument, a lofty 252-foot granite tower adopted from the design of an Italian bell tower. The President jokingly remarked that Captain Sears, by this time a well-known Washington figure, had lost his occupation. Captain Sears lived only a few more years, but during that time, from his Brewster estate, he could look across Cape Cod Bay and see the outline of his tower. The tallest monument in New England, it has furnished millions with a magnificent view of Cape Cod and the New England coast, as well as set them straight on a footnote to American history.

But the most spectacular example of restoration by Yankee indignation is the Constitution, known to most of us as Old Ironsides. One of six heavily gunned frigates built by order of President George Washington to stop the depredations to American shipping by Barbary Coast pirates, the Constitution was launched in Boston in 1797. With an ordinary life-span of perhaps 25 years, she has survived British guns, howling gales and naval condemnation boards. Now in her 153d year afloat, she is in tiptop shape.

In 1803 the Constitution sailed to the Mediterranean carrying a detachment of the Marines "to the shores of Tripoli," where the Americans soundly trounced the Tripolitanian forces of 25,000 men and 24 ships. In the War of 1812, the Constitution exploded the invincibility myth of the British navy. She met the British frigate Guerriere, which had been preying on American shipping, defeated her in a thundering gun battle and took her as a prize.

By 1830, the Constitution, now called Old Ironsides, was in retirement, and a short-memoried, unsentimental naval board recommended that she be broken up or sold. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a twenty-one-year-old Boston law student, saw the notice in a newspaper. On a scrap of paper he jotted down the now-famous poem beginning with the biting words: "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"

The Boston Advertiser printed the poem; it was quickly picked up by other newspapers, and a nation-wide protest brewed up. The Navy sheepishly revoked its order. Congress appropriated funds to restore the frigate to fighting trim and in 1835 she sailed triumphantly forth for two decades of service with the Mediterranean and Pa-

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cific squadrons, cruised round the world as a United States good-will ambassador, and ran down slavers off the coast of Africa.

With the advent of steam, the Constitution's usefulness passed. In 1897, Bostonians, requesting her presence for a Centennial Celebration, were horrified to discover that the Navy had quietly boarded over her decks and was using her as a floating barracks. A campaign launched by the Daughters of 1812 brought $100,000 from Congress, enough for a topside restoration. The unsightly housing was removed and spars and rigging replaced.

But by the end of World War I it was evident to even the most landlubberly visitor that the old ship was in the last stages of disintegration. The Navy, its lesson learned, announced that unless action were taken Old Ironsides would be lost to the nation. The response was a restoration project that became a national undertaking.

The final cost was just under $1,000,000, of which only $271,000 had come from Congress. The balance was in school children's mites and the dollars and checks of historical and patriotic societies and individuals. On July 1, 1931, amid the roar of 21-gun salutes, Old Ironsides went back in commission. Next day she spread sail for the first leg of a three-year, 22,000-mile cruise to all the coastal cities of the United States, from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Seattle, Washington. Some 4,500,000 citizens came aboard to view her.

Since the return of Old Ironsides to permanent berth in the Boston Naval Shipyard she has received 6,000,000 more visitors.

While such projects as the restoration of Old Ironsides have attracted the most attention, Massachusetts citizens pursue their natural bent as self-appointed curators of history in other, quieter ways as well. Less known to the public, but of far greater value to scholars and historians, are the dozens of venerable museums and historical societies which the state's residents have founded, privately endowed and supported.

The Republic was still young when, in Boston in 1790, four clergymen, three lawyers, a physician, a scientist and a clerk formed the Massachusetts Historical Society. They resolved "to be active, not to lie waiting like a bed of oysters," but to "rescue the true history of this country from the ravages of time and effects of ignorance and neglect" by preserving books, pamphlets, manuscripts and records.

Priceless Letters and Books

The oldest historical society in the United States today, it is also one of the world's most exclusive, with a membership including historians Winston Churchill and Arnold Toynbee. In its huge manuscript collection are the John Winthrop Papers, without which there would be great gaps in New England history; thousands of letters of Washington and Jefferson, Adams and Hancock and other Revolutionary figures; Revolutionary War orderly books and marine insurance journals. Its library of 500,000 volumes includes the earliest printed in England on the discovery and settlement of the New World.

Among its priceless possessions are Paul Revere's own manuscript account of his ride, written accusations and depositions in the Salem witch trials, and one of the finest collections of coins, paper currency, badges, medals and tokens in the United States.

The American Antiquarian Society, founded in 1812 in Worcester, has co-operated in every important project in American history and bibliography in the last 40 years. In its library are copies of three quarters of all the books and pamphlets published in America before 1820. Its newspaper collection (1690-1820) is larger than that of the Library of Congress. Its other holdings include early American schoolbooks, cookbooks, sheet music, political caricatures, advertising cards, valentines, theater posters, one of the largest collections of post cards and stereoscopic views in existence, and copies of 90 per cent of all U.S. almanacs printed before 1850.

Headquarters for much American family history is the New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston. Before its formation in 1845, a four-foot shelf could have held all the printed family genealogies in existence. Today the society's carefully indexed collection of documents and family papers occupies more than a mile of shelves.

In Salem is the Peabody Museum, built with a grant of $140,000 from a wealthy Yankee banker, George Peabody. As a fitting memorial to the sea captains who made the name Salem famous from Sumatra to Zanzibar, there is the Peabody's vast marine collection, begun in part by the East India Marine Society in 1799. Today among the largest of its kind, it displays every conceivable object relating to sailing ships: uniforms, sextants, spyglasses, charts, sailmakers' and ship's carpenters' tools, flags, sea chests, hundreds of ships' logs recording voyages to the Orient and the South Seas, figureheads, portraits and models of squareriggers, clipper ships and schooners.

Memories of Whaling Days

New Bedford and Nantucket, famous ports of New England's whaling epoch, have perpetuated the memory of their once great industry in two extraordinarily complete museums overflowing with whaleboats, harpooning irons, blubber kettles, whalers' logbooks and scrimshaw (carved whalebone) collections.

In New Bedford the $150,000 Bourne Whaling Museum of the Old Dartmouth Society was presented by Emily Howland Bourne in memory of her father, Jonathan Bourne, a foremost whaling merchant of his day. Inside, at a cost of $25,000, was constructed one of the most extraordinary museum sights extant—a half-size replica of Jonathan Bourne's favorite whaler, the Lagoda, which in 12 voyages netted him a profit of $650,000. One of the largest indoor ship models in the world, it is completely rigged and fitted with windlasses, copper kettles, cutting scaffolds and boats ready to lower away. It cost almost as much to build as the full-scale ship itself.

Another extraordinary Massachusetts family memorial has been established at Sturbridge, where Albert B. Wells and J. Cheney Wells, sons of the founder of the American Optical Company, have spent more than $1,000,000 on the living museum of Old Sturbridge Village. A typical early American country town of houses, shops, mills, a church and general stores, it has been reconstructed in a 500-acre tract of meadow, woodland and river shore. To show the development of the hand industries, its expert craftsmen operate glassware, pottery, ironware and woodworking shops. A village blacksmith works with forge and bellows. The Village Inn alone was built at a cost of $52,000. A church which had stood in a nearby town was dismantled, moved to Sturbridge piece by piece, and rebuilt at a cost of over $40,000.

The Concord Antiquarian Society, whose museum is lodged in a beautiful red brick colonial house, owes its beginning to a penniless eccentric named Cummings E. Davis, who ran a lunch counter and newsstand in the local railroad depot 100 years ago. At a time when antique collecting was unheard of, Davis pursued it with a passion.

Remotely related to most of the town's older families, he cajoled them into letting him burrow through their barns and attics for castoff furniture, brass, china, pewter, textiles, glassware and family relics. Eventually his collection grew so large that he housed it in a cluttered room in the Concord courthouse. Costuming himself in colonial wig and britches, Davis would act as guide and curator.

About 1880, the town, which had regarded his goings on with tolerant amusement, suddenly realized that "Little Davis" had cornered not only the town's but the county's and part of the state's history. Among his mountainous piles of miscellany were such incalculably valuable possessions

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

Darkness is the Big Time on the noise circuit

DURING daylight hours, the one in our house who holds the burst pipes till the plumber comes, wrestles the tax assessor, and sits under the loose plastering in the dining room is me.

After dark, it's a different story. I change from a domestic daredevil into an anxious twitch. I hear noises.

My favorite explanation for this is that I am visual-minded. When I can't see what is making a noise, I can imagine all sorts of things. Fortunately for my sanity, my wife is not troubled in this way.

The worst noises start after bedtime. This is Big Time on the noise circuit. The preliminaries during the evening, such as springs popping open in the sofa or bricks tumbling down the chimney, are minor things even I can identify without leaping more than six or eight inches out of my easy chair.

Once the lights are out, the important stuff starts, usually with a brisk rattle of bones at the other end of the house. I jerk my head up from the pillow, alert as a district attorney running for re-election. "That loose pane in the breakfast-room window," murmurs my wife, who knows me and the house like a book. She has not raised her head, and even has one ear in the pillow.

Presently there is a sound of fighting in the attic. Three solidly built men, I judge, outweighing me by 20 pounds each. They exchange several sharp blows, followed by a soft-shoe dance. I remain in bed, vibrating. "It's the house cooling off," says my wife, "and why don't you go to sleep?" This cooling-off thing is her standard answer, winter and summer. I suppose it's as good as anything, and it satisfies me at the time.

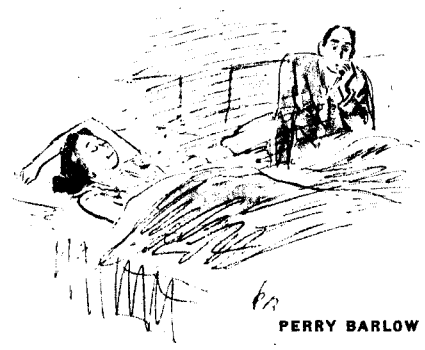
The house and I cool off together, but I postpone falling asleep because I am now straining to tune in a mysterious booming somewhere below. It suddenly comes in strong, lifting me right out of bed for the moment. "Now what?" asks my wife as I come down.

"Don't tell me you didn't hear the cannon just go off under the bed?"

"I heard the furnace pipe, if that's what you mean," she explains. "I suppose something hit it."

I ponder this. "What could possibly hit it at this hour?" Her reply sounds strangely like "Sweet potatoes rolling,"

There's a thug in the pantry



They're fighting in the attic

proving that one of us must be asleep, I decide. (It turns out, next day, that she has been curing a bushel of sweet potatoes on top of the furnace pipes. I still don't see why they are so restless.)

At about this point, however, I abandon myself to fatalism and put plugs in my ears, which will probably be the way they'll find my senseless form the morning after the night my wife can't explain away one of our noises.

There are enough to do a different show every night for two weeks without repeating. Among other feature attractions are:

NOISE	*REASON*
A cornered thug desperately returning police gunfire.	Broom falling in pantry, knocking down row of spice cans.
Whip cracking—bodies falling.	Fire dying out in fireplace.
Violent moans, muffled shrieks.	Watchdog having dreams.
Meteorite roaring out of basement.	"I told you not to shove that cork into the cider jug so hard."
The low signal whistles of burglars closing in on the house.	The weather vane needs greasing.
Stealthy footsteps of an approaching assassin.	A dripping bathroom faucet.
Fierce fire burning up house.	Tissue paper untwisting in wastebasket.

I add a few new ones each year, of course, as life steadily gets more mechanized and stern. Only last night I ran across a novelty. There was a hideous crash in the kitchen. "Gravel truck unloading," I ventured.

"Something shifted in the refrigerator," said my wife. "Would you mind looking? I've just got comfortable."

"What do you think caused it?" I asked curiously, when I came back. She said at once: "The package of butter jiggled off the milk bottle when the box started running, and upset the bowl of hard-boiled eggs. They rolled down and knocked over the olive and cherry bottles, which fell on the pickled onion jar. Right?"

"Wrong," I said. "I ate all the pickled onions before I came to bed." THE END

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as one of the lanterns which had signaled Paul Revere from the Old North Church belfry, and numerous relics of the Concord Fight. After a good deal of persuasion, Davis permitted his fellow townsmen to help him maintain the collection.

Concord, with its wide, elm-shaded streets and white churches, remains one of New England's most beautiful towns. Enhancing the spell it casts over its visitors are the homes of famous poets and authors. These homes are maintained both by private families and literary societies. Down Lexington Road is the Orchard House where Louisa May Alcott wrote Little Women. Rescued from disrepair by the Concord Women's Club in 1911, it is now kept by the Louisa May Alcott Memorial Association.

Inside, visitors find the old sofa in the living room where Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy did the Christmas presents for Marmee. Next door is the Wayside, first the home of the Alcott family, later Nathaniel Hawthorne's and finally the property of Margaret Sidney, author of the famous Five Little Pepper books.

Even if a dwelling has no historical or literary significance, the mere fact that it is ancient is often enough for Massachusetts to launch a restoration project. Recently, concerted action by Bostonians saved the Waltham estate of Christopher Gore, an early governor of the state. Built in 1804, the old mansion had gone steadily downhill. One day word leaked out that it was to be torn down and the grounds around it cut up into building lots. Outraged antiquarians hastily organized a Gore Place Society. A week-end telephone campaign for funds brought in $15,000. Only after a $60,000 mortgage had been retired, and the mansion, stables and gardens restored to their pristine glory, did the members rest easy.

In 1910, William Sumner Appleton, heir to one of the great Boston fortunes, became interested in restoration work that he founded the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. Concentrating on early buildings and their furnishings, the society today maintains more than 50 houses, taverns and gristmills, and helps to preserve many more. Its membership has grown to 2,000 and its real estate and endowment funds represent investments of $418,000.

But the Plymouth ladies' balanced budgets are the exception. Massachusetts citizens, having paid a tremendous price to make their state a shrine of American history, face an ever-growing burden of expense. Already some observers are beginning to wonder how much longer they can keep it up. The old families with the great fortunes are thinning out.

As the costs of labor and materials have increased, maintenance has become more and more of a problem. Old houses have a way of developing sudden weaknesses. It is becoming more difficult to stretch the interest on endowment funds for enough to cover new roofs, reinforced foundations, and heat, lights and taxes. Many a garden formerly landscaped by paid gardeners is now being weeded, spaded and pruned by members of the local historical society. Tax arrears are quietly being taken care of by individual donations.

Nevertheless, the Yankee antiquarians hold on. In Boston's North End, now a teeming slum, Christ Church—oldest church building in the city—is fighting for its life. An Episcopal church in a predominantly Catholic neighborhood, its nearest pewholder lives more than a mile and one half away. Membership is down to about 25. Easter Sunday services this year brought forth 109 people.

Acting custodian Robert Winn campaigns vigorously for funds. Stocky, energetic, he declares, "My position is that of an agitator." Bustling around the grounds of the 227-year-old church, he points out the brickwork that must be repointed at a cost of $5,000, old firetrap buildings that must be removed for safety reasons.

Inside the church, Lewis Fowle, the assistant custodian, leads groups of tourists among the white, high-walled pews, and calls their attention to the clock that has been ticking away on the wall since 1726 and to the wall plaques inscribed to Revolutionary patriots "buried ten feet deep, safe from British bullets." He tells how the signal lanterns were displayed in the belfry overhead to warn Paul Revere that the British were coming. Mounting the stairs, Fowle plays the old organ, the central case of which dates from about 1759. To doubters who ask how much longer the old church can last, he replies, "Come back in 1,000 years and you will find a service going on here on Sundays."

Given this sort of determination, plus the dedicated energy of everybody from proper Bostonian ladies to the tenement-bred children of the North End (who are authorities on Paul Revere by the time they are six), the nation's hallowed grounds and relics seem in good hands. THE END

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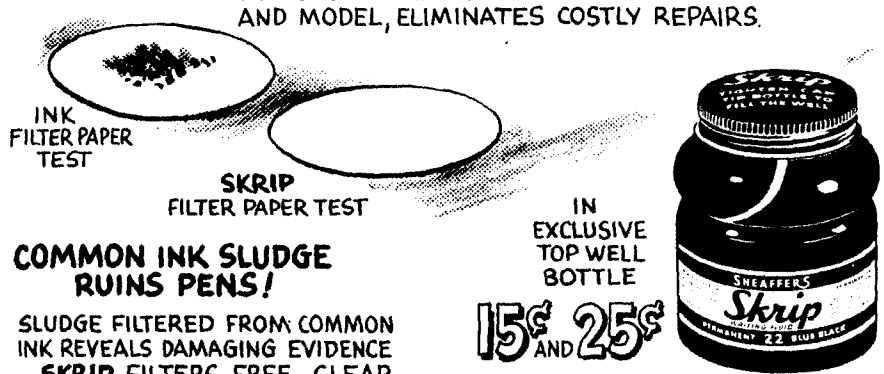

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DONALD F. MOSS

United We Must Stand

THE PAINTING on this page was intended to illustrate an editorial urging all non-Communist members of the United Nations to send troops to help liberate South Korea. The editorial never got published, for Secretary General Trygve Lie made substantially the same request before we could get ours into print. But we are using the picture because it represents to us an ideal which is at the same time a practical necessity of the highest moral and political importance.

It was a moment of great historical significance when General MacArthur accepted the United Nations flag to fly as a battle standard beside the flag of his own country. For the U.N. flag is, as he said, "a symbol of one of the greatest efforts man has made to free himself." Unfortunately, the presence of the United Nations flag in Korea has remained largely symbolical, and the great efforts of man to free himself have been largely confined to the men of the United States and South Korean armies.

The Korean war is not America's war, although American publications of the extreme left and right have tried to make it seem so. For the first time since the Nazi-Soviet alliance, the Daily Worker and the isolationist press are seeing eye to eye. The Worker has raised its familiar howl of "Wall Street" and "imperialism." The isolationists consider the war another development which proves their point that anything which happens outside the continental United States is none of our business.

The Korean war is an attack upon the only legal government in Korea. And since that government was set up through the suggestion and guidance of the United Nations, it is an attack upon the authority and prestige and very existence of the world organization.

This is the gravest challenge that the United Nations has faced. But it offers the free world an opportunity to accept the challenge in kind. Instead, with the notable exception of Great Britain, Australia and Nationalist China (whose offer of troops was not accepted), the free world left the United States to meet the first onslaught of the hot war almost singlehanded.

Perhaps it was inevitable that this country should bear the brunt of the early fighting. But the United States and the few other friendly nations who took quick action should not be asked to stand alone.

Brave words were spoken in reply to Mr. Lie's request for aid from every U.N. member. Except for a couple of the Arab states, all the non-Communist governments condemned aggression, supported the Security Council's action, and wished it success. A number offered help "within the limits of their resources." But few made any tangible, specific offers. It is true that, in the weeks that followed, some did volunteer military aid. Still, the response was not heartening.

The hour has already struck when the members of the United Nations should rally round their own standard. For this is the United Nations' war, and it is not a "little" war to the men who are fighting it. They need help to win that war. They need help which will refute the Soviet charges of "American imperialism." And they need help which will give the world "for the first time since the Crusades," as the New York Times has put it, "a great international army fighting for a common ideal."

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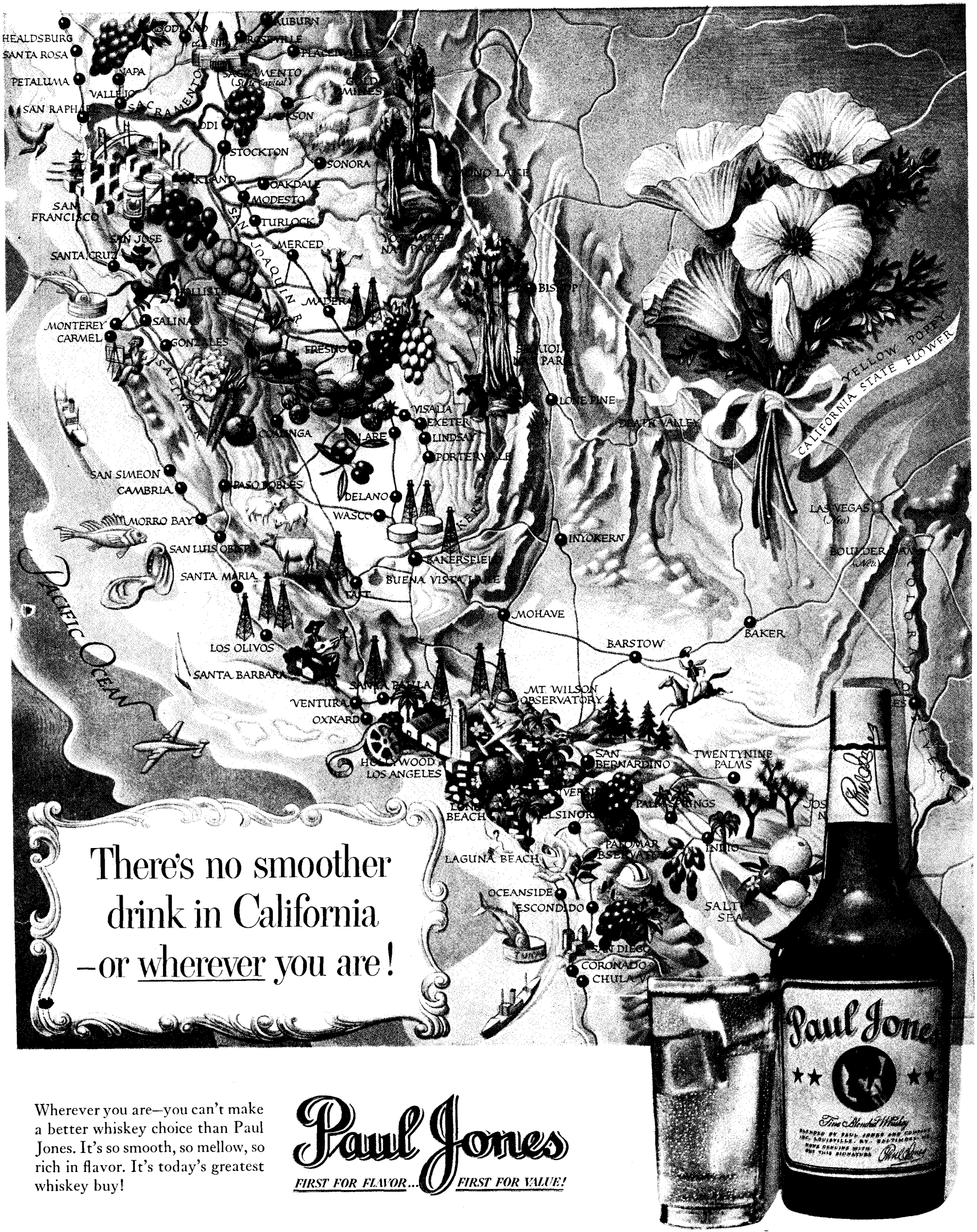

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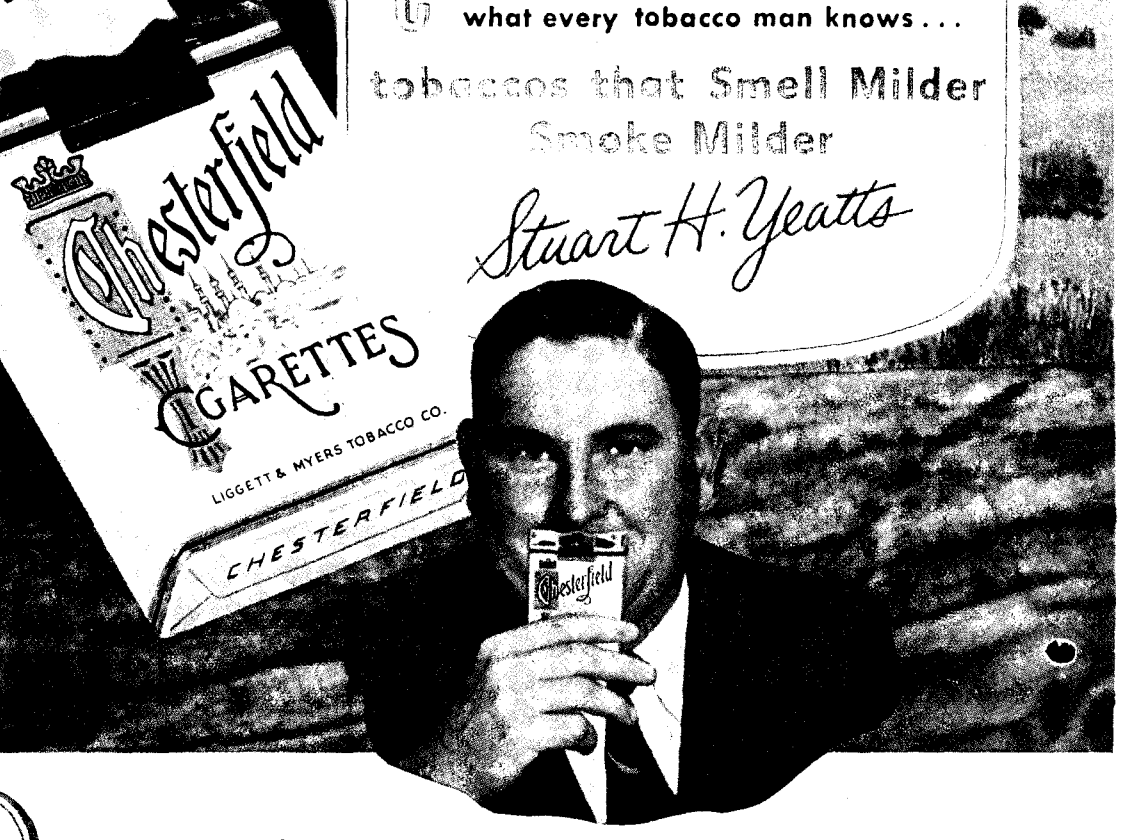

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